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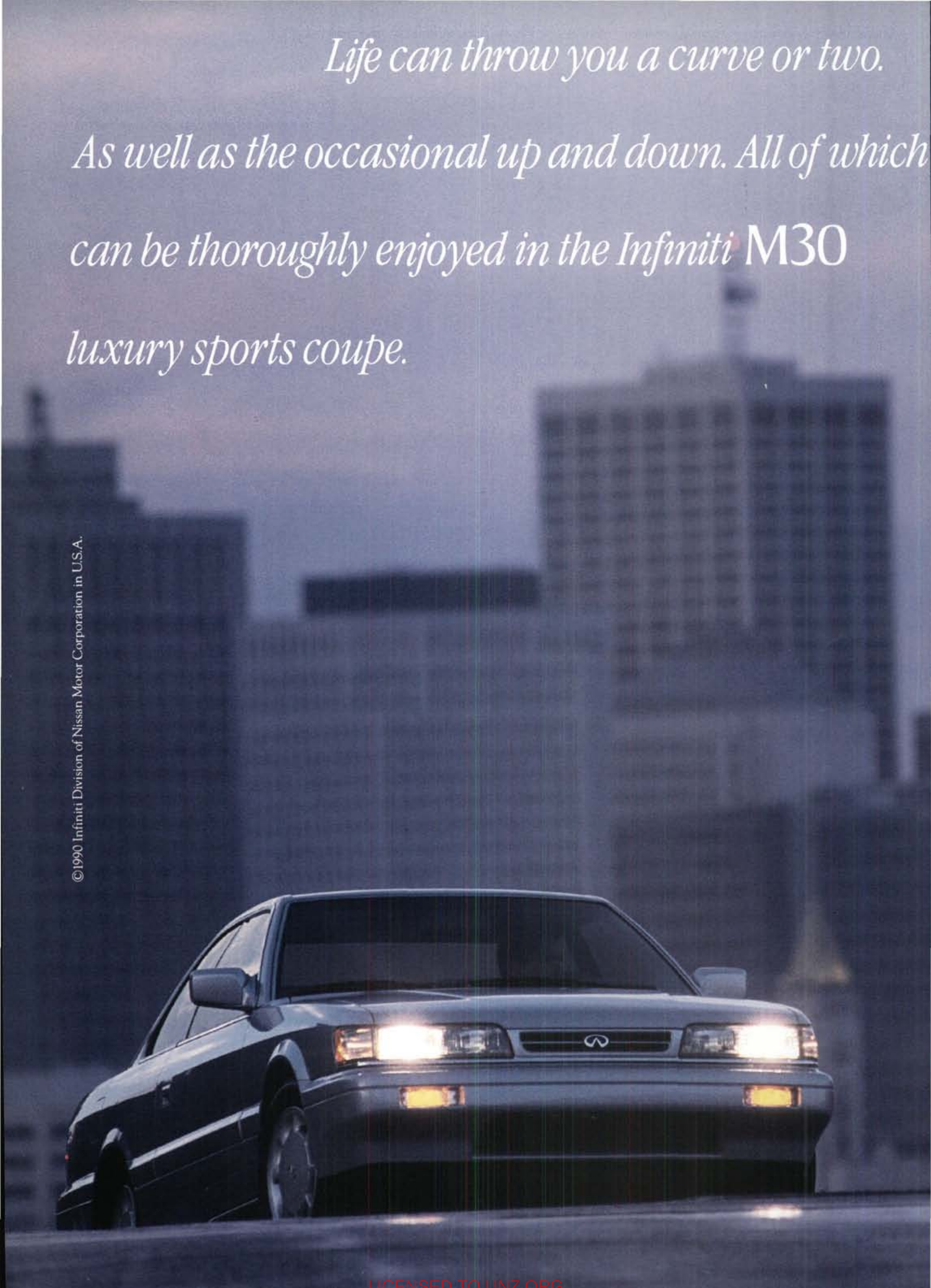
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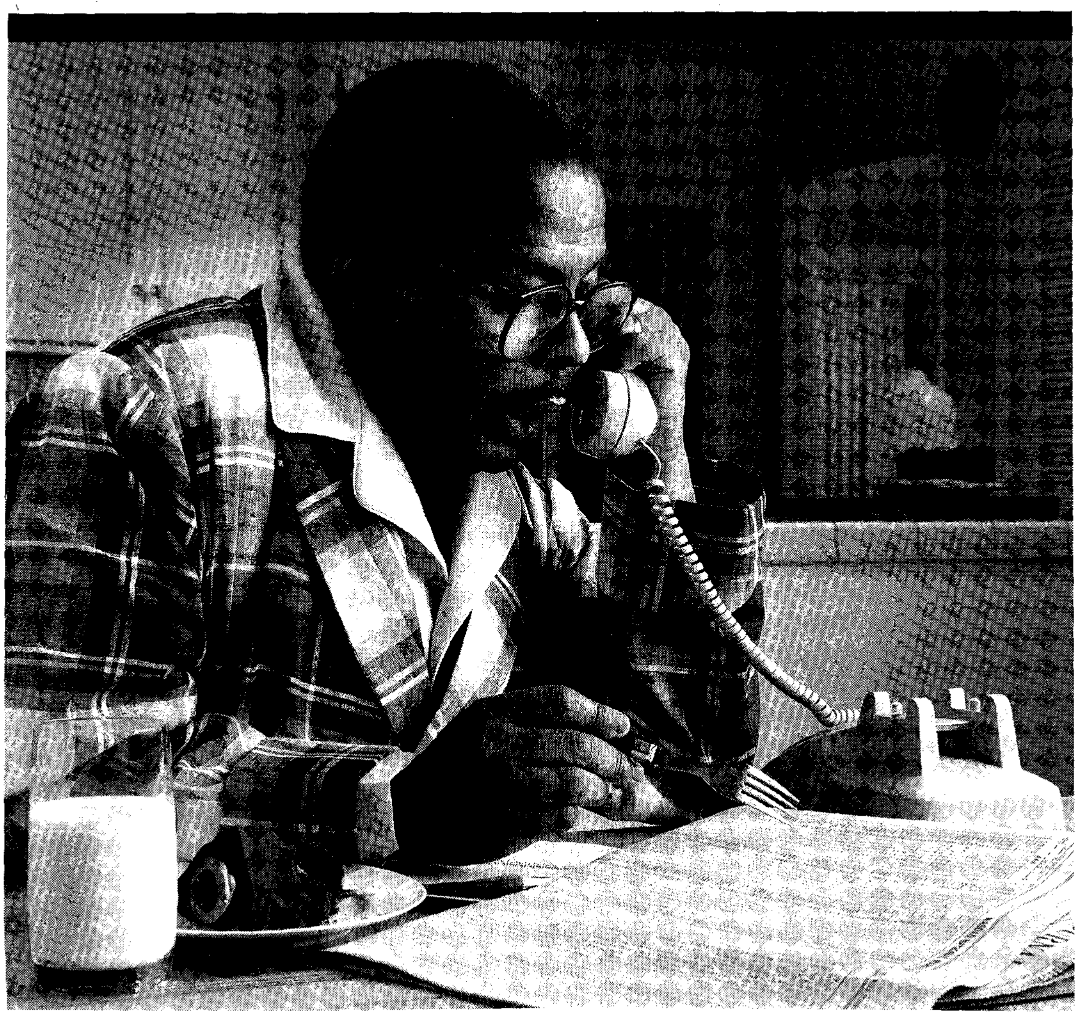

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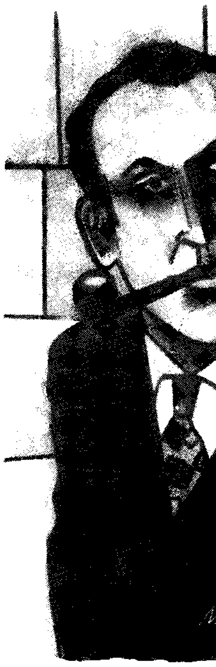
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

AT the beginning of "Father Was a Peculiar Man," the "site-specific" theatre piece that the En Garde Arts company recently finished performing in the meat-packing district, a woman dressed like Father Zossima—in a long gray beard and cassock—approached some people standing in front of us and said, "If an ear of corn falls on the ground, it makes three thousand grains; if a hamburger falls on the ground, it makes three thousand worms. Which is better?" Someone said, "The grain." Someone else said, "The worms." Someone asked her to repeat the question. Behind us, a man perusing his program said to his date, "Wasn't there someone at Wesleyan named Hamburger?"

"Father Was a Peculiar Man"—which had something to do with "The Brothers Karamazov" and something to do with the Kennedys—is the sort of theatre we never know quite what to make of. At fifteen bucks a pop, it kept the audience running back and forth around a four-block radius originating at Little West 12th Street and Ninth Avenue, and hailed from the school of performance art in which the answer to the question, "Why is that guy wearing a bra?," is probably going to be, "Because theatre is a collaborative process." There was a hand-severing sequence, a banquet sequence in which someone did something with a couple of live chickens (tried to feed them champagne, actually), an assassination sequence (complete with red convertible and woman in pillbox hat), and an all-company rendition of "Hot Diggity (Dog Diggity Boom What You Do to Me)." But what it all had to do with Dostoyevski or the meat-packing district escaped us.

Othello, a large black "Labradale," who was one of those milling about the cobbled streets on the night we went to see the play, seemed a little nonplussed by all the to-ing and fro-ing. "Doesn't your dog like theatre?" we asked Othello's owner, as a young man in chain mail came riding by on a bicycle. "Oh, he likes theatre," said the owner. "He just doesn't like performance art." "No?" we asked, surprised by such a straightforward answer. "Well," said Othello's owner, "does anybody?"



Moss Hart, author of "Light Up the Sky"

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5	6	7	8			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Festival Latino—Opening performances of a four-week theatrical *celebración* (through Aug. 26), featuring plays from Spain, Latin America, and the United States. Unless otherwise noted, all performances are in Spanish, with simultaneous translation available on selected dates. The schedule: "Chronicle of a Death Foretold," adapted by Salvador Távora from the García Márquez novel. Presented by Spain's La Cuadra de Sevilla, Aug. 1-6. . . . ¶ "La Misma Sangre," by Carlos Velis. A production of the National Theatre of El Salvador, Aug. 1-7. . . . ¶ The Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park production of "De Donde?" by Mary Gallagher, Aug. 1-12. In English; directed by Sam Blackwell. . . . ¶ Los Rayos Gamma, an improv trio from Puerto Rico, Aug. 3-5. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Light Up the Sky—A revival of Moss Hart's 1948 comedy, with Peggy Cass, Charles Keating, Bill McCutcheon, and Bruce Weitz. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Richard III—Denzel Washington has the title role in the second, and final, offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. Directed by Robin Phillips. Previews begin Aug. 3. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Falsettoland—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly under the direction of James Lapine; Chip Zien is very good as a benign psychiatrist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Aug. 12.)

Forever Plaid—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt, who also accompanies on piano) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

Further Mo'—This lively, touching, and brilliantly performed small-scale musical, set in a New Orleans vaudeville theatre in 1927, is a real gem. Written by Vernel Bagneris (who also stars), it uses blues singing (mostly quite recherché songs) to say something about the plight of the black entertainer in American history and culture. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's wonderfully funny and touching play about a young man from a small Irish village on the eve of his departure for America really holds up in Paul Weidner's beautiful production. Grab this one: revivals this good don't come around often. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

The Rothschilds—The 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward

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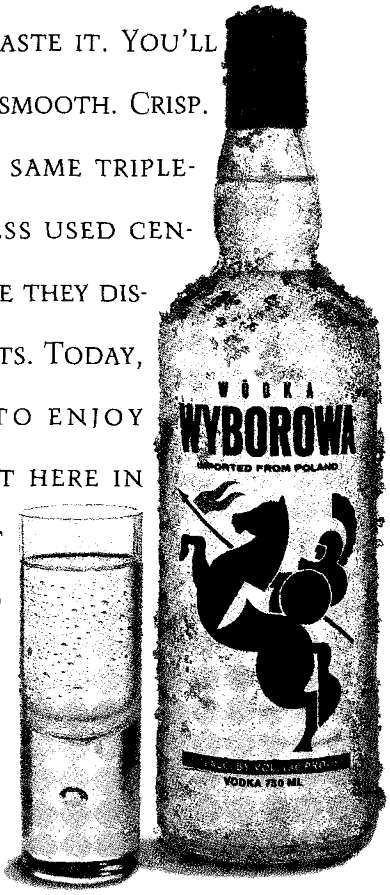

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and Victor Mack, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while LaVern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A FEW GOOD MEN:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **GYPSY:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCE

THE Brooklyn choreographer Doug Elkins remembers that someone once called him a "postmodernist-classicist with existential tendencies." He isn't sure what that means, but he knows that it's no answer to the big questions he often asks himself, like "How do I make the next dance?" The day-to-day certainty for Mr. Elkins—who has received various grants, taught at Harvard, and helped bring break dancing to the People's Republic of China—is that everything's up in the air. One minute he's in the studio, trying to reinvent the wheel. The next he's in conference with an insurance salesman, learning that he's going to have a hard time getting basic health coverage for his male dancers because of actuarial figures that link men in the performing arts with AIDS. "Why am I doing this?" he wondered aloud recently. "Maybe because I got tired of watching TV?"

We asked him if, as a young choreographer who has been lumped with the avant-garde and who from time to time dances on the edge of issues concerning sex and politics, he sees a Zeitgeist connection between his company's insurance woes and the big chill nationally concerning art on the cutting edge. "They're separate as specific issues," Mr. Elkins said. "But they're related. I'm trying to figure out my own responsibility. I ask myself how I can take care of my dancers, pay them, and otherwise help them make a decent life for themselves as creative artists amid the craziness. Part of me also has this 'Catcher in the Rye' fantasy, wanting them to live well *despite* the fact that the country they're making art in doesn't care that much about it."

This Friday at 8:30 P.M., the Doug Elkins company makes a darting appearance at Central Park Summerstage, in a program shared with Hilary Easton and Sarah Skaggs. The program includes Mr. Elkins' "The Patrooka Variations" and "An Open Letter to Congress"; the latter consists of excerpts from his "Danforth and Multiply."

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Ballet Chicago, July 31-Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Dayton Contemporary Dance Company, Aug. 7-11. . . . ¶ Muntu Dance Theatre, Aug. 7-11. (Becket, Mass. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

THE eleventh annual New Music Seminar was in town recently, and instead of trying to make sense of a six-night schedule that included more than three hundred bands we simply chose one night, put on our orthopedic shoes, and made a random stop-'n'-shop tour. Our report:

At Woody's, we see a guitar-bass-and-bongos trio called Ecotour, who play fervent, Velvet Underground-inspired rock. Since it's only nine-thirty, most New Music participants, who come from many lands and who are identifiable by their bold-lettered plastic name tags, are just rubbing the sleep from their eyes.

We hike over to CB's 313 (313 Bowery), the latest CBGB spinoff, where we hear an art- and noise-rock trio called Drumming on Glass. They're followed by Peter Stewart, a busker-style one-man band: vocals, harmonica, acoustic guitar, spoons, and a metronome of a left foot. Next door, at CB's itself, Crossfire Choir cranks out some red-blooded anthem rock, which, despite our better instincts, we enjoy. Most of the action, however, is taking place outside the club, where N.M.S. conventioneers are doing what conventioneers everywhere do: schmoozing.

Next, we're off to Chase, not the bank but the new East Village club (98 Third Avenue), where we hear the Milan-based After Hours. This group, with its Marshall stacks and faux-Zeppelin guitar riffs, would appear to belong to the strange European faction that worships cutout-bin seventies hard rock.

It's getting late, but the gang over at the Marquee, in west Chelsea, has energy to burn. While 24-7 Spyz, a funk-metal band wearing dreadlocks, shades, and fluorescent shorts, holds forth, audience members are hoisted onstage by their friends, where they flail around, pump their fists, and then dive back into the crowd before the security guards can nab them.

In the taxi on the way home, we hear the evening's most interesting sound. The driver's dispatch radio is on the fritz, and several Hindi-speaking voices are bouncing around as if in an echo chamber. Now, that's new music.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Apollo, 253 W. 125th St. (864-0372)—On Wednesdays, the theatre presents Amateur Night, a continuation of the legendary show that has launched the careers of such performers as Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Billie Holiday. Vocalists, dancers, musicians, and comedians participate. It's a chance to file away a memory for a later "I knew him/her when." Show time is seven-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruits and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **BETTY GARRETT,** an actress and singer, will begin an engagement on July 31.

Ms. Garrett has some hefty stage and screen credits, stretching back to the era of such M-G-M musicals as "On the Town" and "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." And remember Edith's pal Irene on "All in the Family"? That was Betty, too. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine.

Amateur Night at the Apollo

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. The Freddie Bryant quartet takes effect on Aug. 2, followed by Gary Bartz's foursome Aug. 3-4. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET,** the long-lived ensemble with the cool-as-all-getout sound, will be dipping into their repertoire of over four hundred songs (many by pianist **JOHN LEWIS** or vibist **MILT JACKSON**) July 31-Aug. 5. Keyboardist **JOE ZAWINUL,** the onetime co-leader of Weather Report, gets under way with his group beginning Aug. 7. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. The rockabilly singer **ROBERT GORDON,** who is here on Aug. 4, has a strong, clear voice and looks every inch the fifties rock icon; he has to work hard, however, not to be upstaged by his guitarist, **CHRIS SPEDDING,** who brings excitement and novelty to this ossified genre. The pompadoured lounge singer and cutup **BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE** are slated for July 31; Annie Haslam claims Aug. 1; Aug. 3 belongs to singer **TOM PAXTON;** and the **JAMAICA BOYS** perform Aug. 7-8. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. **ROY HARGROVE,** a young neo-traditionalist jazz trumpeter, heads up a quartet July 30-Aug. 4. The trio of **BOBBY WATSON,** sax; **RICHARD WYANDS,** piano; and **RAY DRUMMOND,** bass, goes into effect on Aug. 6. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era have fizzled, CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. Music from nine-thirty on Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** who leads a foursome here July 31-Aug. 5, was a member in the late nineteen-forties of the seminal Miles Davis nonet, a group that is often credited with creating "cool" jazz. The **STANLEY COWELL** quartet kicks off on Aug. 7. Music after ten.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and zydeco on Thursdays. **MICHAEL SMITH,** a singer, songwriter, and actor who is currently appearing in "The Grapes of Wrath," on Broadway, will be on hand on Aug. 5. Mr. Smith, who is primarily known as a folkie (his best-known song is "The Dutchman"), will be strapping on the electric guitar for this engagement. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **MOSE ALLISON,** a jazz-blues singer and pianist, as well as a snappy lyricist, is appearing July 31-Aug. 5. The **RALPH MOORE** quintet starts work on Aug. 7. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The musicians who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. Clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI** and pianist **MARK SHANE** claim July 31-Aug. 5; guitarist **PETER LEITCH** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** begin a week-long stay on Aug. 7. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. The jazz violinist, pianist, and singer **NOEL POINTER** is in residence Aug. 3-4. Sets at nine and eleven.

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—The northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up. **BURNING SPEAR,** the veteran reggae outfit, performs on Aug. 2. Aug. 3-4, Sam Fan Thomas and his Makassi Band and Dancers, a Cameroonian group, share the bill with Chantal Taiba, from the Ivory Coast. Shows begin at eleven-thirty.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. **STEVE KUHN,** a pianist who has served with the likes of John Coltrane, Art Farmer, and Art Blakey, will hold sway July 31-Aug. 5, with bassist **DAVID FINCK.** Pianist **PETE MALINVERNI** and bassist **DENNIS IRWIN** are in charge of the place starting Aug. 7. Music from ten.

Michael Smith at Delta 88

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. Singer, songwriter, and former boy wonder **ALEX CHILTON,** who is here Aug. 3-4, hasn't put out a record since 1987's "High Priest," but his rare New York appearances are always a hoot. If the audience is persistent enough, he may be persuaded to play his nineteen-seventies Big Star classic "September Gurls." But you never know what Mr. Chilton might have in his arsenal: he's a master of kitsch covers of songs like "Chances Are," and his performances over the past few years have become increasingly impish. Music after nine.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club just off the West Side Highway (and no relation to the famed London venue). The scheme is black walls, a high ceiling, an upstairs with tables and a view, and a sound system that sounds fine when a d.j. is in charge but can be spotty for live music.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. **RUPERT HOLMES,** a prolific singer-songwriter who won a Tony for his score for "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and whose songs have been covered by, among others, Barry Manilow, Dionne Warwick, and the Barbra, begins a six-week stint here on July 31. Closed Sundays.

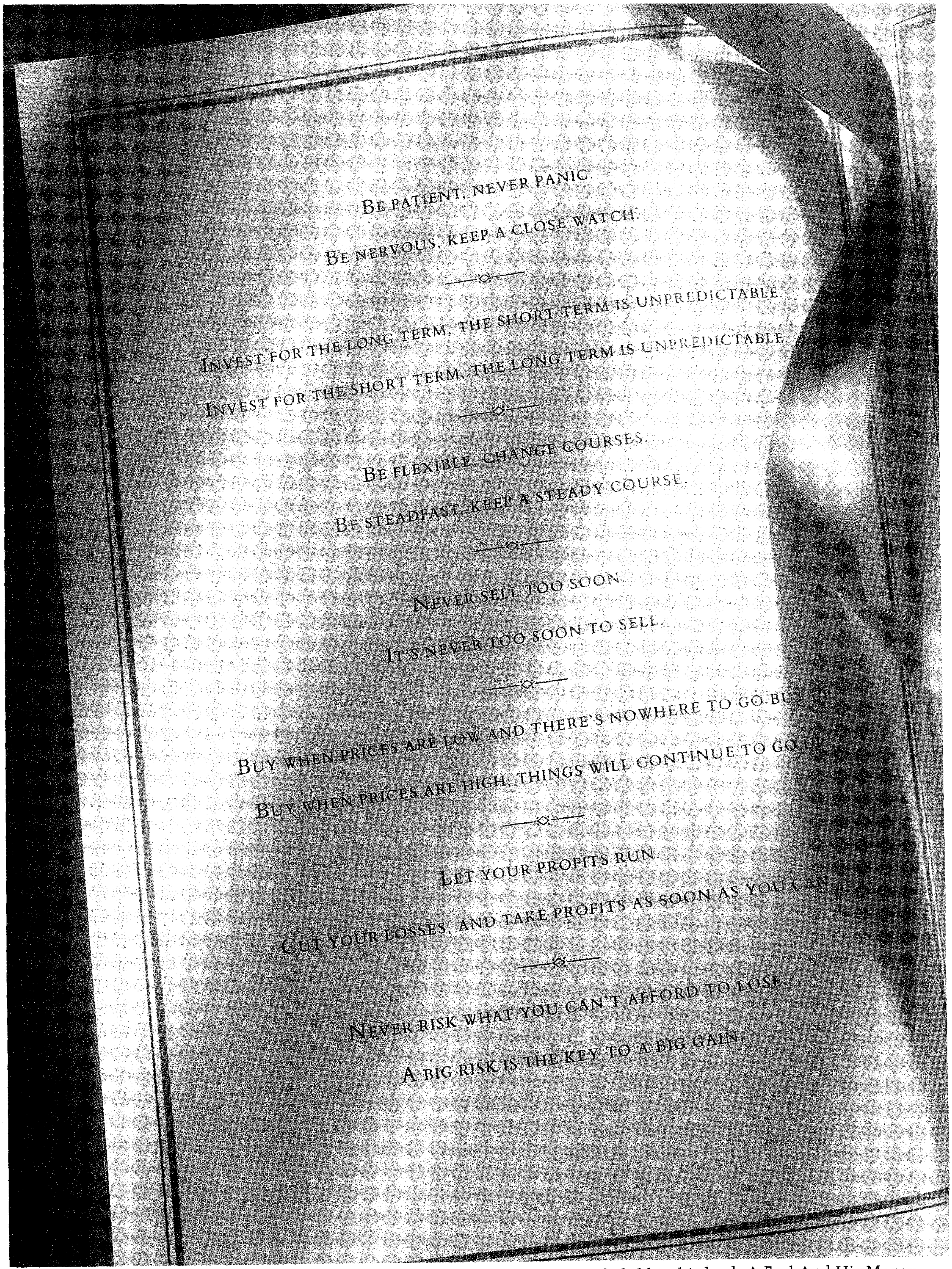
Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. Brooklyn-bred baritone **JULIUS LA ROSA**—whom Arthur Godfrey discovered in an officers' club in Pensacola—is the main attraction just now. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio; Tuesdays to **VINCE GIORDANO & THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a thirties-swing outfit; Fridays to Rick Hardeman and the Basin Street Six; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers. Dr. Bob Litwak's group, featuring trumpeter **SPANKY DAVIS,** holds forth on Aug. 1. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you'll find some of the best rock bands around. **SQUEEZE** is in action Aug. 3-4. Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford, the songwriting team that is the core of the band, have written more than their share of clever, polished pop songs, but sometimes their work is more admirable than likable. **POCO** performs on Aug. 8. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The sparkling bebop pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** leads a trio through Aug. 5. Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** leads a group beginning Aug. 7. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on



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Invest for the short term, the long term is unpredictable.

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Be steadfast, keep a steady course.

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It's never too soon to sell.

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Let your profits run.

Cut your losses, and take profits as soon as you can.

Never risk what you can't afford to lose.

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a Chelsea block that resembles an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **SHINEHEAD**, who appears on Aug. 1, was born in Jamaica and raised in the Bronx, so it's not surprising that his music is a mixture of reggae and rap. Some Sam Cooke influence finds its way in, too. The show begins at nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. The **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** quartet holds forth July 31-Aug. 5, and **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** quintet commences on Aug. 7. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Aug 2 belongs to God Street Wine.

WOODY'S, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's club is a basic-black basement with mirrors, comfy couches, and rotating spotlights. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the primary decoration. **RONNIE MONTROSE,** who performs on Aug. 5, has a varied background. As a session guitarist in the early seventies, he provided some lyrical guitar work for Van Morrison's LPs "Tupelo Honey" and "St. Dominic's Preview." In 1974, he teamed up with Sammy Hagar to form the heavy-metal group Montrose. Also: the Spin Doctors on Aug. 3.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

NOBODY believes us. Our friends hang up on us. Any time we mention it, conversation plummets into oblivion. But we can't help ourselves. We admit it. We went to see New Kids on the Block at the Jones Beach Theatre for a goof—and they were terrific. They were more fun than Janet Jackson; we'd sooner see them again than Madonna. (God, now we're finished. In print, yet.)

Had the five fresh-faced boys from Boston been a bust, their concert would still have been a delight just for the novelty of witnessing thousands of young ladies, who bore a shocking resemblance to Rosanna Arquette, creating a wall of ultrasonically pitched screams besting the combined volumes of their first visits to the orthodontist. But as delicious as the sight of preteen queens (none of whom were in black, by the way—very hip) in rapt undulation is, it held our attention only for moments. We couldn't take our eyes off the stage.

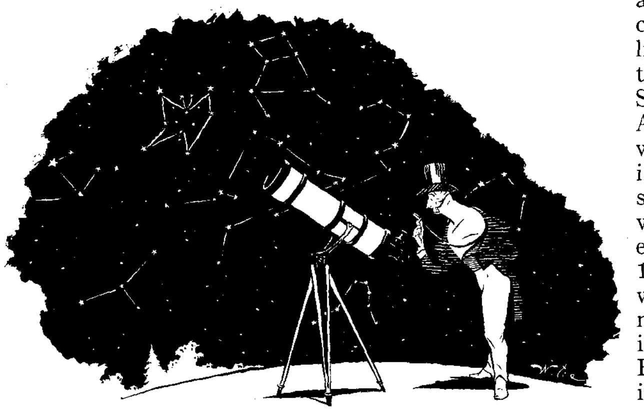
Performing live is not about artistry, integrity, or where a record is on *Billboard's* Top 100. (Nina Simone has sent busloads up the aisle within fifteen minutes; Van Morrison is either a revelation or a retribution; and Aretha, the Goddess of Soul, gives probably the worst concerts in the history of the earth.) It's about the ability, the eagerness, and the desire to entertain. For two hours, Jordan, Donnie, Danny, Joe, and Jonathan shamelessly displayed the here-it-is-folks showmanship that their mentor-songwriter-producer Maurice Starr has been drilling into them nonstop for two years. And they did so without a chip or a sneer, but with big, fat, happy grins provoked by the satisfaction of knowing they're good at this. They never stop singing (better than you think they can). They never stop dancing (much better than you think they can). They "take stage" as easily as Liza Minnelli, and either collectively or individually they can work a crowd a whole lot better than Roseanne Barr works San Diego. If they were lip-synching, they had us fooled. Three of them have real talent. One—Jordan—radiates star power with every gesture.

Yeah, it's a little disconcerting to sit in front of a ten-year-old girl standing on a seat, holding her mother's hand for support as she screams, "Jordan, I want to have your baby," so loud you can feel her lungs heave. But how can you knock five kids who blatantly say no to drugs, to censorship, and to prejudice, who urge fans to stay in school, meanwhile audaciously ripping off Motown, ska, rap, and the Beatles and making the crowd scream for more? We can't. So we're moving to a town where nobody knows us, and we're going to play their new album real loud.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

SERIOUS FUN!—Final performances—July 31 at 8: Roc in Lichen, a dance duo from France. . . . ¶ Aug. 1-2 at 8: "Megadance," with Donald Byrd, Brenda Daniels, Margarita Guergue, John Kelly, Stephen Koplowitz, Liz Lerman, Peter Pucci, and Jim Self. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

HOLLY HUGHES AND DAVID CALE—Performing with members of the Cucaracha Theatre company. (Cucaracha Warehouse Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. 966-8596. Aug. 2 at 8:30.)



ART

THE mood of "Rediscovering Pompeii," the exhibition of recent excavations currently at the I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art (Madison Avenue at 56th Street), is fascinating and bizarre. The more we are reminded of that Roman resort town's freakishly preserved immediacy, following its volcanic burial, in the summer of 79 A.D., the more eerily artificial it all seems. I.B.M.'s glamorous and rather virginal presentation eliminates all sense of time—we may think we're seeing the prematurely pickled lifestyles of Santa Cruz or La Jolla. The fact that Pompeiian motifs and colors are also common to postmodernism only adds to the confusion. A state-of-the-art audio-visual show in the auditorium offers pictures of devastation and excavation to the accompaniment of Mahler's Fifth. Several computer monitors on programmed loops scattered through the exhibition perform zanily unnecessary tasks in the name of great technological advance: balletic elevations, for instance, in futuristic graphics, along with interior and exterior perspectives and rotations, of simple urns and jugs. Viewers in the darkened rooms of the main exhibition space are greeted by a recessed, circular pit in which a "Woman from Oplontis," whose painfully contorted remains were cast in resin, suggests nothing so much as one of Bruce Nauman's flayed wax animals, seen in so many art galleries this year. The biggest was-it-then-or-is-it-now frisson of the exhibition seems to be occasioned by a small first-century hydraulic pipe—the very image of bathroom plumbing today. This remarkable parallel was not lost on a cavalcade of out-of-town husbands visiting the show on a recent hot day. One by one, each seized the moment to enlighten a spouse. Wives were summarily summoned: Voilà! Pompeii!

The household objects, in their glassy vitrines, are both gorgeous and refined. Among sumptuously ornamented stoves, braziers, samovars, altars, and artisanal tools, there is an especially dazzling "Bronze Hand from the Cult of Sabazius." It not only rivals Donatello but serves as one of the very few overt examples of the Pompeians' focus on sex—their unabashed and very famous erotica was a cornerstone of daily life. This fact is discreetly mentioned in the show, yet only Sabazius' busy hand and one Augustine phallus, it seems, were considered fit for our eyes in this age. There are, however, some faintly subversive bits of writing on the walls of this lunar exhibition. In a quotation from 1867, for instance, Mark Twain wonders, "What would a volcano leave of an American city if it once rained its cinders on it? Hardly a sign or a symbol to tell its story."

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

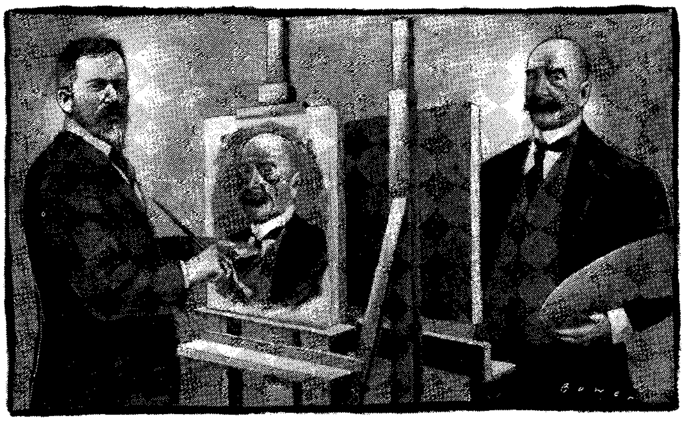
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art of Central Africa" is a dense and compact show drawn from the nineteenth-century holdings of the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Berlin, and includes some of the finest works known from Angola, the People's Republic of Congo, and southern Zaire. The range is quite extraordinary, but the strongest works are the "power figures," which were used for curing afflictions and for revenge. Each figure has an intense gaze, usually with its tongue sticking out of a rounded mouth, as if it were in some remote, drugged state. The most riveting figure is almost completely covered with fierce iron spikes, which were driven into it to unleash its powers. . . . ¶ "Italian Renaissance Frames." The concept of painting an illusionary scene on a two-dimensional surface has always been dependent on the frame to establish the painting's world. This exhibition, which brings the frames themselves to life, demonstrates why at one time wood carving was considered a higher art than painting. Most of the frames are empty, and after a while the eye becomes so finely tuned to this delicate, often elaborate art that the occasional El Greco within may appear out of place. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ In a concurrent show, fifty-five American frames from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are on view. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Chess and Art." Perhaps Duchamp would have abandoned making art for the cerebral game of chess had he been the holder of this offbeat collection of fanciful chess sets. Included are chess pieces from various Middle Eastern cultures dating from the seventh century to the twelfth; a travelling set from Nigeria with a rollable board of hide; a particularly elaborate fourteenth-century European knight carved in walrus tusk in the form of St. George and the Dragon; and the famed "Crimean War" set from the mid-nineteenth century, with the white side representing the coalition against Russia, the major pieces being portraits of the various European and North African members of the alliance (the Russian aristocracy, ironically, are the reds). There is also a particularly surreal set from 1885 with owls, walruses, and bears, and Man Ray's enigmatic geometric sets, with their own understated surreal touch. . . . ¶ A well-selected display of ninety-four Chinese ceramics spanning twenty-two centuries. There are some beautiful pieces from the Tang dynasty, including a massive horse and an elongated equestrienne, and even the simpler Cizhou ware and a Northern Sung bowl are exquisite. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than sixty sets of clothing worn by children from the eighteenth century to the twentieth are on view in the Costume Institute. Through Sept. 9. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Phototext pieces by Lorna Simpson that deal with issues of race, gender, and identity. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ "Matisse in Morocco." The belief is becoming more widespread that Matisse's greatness has been eclipsed by Picasso's because so many of the Frenchman's best works have been hidden away in Soviet museums. The case is persuasively argued by this glorious display of paintings—close to half of them from the Pushkin and the Hermitage—and drawings that Matisse made during two trips to Morocco in 1912 and 1913. The so-called Moroccan Triptych is as sumptuous as painting gets, and all of the works are so rich that it's fortunate the show is lean and concise. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ After Munch and, in a funny way, Hopper, Francis Bacon is the master of the silent scream. Whether his figures are twisted or streaked, boxed in or placed beside hooked meat, he repeatedly portrays the mute isolation of the individual—the trapped, unspoken "No Exit" primal terror that is the modern condition. But it seems as if little has been gained by mounting a full retrospective that couldn't have been accomplished with a half-dozen works. There's no stylistic development, no real change of expression, no refocussing of content. And there do not appear to be any key works, just good ones and great ones, and, yes, flat ones, and even excessively tricky ones. Perhaps it's time for a critical reassessment. Through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ "First Light," a series of twenty new black-and-white etchings by James Turrell. . . . ¶ Fifty photographs by Lady Hawarden (1823-65), from the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ "Artist's Choice": Paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs selected by Ellsworth Kelly. Included are works by Picabia, Brancusi, Malevich, and Mondrian. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Architectural Drawings of the Russian Avant-Garde." Through Sept. 4. . . . **Note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Ten graphite drawings from 1965 by Ed Ruscha, related to his photography book from that year, "Some Los Angeles Apartments." Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ If an artist's value were measured by his influence, Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) would certainly be among the most important of this century: he trained more young American hopefuls than anyone else. But one need only look at MOMA's current "Matisse in Morocco" show to realize that Hofmann was a fine but ultimately minor artist. He certainly knew how to paint, and there are many charmers in this meticulously arranged retrospective, along with a few great paintings—"Memoria in Aeternum" and "Song of the Nightingale" float to the top. But there's also a lot of well-balanced glop. Hofmann represents the beginning of the end for abstract painting, offering vision without ever being a visionary. In the long run he may be best remembered not as the mentor of Burgoyne Diller, Louise Nevelson, Alfred Jensen, and Helen Frankenthaler but as the dean of abstract painting, a teacher who transformed scores of unfocussed artists into competent ones by training them to make "good" compositions that "worked." Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Maurice Prendergast (1858-1924)." A retrospective of more than a hundred paintings by this popular artist and co-organizer of the legendary Armory Show demonstrates his ability to capture some very pretty moments of leisure with decorative mosaics of dabbed paint, but it also shows how he was trivialized by his own redundancy and overdependence upon tame Americana. Through Sept. 2. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A presentation of site-specific installations by ten artists who live and/or work in Brooklyn, including Susanne Muel, David Nyzio, John Toth, and Amy Hauft. Starts Aug. 3. . . . ¶ A compare-and-contrast exercise is offered in a show of thirty-three watercolors by Winslow Homer (1836-1910) and John Singer Sargent (1856-1925). Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)



John Singer Sargent and Winslow Homer at the Brooklyn Museum

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shortly after King Leopold II of Belgium was forced to end his rampage through the inappropriately named Congo Free State—today's Zaire—this museum mounted an expedition through that vast area that employed thirty-eight thousand porters and lasted from 1909 to 1915. The travellers brought back fifty-four tons of collectibles, most notably the rare animals that continue to grace the dioramas in the Akeley Hall of African Mammals. This show is primarily made up of objects relating to the expedition and accumulated from the Mangbetu people of what is now northeastern Zaire: musical instruments with highly inventive figurative carvings; photographs of people with outrageous hats and hairdos; books such as "The Curse of Central Africa," of 1903, by Captain Guy Burrows; sculptures with Brancusiesque faces that should inspire further rethinking of the history of abstraction; and numerous pieces that display colonial references, including gourds carved with images of armed soldiers. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum's garden. There are doghouses made of bones, rawhide dog chews, and, in one case, an old television console with "Lassie Come Home" stencilled on its empty screen. Through Oct. 14. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A selection of nearly a hundred and fifty Chinese porcelain wine pots, jars, dishes, and vases made between 1620 and 1683 is on view. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

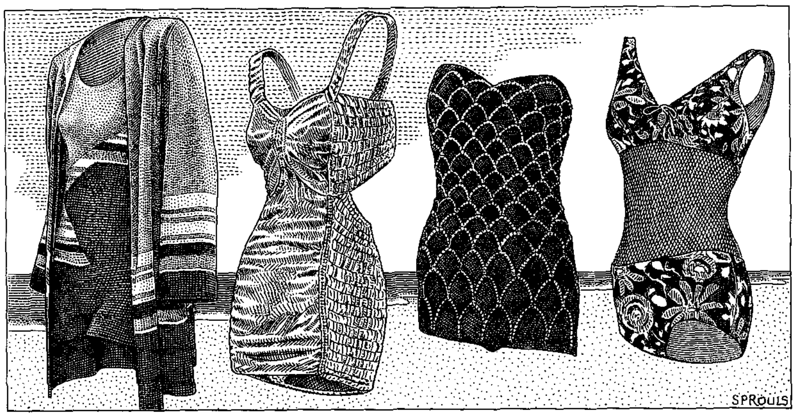
Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Eighty-two examples of incunabula—books printed before 1501, no more than fifty years after the invention of printing—from the Bibliotheca Philosophica Hermetica, in Amsterdam. Through Aug. 24. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two displays of photographic works by the artists Wijnanda Deroo and Hélène Hourmat. Through Aug. 2. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—From an exquisite portrait of a woman by Petrus Christus to a delicate watercolor of the Château Noir by Paul Cézanne, this superb exhibition of five centuries of master drawings from the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen (in Rotterdam) is a joy. There is a toe-curling drawing of feet by Dürer, a spellbinding allegory called "Temperance" by Bruegel, a mystifying and exceedingly rare Giorgione, and fine examples by Altdorfer, Grünewald, Rembrandt, Annibale Carracci, Pisanello, and Goya. There are Watteaus that could make you weep, as well as fine works by Ingres, Daumier, Delacroix, and Manet. Through Aug. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The Gibson Girl did everything: she boated, she bicycled, she played tennis, she drove, she partied, and she married. Of course, all of these pursuits demanded different costumes, and Charles Dana Gibson's turn-of-the-century drawings created the kind of versatile mystique that would make Calvin Klein fall off his horse. The Gibson Girl's heyday, from 1895 to 1905, is celebrated in this show of fourteen full costumes, along with drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit devoted to Portugal's pioneering maritime exploration, notably of Brazil, and its impact on European culture. Maps, treaties, and navigational instruments from the mid-fifteenth century to the late sixteenth are on display, along with manuscripts, letters, and paintings. Through Sept.



SUMMER BRIEFING

It's tempting to view the exhibition "Splash!," which will be on display at the Fashion Institute of Technology through September 15, and is billed as the first full-scale historical retrospective of swim apparel, in terms of social mores. Yet that view doesn't necessarily hold up, and it's more fun to see the show by way of cross-references (we're talking, after all, about less than a yard of cloth designed for a limited portion of the human body). Rudi Gernreich's wool-knit topless (except for two spaghetti straps), from 1964, three thousand copies of which were reportedly sold that year, is eulogized by Liza Bruce's "Modest Rudi," from 1990, which has a below-the-bosom bib and sporty shorts. Ralph Lauren's red-white-and-blue Lycra one-piece suit, from 1984, clearly owes a debt to a 1933 Jantzen piece with a yellow-and-white striped wool-knit top. Yet, all studiousness aside, the showstopper is a one-piece Pop-print nylon-and-Lycra suit designed by Armonia in the nineteen-seventies, which unabashedly celebrates Lichtenstein. Red, white, blue, black, and yellow, with a pair of Hollywood-starlet lips, it is undoubtedly the sexiest item in the show—far sexier than the silly minimalist green Lycra thong with pink flower trim designed by Twins in 1989. Furthermore, unlike the gold-lamê-and-rhinestone numbers of the fifties, which look like abbreviated evening wear, it's as practical as a Speedo.

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1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Samu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures to several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"The Expressionist Surface." It is doubtful that this show of contemporary art in plaster will result in increased sales of the material. But no matter how silly the exhibition is, it is probably worth a visit, if only to see several superb early George Segal sculptures, from 1958, a clear reminder of his roots in Abstract Expressionism. There are also a few works from the late fifties and early sixties by the Bay Area sculptor Manuel Neri, a fine, underrated artist whose best side is perhaps not so visible here. But most of the work by the fourteen other artists is clearly in the shadow of Segal, lacking the poignant restraint and poetic dignity of the master himself. Their pieces are little more than cheap expressions of creepy emotional realism—the sculptural equivalent of the most obvious sort of expressionistic painting. Through Aug. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

The Decade Show—A collaborative event, organized by three institutions, that is richer for the issues it raises than for the art it contains. It is divided according to themes, two per venue. By far the most cohesive installation is at the Studio Museum, where Group Material and Barbara Kruger seem to be the only ones to have addressed the complex issues of the show, and where each work—by whites, African-Americans (Hammons, Colescott, Edwards), and Hispanics (Azaceta)—is installed to look as good as it is. Through Aug. 18. The exhibition runs concurrently at **the new museum,** 583 Broadway (open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8); the **museum of contemporary hispanic art,** 584 Broadway (open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 8); and the **studio museum in harlem,** 144 W. 125th St. (open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6). A free shuttle bus runs between SoHo and Harlem on each Saturday during the show.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"Rediscovering Pompeii"—An exhibition of recently excavated artifacts, including frescoes, sculptures, and household objects. Through Sept. 15. (I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art, Madison Ave. at 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

"Detritus"—A show of work in mixed mediums by twelve artists that addresses what is perhaps *the* subject of the year. Unfortunately, the treatment is a bit, well, spotty. There are some glaring omissions, such as Cady Noland's lyrical trash assemblages, and a couple of tired inclusions, such as one of Bruce Nauman's over-familiar waxen "Skinned Cats." But a summer show with an ambitious theme often means having to take what can be got, and we do get Tony Cragg, a brilliant old hand at garbage if there ever was one, along with promising young ragpickers like Jessica Stockholder—represented here by two-by-fours sporting wigs and newsprint—and Curtis Mitchell, whose piece consists of a distressed-velvet drape with a stain. Also on display are Alan Belcher's very direct "Spit on Mink," Georg Herold's ethereally icky "Caviar Painting," Matthew McCaslin's site-specific plumbing-pipe construction, Kevin Carter's faux mummy, and one of Petah Coyne's darkly brooding, mutant hornets' nests. Through Aug. 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

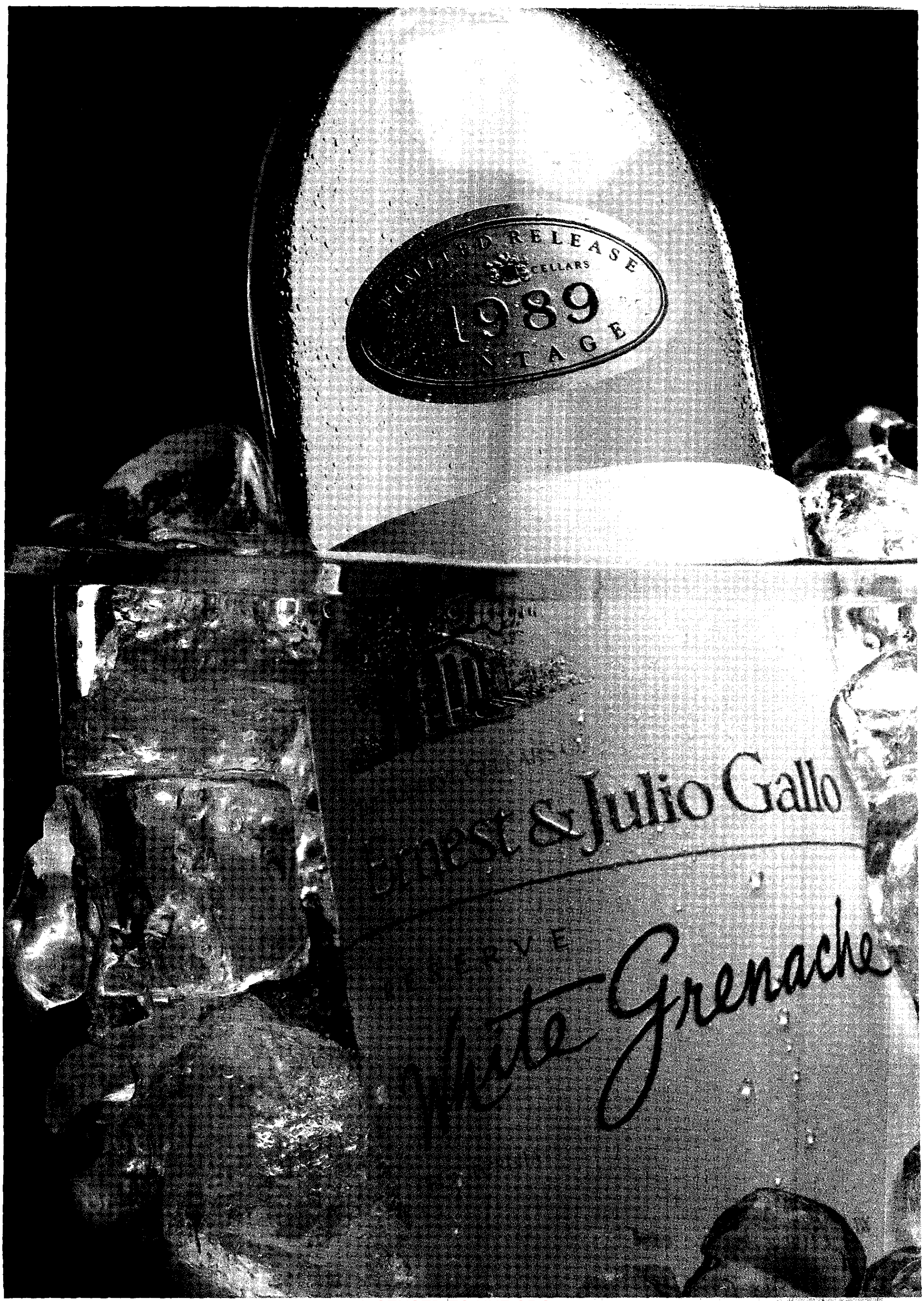
Group Shows—At **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Recent gallery acquisitions by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, George Grosz, Max Klinger, Käthe Kollwitz, various Wiener Werkstätte artists, and the redoubtable Sue Coe. Seeing Coe in proximity to Kollwitz is especially interesting. They are nearly exact opposites, though both aim for essentially the same expressionistic, empathic, and incriminating effects. Where Kollwitz distills all sorrows into "universal," quasi-ecclesiastical images—bereft mothers, work-worn hands—Coe hits our collective jugular through the journalistic precision of her slaughterhouse scenes and the fierce theatrics of her allegories, which are always of highly specific evils. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **mc coy,** 41 E. 57th St.: A crisp and quirky glimpse of work by four very different painters who are not necessarily what they seem. The inspired and rather maniacal Mike Bidlo, best known for his impeccably "forged" Pollocks and Picassos, is represented here by one early and one very late de Chirico—so late, in fact, that it suggests early-eighties East Village art. Jane Kaplowitz, too, is known for anxious modernist reprises, most recently seen in a 1988 show of very intelligent and offbeat cartoons, but now she has broken through to the more insouciant realm of . . . wallpaper borders! Her big painting is of a blown-up bird-with-nest repeat—delivered faithfully, in soft decorator colors—but it also seems to be a sort of reductio ad absurdum, kinda rueful and kinda sweet, on the theme of motherhood. I. Rice Pereira's abstract painting is a deadpan echo of the Whitney's Hans Hofmann show. And Rob Wynne, the abstract painter who—along with Kaplowitz—organized this endearingly neurotic exhibition, is by inclination a romantic but seems to mistrust the repercussions of overt romanticism on a contemporary audience. His two snappy paintings have a bright polka-dot façade, but in their drips we may think we're seeing the tracks of their tears. These artists all play it cool and matter of fact, but something hotter and stranger lurks beneath their accomplished surfaces: they may all be closet Pagliaccis. Through Sept. 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Christopher Wool—Large paintings on paper, of either a Penckian phoenix or what might be described as a black putto done in the racist style of thirties Hollywood movies. The two images are arranged in various combinations—singly, in pairs, as friezes. The paintings are smart-ass, cynical works about the state of originality and the role of the artist in today's art world, but they are also surprisingly penetrating and pack a hard punch. Through Sept. 12. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

"The Thing Itself"—This exhibition of "art in which the integrity of found objects remains intact during both the making and the viewing of the work" has a nice rhythm to it. Among the more compelling inclusions is a Mike Kelley stuffed-animal sculpture titled "Double Flaccid Cat," and a Ken Lum piece with two ordinary love seats stacked and facing a corner. The most intriguing work is a Robert Gober from the late seventies, in which a model of a Greek Revival mansion is cut in half and slammed against the wall, each half in a separate room. Adrian Piper's soul-catching work, begun in 1985, consists of an autobiographical text and jars filled with the artist's hair, nail clippings, and skin shavings, to be added to until her death. Through Aug. 10. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

"Stendhal Syndrome: The Cure"—The people at the Rosen gallery have taken an irreverent article on the "Stendhal Syndrome"—an affliction first diagnosed, appropriately, in Florence, in which the art-saturated tourist becomes euphoric, hysterical, or depressed because of too strong a communion with art—and used it as the inspiration for mounting a good old-fashioned, messy group show. Artists were offered a first-aid kit and asked to come up with a cure for those who have overdosed on beauty. Many participants, naturally, chose a somewhat homeopathic prescription (akin to torture) of an equally intense overdose of daily life: Richard Tuttle filled his kit with a Walkman and a continuous tape of music from television commercials; Mary Weatherford's proposed cure consists of the incessant playing of the disco song "Love Hangover"; and Meg Webster came up with the simplest form of self-psychotherapy—a mirror. The most poignant piece, however, is by Felix Gonzáles-Torres, who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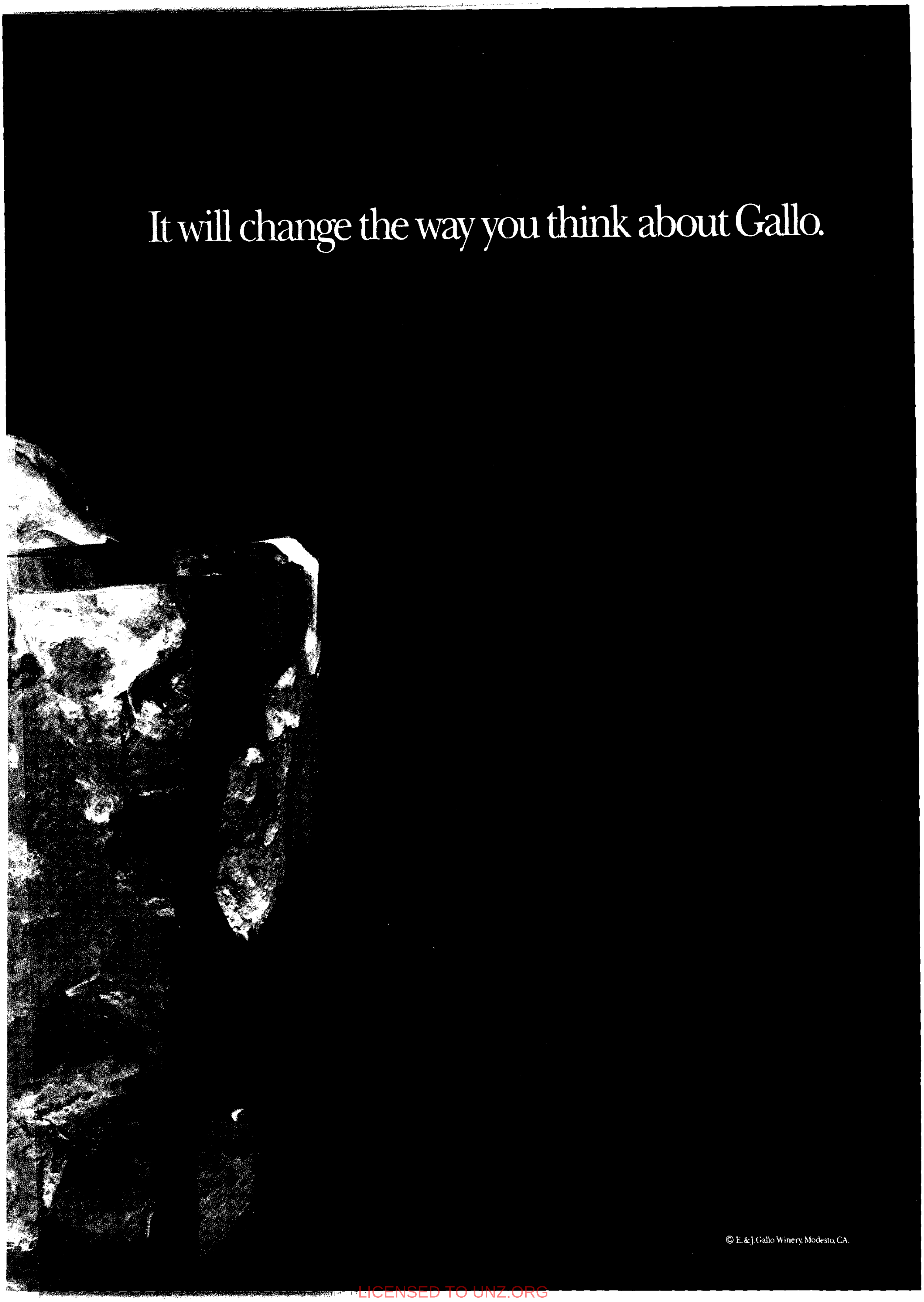
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ART—Cont'd

put in his kit a reproduction of a Goya painting (in color) of a dandyish doll being thrown in the air and a snapshot (in black-and-white) of white supremacists. These two images, inhabiting the same tight space, contrast fun and hate, freedom and oppression, art and life. Through Aug. 3. (130 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At **LENNON, WEINBERG,** 580 Broadway: Gorgeous drawings by four masters of the medium—de Kooning, Gorky, Westermann, and Marden—as well as an odd selection of works by contemporary artists like Kelly, Sandback, and Rockburne, whose drawings offer little, particularly in comparison with their paintings. Through Aug. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Especially notable in this handsome show are a sheltering fabric wall relief by Franz Erhard Walther that follows in the medical/shamanistic line of Beuys, two 1966 stripe paintings by the elegant subversive Daniel Buren, two expressionistically hacked wood sculptures by Mel Kendrick, and two walls full of the shiny, painted plaster surrogates of Allan McCollum, which walk the line between ennui and magic with intelligence, wit, and concision. Through Aug. 24.

Short List—**AIDAN AND MITTA,** Cadot, 470 Broome St. (through Aug. 3); **YISHAI JUSIDMAN,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Aug. 17).

OTHER VENUES

The Anchorage—The artists exhibiting this summer in New York's most dramatic space for contemporary art, the vaulted brick anchorage beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, take very seriously the various indications that our golden society is falling apart. As usual, the quality is uneven, and some things look much better than they actually are. There is an overabundance of sound installations with echoing voices and low-level, mood-evoking blue lights. (One includes the spoken text "We are the names of time. To talk is human.") But there are also some very affecting works. Jim Goldberg has constructed a full-size house of the picket-fence variety; on its exterior he has projected slides of homeless youths and their drawings, which describe in documentary detail the squalor, danger, and isolation in which they live. Nancy Rubins has erected a personal public monument, a memorial to a collaborator who died recently of AIDS. It is a massive piece that is composed of a huge dead oak tree and sixty thousand pounds of rubble from a sculpture they constructed together, most of it contained now in sealed metal cases. In a simple, stark sound work, Jerri Allyn makes such commonsense statements as "Jasper Johns sells in the millions, paintings with defaced flag use" and "Wouldn't you love to hear Rohrabacher tell us why Courbet's rollicking, and decidedly lesbian-looking, women are glorious?," and repeatedly wonders what it would take to "get the sixty per cent we rarely hear from to write to their Senate and their Congress" in support of freedom of speech and the N.E.A. Through Oct. 7. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Socrates Sculpture Park—New York is so short on good public sculpture that one prefers to suspend judgment when passing by the hokey sign at the gate of this gritty riverfront acreage, which reads "ENTERING SCULPTURE CITY (ELEV. 7 FT., POP. FRIENDLY)." Such restraint, however, proves futile, because this is a primarily dreary assortment of very big sculpture—in metal, stone, and other big-sculpture materials. The ad-hoc park setting is delightful, and the occasional patches of tall grasses, the rotting barge half-submerged in the East River, and the glorious view of the Upper East Side have far more character than most of the amateurish art within, which even includes some huge painted rocks that line the waterfront in a particularly repulsive range of colors. There are a few high points, though, the most polished being a large orange sculpture by Mark di Suvero, part of which rotates with the wind. Beyond it, behind a gate that is sometimes unlocked, is the outdoor studio of the same artist, with several massive steel sculptural components that together look like a heroic city deserted in the process of construction. Yet the "city" feels whole in its various stages of completion, down to the large pile of rusting steel beams with grass growing among them. (Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City. Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DURING the summer, when the galleries are resting up, they tend to offer lazier exhibition programs than they do during the season. This can make for pleasurable visits, because the art on display seems less pitched to a current fashion; often the shows are pulled from existing inventories, and what's on view is a little bit of this and a little bit of that. With some of the group shows, however, there's an attempt to snazz things up with a title that suggests there's some theme tying the work together—and often that isn't the case. "Photographers' Muses," the summer show at the James Danziger Gallery (415 West Broadway; closed Mondays, through August 31), is a group show with a real theme. It's rigorous—better than most museum exhibitions—and it displays a notable curatorial intelligence and feeling for photographs both old and new.

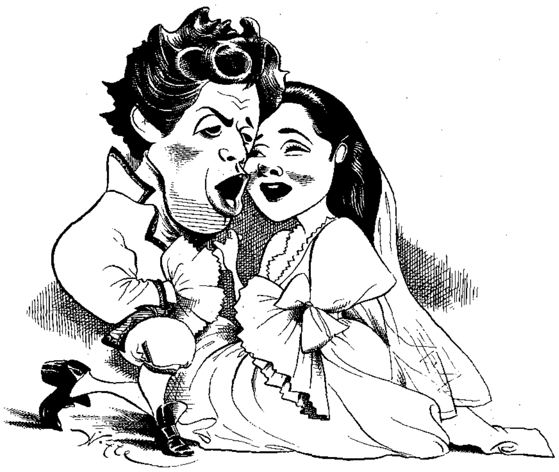
Danziger has chosen seven very different photographers, and he provides generous examples of each artist's portrayal of his or her subject. It is a heavenly experience to see such a selection of Edward Weston's pictures of Charis Wilson, or Harry Callahan's loving shots of his wife, Eleanor, and daughter, Barbara, or—the surprise of the show—Fernand Fonssagrives on Lisa Fonssagrives. And to view the individual styles of three extraordinary photographers of glamour—Cecil Beaton, George Hurrell, and today's wild and wonderful Steven Meisel—is fascinating. For instance, the eighties and nineties punch and sense of sculptural form in Meisel's photos of Linda Evangelista contrast profoundly with Beaton's rather plain-Jane approach to Garbo. The seventh photographer is Sheila Metzner; with her inspiration, Rick Di Nome, she breaks the pattern of female muses that dominates in the history books and in this show.

Helen Chadwick—An installation made up of photographic objects and large Polaroids—most of them of raw-meat products arranged on backgrounds of various fabrics. The pictures were produced over a period of two days, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, with museum visitors watching. There are some additional touches, such as rococo mirrors, rococo candlesticks, and jars of pimientos, that make the gallery feel like a home environment. Through Aug. 11. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Félix Teynard (1817-92)—The Met has mounted a passionate show of thirty-five primarily architectural views of Egypt taken in 1851-1852 by this French civil engineer. At the time, each photograph was still an almost miraculous event, and in these pictures you can feel how everything counted, how nothing about the process was taken for granted. The salted paper Teynard used has a marvellous delicacy compared with today's slicker, thicker papers, and it contributes to the over-all sense of awe and achievement. An ironic feature of this show is the inclusion of Teynard's photo of the Temple of Dendur—the very same monument that is now on view in the Museum's Sackler wing. Through Sept. 9. (Metropolitan Museum.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958) / **Arnold Eagle**—An exhibition of a hundred and eighteen portraits and nudes. / Sixty black-and-white prints from the thirties and forties of New York's tenements and elevated subways, and the people who lived among them. Through Sept. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**MARILYN BRIDGES,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8, through Sept. 2); **PATRICK FAIGENBAUM** and **SUZANNE LAFONT,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 4 on Fridays, through Sept. 7); **LINNAEUS TRIPE** and **SUZANNE OPTON,** Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through Aug. 18).



Maureen O'Flynn and Dean Peterson in New York City Opera's "Le Nozze di Figaro"

MUSIC

SCHUBERT read voraciously and responded inimitably to the great poets, but he did not exactly have what we would call taste; he made exquisite music with a lot of material that no one today admires (or even reads, except alongside Schubert's music). We're not aware, for instance, of any scholar of German letters who considers Helmina von Chézy a distinguished playwright. She did come from an accomplished family: both her grandmother and mother were published authors—Weber based an opera, with a libretto by Helmina, on one of the grandmother's stories, and one of Schubert's loveliest songs is on a text by the mother. And Helmina's son was one of the memoirists from whose veiled hints modern scholarship has been able to reconstruct a picture of Schubert's sexual orientation. But praise for her own writing we have not found, excepting the compliment of Schubert's industry in setting it. In December of 1823, her play "Rosamunde, Prinzessin von Cypern" was presented at the Theater an der Wien, where it had a run of two performances. Schubert contributed entr'actes, choruses, ballet music, shepherd's melodies, and a beautiful solo romance for alto. He also put in an overture from his as yet unperformed opera "Alfonso und Estrella"—though somehow or other a different overture, that to "Die Zauberharfe," was tagged as belonging to "Rosamunde" and has become a concert favorite under that title.

The play itself, according to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who years ago undertook the task of researching the poetry that Schubert set, is "in all honesty just as dreadful" as the "terrible" libretto Helmina wrote for Weber. But the poet was apparently connected in some peripheral way with the Schubert circle; she was called in much later to alter the text of what proved to be the composer's last work, "The Shepherd on the Rock."

At any rate, the "Rosamunde" music is among Schubert's choicest, and a complete performance is to be given at the Mostly Mozart Festival on August 3 and 4, under Gerard Schwarz (with a chorus prepared by Amy Kaiser).

IN TOWN

Mostly Mozart Festival—July 30: The Classical Band, with conductor Bruno Weil and natural-horn soloist Lowell Greer, in early-instrument interpretations of Mozart and Schubert. . . . ¶ July 31-Aug. 1: The Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, plays Mozart and Schubert symphonies, as well as Mozart works for violin and orchestra, featuring Itzhak Perlman. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: The Cleveland String Quartet, with guests, performs chamber music by Mozart and Schubert, including the latter's "Trout" Quintet. . . . ¶ Aug. 3-4: Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde" is performed by the festival chorus and orchestra, directed by Gerard Schwarz, with mezzo-soprano Camellia Johnson. The program also includes Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C Major, K. 467, with Eugene Istomin. . . . ¶ Aug. 6: The American String Quartet, with guests Pinchas Zukerman, viola, and André-Michel Schub, piano, performs chamber music by Mozart. . . . ¶ Aug. 7-8: Leopold Hager conducts the festival orchestra in an all-Mozart evening, with soloists Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Thomas Zehetmair, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Evenings at 8.)

Bargemusic—Chamber music by Beethoven for winds, strings, and piano. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn, 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 2-3 at 7:30 and Aug. 5 at 4.)

"Tamerlano"—Handel's five-and-a-half-hour opera, a success when premièred in 1724, is performed by the Measured Breaths Theatre Company in an English translation, serialized, with one act presented over each of three consecutive weekends. Director Robert Press recently said that he finds each act "a show in itself," and that he seeks "to move completely out of the bel-canto setting, to one where drama is just as important as music and where the audience can interact with the onstage performers." Patricia Fortner conducts a ten-instrument ensemble in a rescoring aimed at producing a twentieth-century sound. (Cooper Square Theatre, 50 E. 7th St. 228-0811. Act II: Aug. 2-5 at 8.)

New York Philharmonic—In its annual series of free outdoor concerts. Yoel Levi conducting Mendelssohn and Berlioz (followed by fireworks). **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** July 30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx: July 31. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens: Aug. 1. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Aug. 2. (Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 580-8700, ext. 227.)

Mollie Nichols—Organ, plays Clérambault, Bach, Brahms, Liszt, and Vierne. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 31 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

New York City Opera—The opening performances of the season, which runs through Nov. 18. **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,** with Maureen O'Flynn, Renée Fleming, Cynthia Rose, Dean Peterson, and William Stone; conducted by Scott Bergeson. (July 31 and Aug. 4 at 8.) . . . **MADAME BUTTERFLY,** with Elizabeth Holleque, Lucille Beer, Stephen O'Mara, and Richard Fredricks; Mark Gibson. (Aug. 2 at 8 and Aug. 5 at 2.) . . . A new production of **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC,** Stephen Sondheim's classic in three-quarter time, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night." The cast includes Sally Ann Howes, Regina Resnik, Beverly Lambert, George Lee Andrews,

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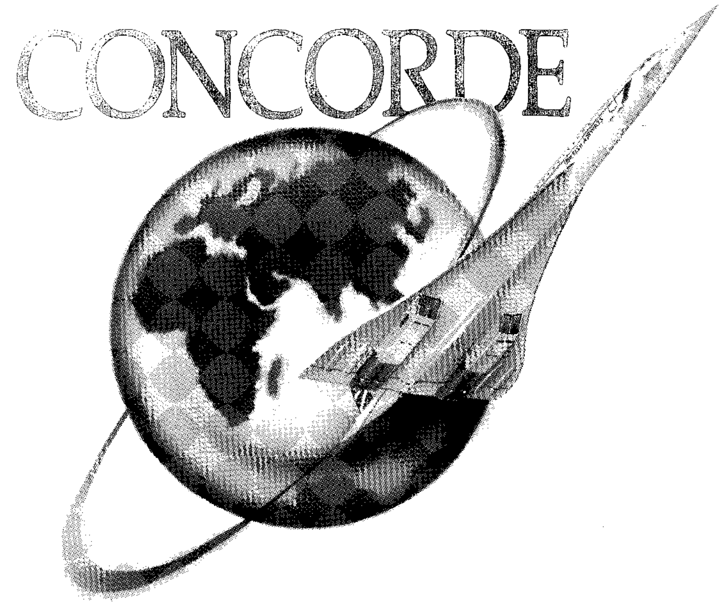

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MUSIC–Cont'd

Kevin Anderson, and Michael Maguire; Paul Gemignani. (Aug. 3 at 8.) . . . **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,** with Sheryl Woods, Paul Hartfield, James Dietsch, and Mark S. Doss; Louis Salemno. (Aug. 4 at 2 and Aug. 8 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

INOUE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A concert commemorating the forty-fifth anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. One featured composition, "Sean Song"—a chamber piece for soprano, strings, piano, and koto—involved an especially noteworthy collaboration: its music was composed by Leonard Bernstein to a text by Yoko Ono and Sean Ono Lennon. Among the concert's other works inspired by the 1945 event are pieces by Miriam Gideon, Leonard Lehrman, and David Loeb. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Aug. 5 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

METROPOLITAN SOLOISTS—Woodwind-ensemble music by Beethoven, Gordon Jacobs, and Karl Stamitz (his "Darmstädter" Clarinet Concerto, arranged by clarinet soloist Christine Soder). (Aug 5 at 1:30: The Dairy, Central Park. Aug. 7 at 6: Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANGLEWOOD—Aug. 2 at 8:30: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Emanuel Ax, piano, play sonatas by Prokofiev and William Bolcom, and are joined by clarinettist Harold Wright for Brahms' A-Minor Trio. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducts the Boston Symphony in works by Berlioz and Mahler, and, with cellist Steven Isserlis, Tchaikovsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30: Dennis Russell Davies leads the Boston Symphony in Brahms, William Bolcom, and William Schuman (his Third Symphony, in honor of the composer's eightieth birthday), and, with Midori as soloist, in the Dvořák Violin Concerto. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: Marek Janowski conducts the Boston Symphony in Weber and Brahms, and Emanuel Ax solos in Chopin's Second Piano Concerto. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: Gilbert Kalish, piano, and Sanford Sylvan, baritone, join the Boston Symphony Chamber Players in music by Fred Lerdahl, John Harbison, Roger Kellaway, and Copland. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8:30: Pianist Peter Serkin, a champion of avant-garde music, plays Beethoven's Bagatelles, Op. 126 (radical in their austerity when they were published, in 1825), and nine pieces commissioned by Mr. Serkin from leading composers during 1988-1989, ranging from Toru Takemitsu's neo-impressionism to the dense complexities of Leon Kirchner and Tobias Picker. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—Aug. 3 at 9: Flutist Paula Robison, harpsichordist Kenneth Cooper, and colleagues offer an all-baroque program, including works by Bach, Vivaldi, and Jacques-Martin Hotteterre. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30: The Empire Brass Quintet performs a wide-ranging program that includes two recently commissioned works: Leonard Bernstein's "Dance Suite," and Michael Tilson Thomas's "Street Song." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 5:30: Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano, plays a virtuosic program of Brahms, (his "Paganini" variations), Liszt, (his "Rigoletto" paraphrase), and Ravel. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses for Caramoor will be at the Katonah station to meet trains leaving Grand Central on Saturdays at 2:50 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:50. For information, call 1-914 232-1252.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Aug. 3 at 8:30: A chamber ensemble, including cellist Ralph Kirshbaum and clarinettist David Shifrin, plays Beethoven, Bruch, and Brahms. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30: The Norfolk Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Aldo Parisot, plays music of Mozart and Vivaldi (his "Four Seasons"), and Haydn's Cello Concerto in C Major, with Mr. Kirshbaum. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

WATERLOO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Mark Peskanov is featured in Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Maximiano Valdes conducting the orchestra in a program that also includes music by Dvořák and Vaughan Williams. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. Call 1-201 507-8900 for directions and ticket information. Aug. 4 at 8:30. Through Aug. 11.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

ERIC CLAPTON—Having sold out, like Steve Winwood, Eric Clapton is playing Michelob music, and his recent albums don't amount to much. His music, once sloppy and colorful, now comes packaged and designer wrapped, with expensive producers and sidemen inside. There's no doubt he'll be playing a good portion of his recent release, "Journeyman," on his trademark "Clapton is God" guitar, but it's in mining the enormous musical fortunes of his past that he'll really shine. An ardent traditionalist, he needs the groove of a "Crossroads" to catch fire. His band is hot (drummer Steve Ferrone and percussionist Ray Cooper, among others). (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 6 at 8.)

"CLASSICAL JAZZ"—Aug. 3: Wynton Marsalis, Michael White, and others. . . . ¶ Aug. 4: Jackie McLean. . . . ¶ Aug. 6: Johnny Griffin, Von Freeman, and others. . . . ¶ Aug. 7: Benny Carter, Milt Jackson, Bobby Hutcherson, and the Classical Jazz Orchestra. . . . ¶ Aug. 8-9: An all-Ellington evening, with the Classical Jazz Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Aug. 7 at 7:35, Aug. 8 at 1:35, and Aug. 9 at 7:35.

YANKEES—Vs. the Detroit Tigers, July 30-Aug. 2 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Indians, Aug. 3-4 at 7:30, Aug. 5 at 1:30, and Aug. 6 at 1.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Sword Dancer is on July 21. Through July 30. . . . At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Test is on Aug. 2, and the Whitney Handicap is on Aug. 4. Through Aug. 27. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. Through Aug. 18. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Mondays through Saturdays at 7:45.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

TAJ MAHAL AND DAVE VAN RONK—A "Musicruise" concert on a Circle Line boat. (Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. Aug. 3; boarding starts at 7 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 956-5550.)

SUMMER GOSPEL CONCERT—Seventeen of Manhattan's leading church choirs will perform in the amphitheatre in Marcus Garvey Park, Fifth Ave. at 122nd St. Aug. 5 at 1. No tickets necessary.

Margareth Menezes at the Central Park Summerstage

PIER 84—July 30 at 7:30: At one time, the **MOODY BLUES** were underground, psychedelic, progressive, and even (gulp) fashionable. Most of that ended by 1973. Their best albums were a blend of cosmic lyricism and Mellotron-induced romanticism. They fancied themselves pop philosophers, and for many fans who sat up late into the night grooving to their albums and searching for "oneness," they were. The Moodies had a few undistinguished hit records in the eighties, and they sound pretty good live, but their music has little power now. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 7:30: Tommy Page, with Sweet Sensation and Linear. (Twelfth Ave. at 43rd St. For information about tickets, call 247-4777.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT—Aug. 1 at 6:30: The Party Dolls. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6:30: In 1974, after leaving his job as a bank lawyer in Panama, **RUBÉN BLADES** came to the States to become a salsa singer. He got a job in the mailroom of Fania Records, became friends with Willie Colón, and began recording with him. Since then, Blades has become one of the most popular singers in Latin music. (He has also earned a degree from Harvard Law School, written songs with Elvis Costello and Lou Reed, and acted in a few Hollywood films.) His sophisticated, romantic paeans to the lost and wounded, sung mostly in Spanish, have an honesty and a clarity that are peerless. At their most complex, his songs hum with the strength of his convictions, and in concert he's rhythmically inspired by a band that hangs fire. It's a beautiful sight. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8: The Count Basie orchestra. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6:30: The Kit McClure Band. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 669-9424.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—July 31-Aug. 2: With the departure of Lindsey Buckingham from the lineup, **FLEETWOOD MAC** has lost the Beach Boys-like precision harmonies that have colored some of their best-known songs. Their new album, "Behind the Mask," has a few good tracks (mostly written by the high priestess of diaphanous rock, Stevie Nicks), but it sounds mighty dull in comparison with their earlier work. Still, their songs have aged well, and a soft, misty chorus of oohs and ahs can sound pleasant to cooing couples. **SQUEEZE** opens. . . . ¶ Aug. 4: The Moody Blues. . . . ¶ Aug. 7-8: **ERASURE** is Vince Clarke and Andy Bell. Clarke is the Bill Wyman of synth-pop players: without a hint of movement, he pumps out irresistible synthesized dance rhythms. Bell is the singer who flamboyantly pitches his songs of love, rarely unrequited, to a very receptive crowd. Their latest album, "Wild," is not up to the pop standards they set for themselves on 1988's "The Innocents," but there are still a few delicious throwaways hidden inside. There is nothing subtle about Erasure—they'll pound you into a dance floor—but Bell is one of the few performers to come out of the closet with wardrobe in tow. (1-516 221-1000. Evenings at 8.)

WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER—Aug. 1 at 7:30: Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 7:30: Pat Cannon's Foot and Fiddle Dance Company. (Battery Park City. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 945-0505.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—Opening performances of a music, dance, and theatre festival that will run through Aug. 27. Aug. 1 at 8:15: The American Ballroom Theatre. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5:30: The Microscopic Septet. . . . At 8:15: The American Ballroom Theatre. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5:30: Cooperativa Del Teatro Laboratorio of Verona. . . . At 6:30: The Harmonie Wind Ensemble. . . . ¶ Aug. 4, at 1 and 3:30: The Woodland String Band. . . . ¶ At 2: Cooperativa del Teatro Laboratorio of Verona. . . . At 5:30: Soh Daiko. . . . At 8:15: A country dance party, with the Jackson Pike Skiffers and Chip Henderson, caller. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 3: "From China with Love," a Chinese opera. . . . At 7: A Caribbean carnival. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: Andrea del Conte and the American Spanish Dance Theatre. . . . At 8:15: Ballet Concierto de Puerto Rico. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at noon: The Adam Makowicz duo. . . . At 6:30: The New York Indonesian Consulate Gamelan. (Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—Aug. 3 at 8:30: The Doug Elkins Dance Company, Hilary Easton, and Sarah Skaggs. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 3: Robert Fripp and the League of Crafty Guitarists. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 3: Margareth Menezes. (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 360-2777.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	30	31	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Jesus of Montreal" (directed by Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Unbelievable Truth" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke, Adrienne Shelly, and Christopher Cooke.

Theatre 4: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Theatre 5: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit; in French), with Isaach De Bankolé.

Theatre 6: "Quick Change" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

July 31: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959, Renoir; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault; and "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, and Renoir.

Aug. 1-2: "The Rules of the Game"; "This Land Is Mine" (1943, Jean Renoir), with Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton, George Sanders, and Walter Slezak; and "Swamp Water" (1941, Renoir), with Walter Huston, Walter Brennan, Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Virginia Gilmore, and John Carradine.

Aug. 3-5: "The Rules of the Game"; "The Southerner" (†); "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†); and "The Woman on the Beach" (†).

Aug. 7-8: "The Rules of the Game"; "Tire au Flanc" (1927, Jean Renoir; silent), with Michel Simon; and "The Golden Coach" (1953, Renoir), with Anna Magnani.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "The Freshman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Theatre 3: "The Freshman" (†).

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (503-7320)

Through Aug. 2: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "The Freshman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).

Theatre 4: "Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Theatre 5: "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn.

Theatre 6: "Arachnophobia" (Frank Marshall), with Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, Harley Jane Kozak, and John Goodman.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Dick Tracy" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Ghost" (†).

Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (†).

Theatre 3: "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Unbelievable Truth" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke, Adrienne Shelly, and Christopher Cooke.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Arachnophobia" (Frank Marshall), with Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, Harley Jane Kozak, and John Goodman.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through July 31: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

William Baldwin in "Flatliners"

From Aug. 1: "Young Guns II" (Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Christian Slater.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Chicago Joe and the Showgirl" (Bernard Rose), with Kiefer Sutherland and Emily Lloyd.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Days of Thunder" (†).

Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis. From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 2: "Quick Change" (†). From Aug. 3: "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Freshman" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn.

Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Ghost" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Days of Thunder" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay. From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Quick Change" (†).

Theatre 2: "Arachnophobia" (Frank Marshall), with Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, Harley Jane Kozak, and John Goodman.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Chinese Roulette" (1977, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen; and "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970, Fassbinder; in German), with Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ Aug. 1-2: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974, Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira. . . . ¶ Aug. 3-5: "Effi Briest" (1974, Fassbinder; in German), with Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck. . . . ¶ Aug. 6-7: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978, Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler. . . . ¶ From Aug. 8: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979, Fassbinder; in German), with Schygulla.

Theatre 2: "Men in Love" (Marc Huestis).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn. From Aug. 1: "Young Guns II" (Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Christian Slater.

Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Arachnophobia" (Frank Marshall), with Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, Harley Jane Kozak, and John Goodman.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter. From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Theatre 2: "Ghost" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "The Jungle Book" (1967), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Pretty Woman" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby. From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Theatre 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 5: "Die Hard 2."

Theatre 6: "Longtime Companion" (†).

Theatre 7: "Quick Change" (†).

Theatre 8: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Theatre 9: Through July 31: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane." From Aug. 1: "Young Guns II" (Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Christian Slater.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Days of Thunder" (†).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 2: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. From Aug. 3: "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Through Aug. 2: "Jungle Book" (1967), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

From Aug. 3: "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay. From Aug. 3: "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

Theatre 3: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 4: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Theatre 5: Through Aug. 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby. From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Theatre 6: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Days of Thunder" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"The Freshman" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Men in Love" (Marc Huestis).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through Aug. 2: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (Etienne Chatiliez; in French).

From Aug. 3: "Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Ghost" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

Through July 31: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

From Aug. 1: "Young Guns II" (Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Christian Slater.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "May Fools" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 2: "Total Recall" (†).

From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Arachnophobia" (Frank Marshall), with Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, Harley Jane Kozak, and John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "The Freshman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 4: "Quick Change" (†).

Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Theatre 6: "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: (Matinées only) "The Jungle Book" (1967), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Pretty Woman" (†). From Aug. 3: "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 31: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†). From Aug. 1: "Young Guns II" (directed by Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Christian Slater.

Theatre 3: "The Freshman" (†).

Theatre 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (Alan J. Pakula), with Harrison Ford, Brian Dennehy, and Raul Julia.

Theatre 6: "The Freshman" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Dick Tracy" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Arachnophobia" (Frank Marshall), with Jeff Daniels, Julian Sands, Harley Jane Kozak, and John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 3: "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (969-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter. From Aug. 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington and Lee.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Quick Change" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: Three horror films. From Aug. 3: "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

July 30: "Barbary Coast" (1935, directed by Howard Hawks), with Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins, and Joel McCrea; and "Silver Dollar" (1932, Alfred E. Green), with Robinson.

July 31-Aug. 1: "Cry Wolf" (1947, Peter Godfrey), with Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Brooks, and Richard Basehart; and "The File on Thelma Jordon" (1950, Robert Siodmak), with Stanwyck and Wendell Corey.

Aug. 2: "The Hatchet Man" (1932, William Wellman), with Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, and Leslie Fenton; and "Forbidden" (1932, Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy.

Aug. 3-4: "The Prize" (†); and "The Outrage" (1964, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Claire Bloom, Laurence Harvey, and Edward G. Robinson.

Aug. 5-6: "To Please a Lady" (1950, Clarence Brown), with Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, and Adolphe Menjou; and "Jeopardy" (1953, John Sturges), with Stanwyck, Ralph Meeker, and Barry Sullivan.

Aug. 7-8: "The Cincinnati Kid" (1965, Norman Jewison), with Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson, Ann-Margret, Karl Malden, and Tuesday Weld; and "Larceny, Inc." (1942, Lloyd Bacon), with Jane Wyman, and Robinson.

Cinema Village, 22 W. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 31: "My Hustler" (1967, Andy Warhol); and "Nude Restaurant" (1967, Warhol), with Viva, Taylor Meade, and Louis Waldron.

Aug. 1-2: "The Lair of the White Worm" (1988, Ken Russell); and "The Rainbow" (1989, Russell), with Sammi Davis.

Aug. 3-4: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964) and "Help!" (1965), both directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.

Aug. 5: "The Nutcracker" (1965), with Edward Villella; and "Musical Passage" (1984, Jim Brown), a documentary about Lazar Gosman.

Aug. 6-7: "L'Avventura" (†); and "The White Line" (1948, Luigi Zampa; in Italian, with an English narration), with Gina Lollobrigida.

From Aug. 8: "Stella" (1990, John Erman), with Bette Midler, John Goodman, Trini Alvarado, Stephen Collins, and Marsha Mason; and "Men Don't Leave" (1990, Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange, Arliss Howard, Joan Cusack, Chris O'Donnell, and Charlie Korsmo.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through July 31: "5 Against the House" (1955, Phil Karlson), with Guy Madison, Kim Novak, Brian Keith, Kerwin Mathews, and William Conrad; and "Pushover" (1954, Richard Quine), with Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey, Novak, Dorothy Malone, and E. G. Marshall.

Aug. 1-2: "The Reckless Moment" (1949, Max Ophuls), with James Mason, Joan Bennett, and Geraldine Brooks; and "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Dana Andrews, Vincent Price, and Judith Anderson.

Aug. 3-4: "Dead Ringers" (1988, David Cronenberg), with Jeremy Irons and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Dead Zone" (1983, Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Aug. 5: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960, François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour and Marie Dubois; and "The Sleeping Car Murders" (1966, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand.

Aug. 6-7: "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "This Thing Called Love" (†).

From Aug. 8: "M" (1932, Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 30: "The Last Metro" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981, Truffaut; in French), with Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

July 31: "Love Me Tonight" (1932, Rouben Mamoulian), with Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, and Charlie Ruggles; and "One Hour with You" (1932, Ernst Lubitsch), with Chevalier, MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, and Roland Young.

Aug. 1: "Persona" (1967, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Andersson, and Mils Poppe.

Aug. 2: "Pretty Poison" (1968, Noel Black), with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld; and "Point Blank" (1967, John Boorman), with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn.

Aug. 3-4: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (†).

Aug. 5: "Goldfinger" (1964, Guy Hamilton) and "From Russia with Love" (1964, Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Aug. 6: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "My Life to Live" (1962, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Aug. 7: "To Catch a Thief" (1955, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967, Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.

Aug. 8: "The Little Foxes" (1941, William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and Teresa Wright; and "Dodsworth" (1936, Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterson, and Mary Astor.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 30 at noon: "Cry of the City" (1948, directed by Robert Siodmak), with Victor Mature, Richard Conte, and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ July 30 at 3: "My Darling Clementine" (1946, John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6: "The Dark Corner" (1946, Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Clifton Webb, and Mark Stevens. . . . ¶ July 31 at noon: "Mother Wore Tights" (1947, Walter Lang), with Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, and Mona Freeman. . . . ¶ July 31 at 3: "The Razor's Edge" (1946, Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, Anne Baxter, and Clifton Webb. . . . ¶ July 31 at 6: "Cry of the City." . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at noon: "Captain from Castile" (1947, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Jean Peters, Cesar Romero, and Lee J. Cobb. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 3: "Nightmare Alley" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "The Razor's Edge." . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at noon: "Broken

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Twelfth Night
ALEC GUINNESS
RALPH RICHARDSON
JOAN PLOWRIGHT

August 16th:
The Comedy of Errors
JUDI DENCH
ROGER REES

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MOVIE HOUSES—*Cont'd*

Arrow" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 3: "The Gunfighter" (1950, Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, and Skip Homeier. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "My Darling Clementine." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at noon: "The Gunfighter." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Mother Wore Tights." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at noon: "House of Strangers" (1949, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, and Richard Conte. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "Nightmare Alley" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 5: "Road House" (1948, Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Cornel Wilde, Richard Widmark, and Celeste Holm. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at noon: "No Way Out" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 3: "Night and the City" (1950, Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney, and Googie Withers. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "Broken Arrow" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at noon: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 3: "Forever Amber" (1947, Otto Preminger), with Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde, George Sanders, and Jessica Tandy. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6: "Unfaithfully Yours."

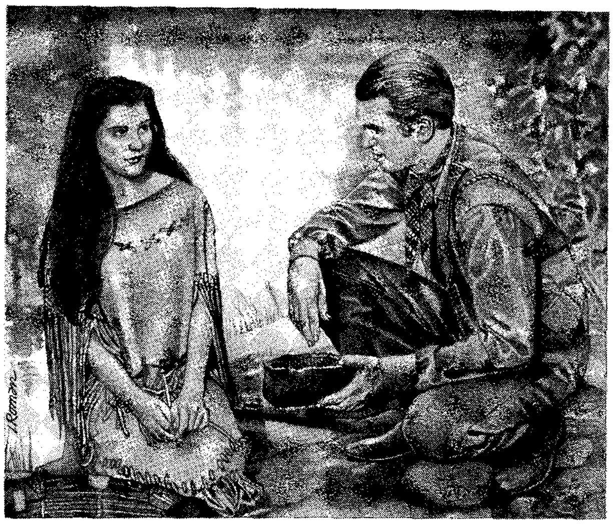
Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. July 31-Aug. 4: Alan Bennett's "An Englishman Abroad" (1983, BBC), with Coral Browne and Alan Bates. . . . From Aug. 7: Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited, Episode 11: The Death of Lord Marchmain" (1982, Granada Television), with Laurence Olivier. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." July 31-Aug. 4: "The Modern World: Ten Great Writers: James Joyce" (1988, Nigel Wattis). Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . July 31-Aug. 4: "Arena: Saint Genet" (1985, Nigel Williams and Charles Chabot). Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From Aug. 7: Three short plays by Samuel Beckett—"Eh Joe," "Footfalls," and "Rockaby." Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . ¶ "Rocky and Bullwinkle and Friends: A Tribute to Jay Ward." July 31-Aug. 4: Three different Dudley Do-Right programs will be shown each day. . . . Aug. 7-8: "The Greenpernt Oogle," with Bullwinkle. Showings Tuesdays at 3, 5, and 6:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 1 at 12:30 and 6: "Doulos—The Finger Man" (1962, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Serge Reggiani, Jean Desailly, and Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Pickpocket" (1959, Robert Bresson; in French), with Martin Lassalle, Marika Green, Jean Pélégri, and Dolly Scal. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 12:30 and 6: "Drugstore Romance" (1979, Paul Vecchiali; in French), with Hélène Surgère, Nicolas Silberg, Béatrice Bruno, and Myriam Mézières. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 3:15 and 8:45: "L'Acrobate" (1975, Jean-Daniel Pollet; in French), with Claude Melki, Laurence Bru, Guy Marchand, and Marion Game.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—Aug. 4 at 4 and 6:30: "Yeelen" (1987, Souleman Cisse; a Malian film, in Bambara).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Aug. 2-5 at 8: "No Picnic" (1987, Philip Hartman). . . . ¶ Aug. 2-5 at 9:30: "Hank Williams—The Show He Never Gave" (1982, David Acomba).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 1 at 1, 4, and 7: "Glory" (1989, Edward Zwick), with Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Matthew Broderick. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 1 and 4: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943, Vincente Minnelli), with Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Lena Horne, and Ethel Waters; and "Stormy Weather" (1943, Andrew L. Stone), with Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, Horne, Cab Calloway, and Fats Waller. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Carmen Jones" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Diahann Carroll; and "Tamango" (1957, John Berry), with Dandridge, Curt Jurgens, and Alex Crisson. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 1: Four films directed by Oscar Micheaux—"Ten Minutes to Live" (1939), "God's Stepchildren" (1938), "The Girl from Chicago" (1939), and "Lying Lips" (1939). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "Dolemite" (1974, D'Urville Martin), with Rudy Ray Moore and Lady Reed; "Super Soul Brother" (1976), with Wildman Steve; and "Redd Foxx Raw" (1981). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 1, 4, and 7: "House Party" (1990, Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Robin Harris; and "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 1 and 4: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French) and "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), both with Josephine Baker. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey); and "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (1988, Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Jim Brown, Isaac Hayes, Antonio Fargas, Bernie Casey, and Wayans. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6:30: "Glory." . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 1: "The Harder They Come" (1973, Perry Henzell), with Jimmy Cliff. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2:45 and 6: "Land of Look Behind" (1982, Alan Greenberg), a documentary; and "Heartland Reggae" (1983, John W. Mitchell), with Bob Marley and others.



Debra Paget and James Stewart in "Broken Arrow"

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. The characters are active only in trying to discharge their anxiety: sex is their sole means of contact. Too shallow to be truly lonely, they are people trying to escape their boredom by reaching out to one another and finding only boredom once again. Because the film is subtle and ascetic, yet laborious about revealing its meanings, it suggests Henry James when he "chewed more than he bit off." Visually, it's extraordinary: a calm hangs over everything—Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: disparate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. Also with Dominique Blanchar. Cinematography by Aldo Scavarda; script by Elio Bartolini, Tonino Guerra, and Antonioni. In Italian.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Aug. 6-7.)

Broken Arrow (1950)—Everybody seems to enjoy this movie. It's full of legend and romance and action. The setting is Arizona in those confused days after the Civil War when renegades from both armies were causing trouble among the Indians. James Stewart plays the ex-Union officer who befriends the Apache Cochise (Jeff Chandler) and marries an Apache princess (Debra Paget). Delmer Daves directed this adaptation by Michael Blankfort of the novel "Blood Brother," by Elliott Arnold, and though the picture never won any Academy Awards or brotherhood awards, it has probably done more to soften the hearts of racists than most movies designed to instruct, indict, and inspire. (That Indian princess was no squaw.) Part of the pleasure of the film is that its treatment of the Indians-vs.-settlers theme doesn't violate the conventions of the genre.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 3 and 6.)

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/7/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)

Days of Thunder—This new Tom Cruise vehicle, directed by Tony Scott, is the latest example of the nearly demagogic brand of pop-culture uplift practiced by the producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer. (They were also responsible for "Flashdance" and "Top Gun.") It's about winning, and nothing else. The setting this time is the stock-car racing circuit. The screenwriter, Robert Towne, seems to be trying to underplay the rah-rah elements of the material—to give competition some point other than pure ego gratification. And he supplies some nice dialogue: easy, natural-sounding macho banter among the drivers and their crews. But the movie has been stripped for speed: by the big race (the Daytona 500), all the ambiguities in the script have been removed, and there's nothing to interfere with Cruise's, and the producers', streak to the finish line. Like the previous Simpson-Bruckheimer picture, it's designed—engineered, really—to give audiences an overdose of the thrill of victory; it wants us to jump out of our seats, pumping our fists in the air and roaring for the hero to pulverize his opponents.—T.R. (7/16/90) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, U. A. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Ziegfeld.)

"I've done an awful lot of stuff that's a monument to public patience," Tyrone Power once quipped. But, amazingly, the public that flocked to "A Yank in the R.A.F." and "The Razor's Edge" failed to support Power's best movie, "Nightmare Alley" (playing Aug. 2 and 5 at the Museum of Modern Art). Usually typecast as a noble adventurer, Power pleaded for the heel's role in the 1947 movie version of William Lindsay Gresham's macabre novel. As "The Great Stanton," a carny hand turned night-club mind reader and "miracle worker," Power gives a high-energy performance that pillories the self-love and hypocrisy of stardom. Stan is drawn to show business because he relishes knowing the tricks of the trade and feeling he's "on the inside." Unlike his sadder and wiser lover-mentor, Zeena (the big-hearted Joan Blondell), Stan aims for the top, where he can feel superior to everybody. Along the way, he tramples Zeena's alcoholic husband (Ian Keith, in a wrenching portrait of dissipated eloquence), brushes off Zeena, and exploits the naïve Molly, played by Coleen Gray with a memorable fusion of passion and innocence.

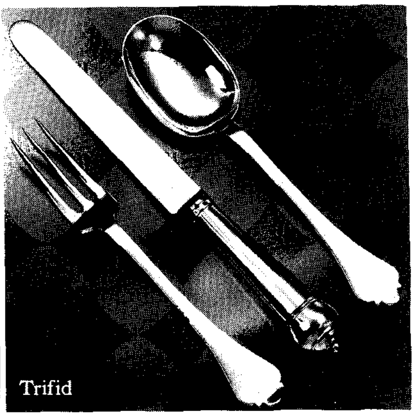
Power is hypnotic—hard and quick-witted—and as long as the plot keeps twisting "Nightmare Alley" is quintessential film noir. Director Edmund Goulding and screenwriter Jules Furthman preserve Gresham's choice pulp ironies—they equate the work of a "consulting psychologist" (the tense, chipper Helen Walker) with Stan's bogus spiritualism. The melodrama's freakish and mystical dimensions give it a horrific charge. Stan is haunted by the figure of the Geek—the sideshow drunk who chomps on live chickens for "a bottle a day and a dry place to sleep it off." As seen by cinematographer Lee Garmes, the Ten-in-One midway show, where Stan gets his start, is a carnival of yearning souls. The movie has a visual clamminess that's hard to shower off.

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1945)—Jean Renoir parodies historical romances in this wildly improbable divertissement. Chambermaid Paulette Goddard loves gloomy master Hurd Hatfield (fresh from "The Picture of Dorian Gray"), but his Freudianized mama, Judith Anderson, and a whole lot of other people get in the way. The screenplay is by Burgess Meredith from a novel by Octave Mirbeau; Meredith also contrived to find a part for himself, as a demented gent who eats his way through a rose garden. Francis Lederer, meant to be a menacing servant, is the most elegantly turned-out actor in the movie; probably he just couldn't resist looking his best. It's slightly crazy but highly entertaining.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Aug. 3-5.)

Dick Tracy—This isn't the kind of crass crowd-pleaser we've become accustomed to; its dullness is of the old-fashioned variety. Everything but the film's bold, striking comic-strip visual design (created by Richard Sylbert and photographed by Vittorio Storaro) is low-key. Warren Beatty directed and plays the title role. His performance is recessive almost to the point of perversity. In Chester Gould's comic strip, Dick Tracy always seemed like a tough, aggressive, no-nonsense guy; Beatty's Tracy is a ditherer. And his tentativeness as an actor here is matched by the dreamy, distracted quality of his direction. The picture has no drive; its style is less "Dick Tracy" than "Classics Illustrated." It's pleasant, lovingly detailed, and eye-filling. It's everything a movie can be except interesting. Some of the actors are fun to watch: Madonna, as Breathless Mahoney, vamps entertainingly; Glenne Headly does an expert spunky-gal turn as Tess Trueheart, the hero's long-suffering girlfriend; and Al Pacino, as a sleazy mobster named Big Boy Caprice, creates a memorable comic grotesque. Also with William Forsythe (Flattop), Dustin Hoffman (Mumbles), Mandy Patinkin (88 Keys), R. G. Armstrong (Pruneface), Paul Sorvino (Lips Manlis), Charlie Korsmo, Charles Durning, Estelle Parsons, Dick Van Dyke, and James Caan. Score by Danny Elfman; original songs by Stephen Sondheim.—T.R. (7/2/90) (Gramercy, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

The Freshman—This comedy, written and directed by Andrew Bergman, wears its zaniness on its sleeve. The hero, Clark (Matthew Broderick), is a quiet young man from Vermont who has just entered the N.Y.U. film school. Within a few days of arriving in New York, he's making deliveries for an "importer" named Carmine Sabatini (Marlon Brando) and being treated like a member of Sabatini's family (or Family); Carmine's daughter (Penelope Ann Miller) has told her father that she wants to marry Clark, and the old man embraces him, with alarming enthusiasm, as "the son I never had." The movie is overinsistent and very erratic. When Bergman's jokes are good, they're sensational; when they're not so good, he repeats them again and again, as if they'd become funnier through familiarity. In this picture, he has actors who play his sort of material to perfection. Miller and Bruno Kirby, as Carmine's fast-talking weaselly nephew, are hilariously unfazed by the family's criminal activities, and Broderick calibrates his reactions with remarkable comic dexterity. And Brando seems to be in a bizarre and wonderful world of his own. People in the movie keep staring at him and commenting on his resemblance to Don Corleone, and he plays along, parodying himself marvellously. It's a sensational turn. In his scenes the movie seems less frantic; its lunacy takes on an air of serenity—a deeper, more inexplicable, and much funnier weirdness. Also with Paul Benedict, Maximilian Schell, B. D. Wong, and Bert Parks (belting out "Tequila" and Dylan's sardonic "Maggie's Farm" at a formal dinner).—T.R. (7/30/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews Festival, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays onscreen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hy-



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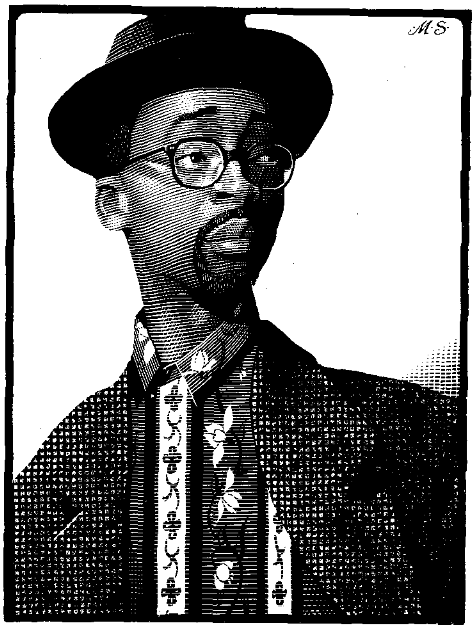


Spike Lee

brid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the gooier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Gremlins 2 The New Batch—The director, Joe Dante, and his team (which includes the screenwriter Charles Haas and the effects supervisor Rick Baker) have made a multi-million-dollar, special-effects-crammed picture that has the loose, improvisatory feel of the great Warner Brothers cartoons of the forties and fifties. They're fearless and indefatigable gagsters, and the movie is smarter, wilder, and more unfettered than the original "Gremlins" (1984). There's an ideal setting for the gremlins' rampaging consumption: they've been let loose in a state-of-the-art Manhattan office building and mall called the Clamp Centre (after Daniel Clamp, the egotistical developer who built it). This towering steel-and-glass wedge is a monument to the runaway acquisitiveness of the eighties, and by the time the little monsters have chomped and guzzled (and sung and danced) their way through its cheerless offices and boutiques, Dante and his collaborators have trashed—or at least lobbed spitballs at—quite a few of the most unattractive aspects of life in these United States. In its adolescent way, the movie's almost subversive: a high-spirited combination of Looney Tunes principles and Dante's own manic pop-culture-in-a-blender sensibility. Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, Dick Miller, and Jackie Joseph return from the first film. They're joined by John Glover, who plays Clamp as a doltish child; Haviland Morris, who is hilarious as an ambitious, fast-talking businesswoman named Marla; and the horror-movie veteran Christopher Lee, who plays Dr. Catheter, the director of a genetic-engineering laboratory. —T.R. (7/2/90) (59th Street East Cinema, and Chelsea Cinemas . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through July 31.)

Longtime Companion—The screenwriter, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, track the effects of AIDS on the lives of eight people: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. The filmmakers focus on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989, and the mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps between the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. The movie is sometimes very effective, but it's often blander and more simplistic than it should be. It seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America—so all its characters are pleasant and good-looking, and they're all white, too. The only really interesting characters are a middle-aged couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos). The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting. After he, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. Also with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Patrick Cassidy, Mary-Louise Parker, John Dossett, and Dermot Mulroney.—T.R. (5/21/90) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

May Fools—Louis Malle's new film takes place in May, 1968, when, for a few chaotic weeks, French society seemed on the verge of remaking itself: students were rioting, workers were striking, and the country came to a standstill. The characters in this picture are far removed from the stirring street theatre of May, '68, but they're affected by it nonetheless. The setting is a shabby estate presided over by Milou (Michel Piccoli), a genial man in his sixties who lives the life of a lazy country sensualist: he keeps bees, browns in the sun, and gropes the housekeeper. On the sunny day when the story begins, his mother dies, and he summons the rest of the family for the funeral and the reading of the will. There's a sense that things are about to change, both on the large scale of French society and on the infinitely smaller one of Milou's life. Malle and his co-writer, Jean-Claude Carrière, use the upheaval of May, '68, very deftly: it intrudes on their comedy like distant thunder on a sunny day, but the threatened downpour of Meaning never develops—we get a cooling shower of light ironies instead. Piccoli gives one of the best performances of his long career: he's vigorous and radiantly good-humored. Although its charm sometimes feels a bit too easy, the film is enjoyable throughout. It just bounces along to the rhythm of its remarkable score, composed and played by the eighty-two-year-old jazz violinist Stéphane Grappelli; the movie, like the music, has a delicate swing to it. Also with Miou-Miou and Michel Duchaussoy. In French.—T.R. (7/16/90) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment.—T.R. (Sutton, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.) . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Aug. 2, evenings only.)

The Prize (1964)—It opens badly but then becomes a lively, blatant entertainment—cheerful in a shameless sort of way. (It's the sort of movie you may not want to own up to enjoying.) Paul Newman plays an American writer (with oddly slurry diction) who wins the Nobel Prize, goes to Stockholm for the ceremonies, and gets caught up in a spy plot. Ernest Lehman wrote the script, based on the Irving Wallace novel; the movie may remind you of Hitchcock's "North by Northwest," which Lehman also wrote. Pieces of that earlier script turn up here, transposed only slightly. Mark Robson directed, and the cast includes Edward G. Robinson (in a dual role), Elke Sommer puckering up, and Leo G. Carroll, Kevin McCarthy, Diane Baker, Micheline Presle, Gerard Oury, John Qualen, and the sinister Sacha Pitoeff.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 3-4.)

Quick Change—Bill Murray plays Grimm, a fed-up New York City bureaucrat who dresses up as a clown to rob a midtown bank. After Grimm has ditched his disguise, and he and his two accomplices (Geena Davis and Randy Quaid) head for the airport, the picture turns into a series of skits on the routine horrors of the city. Basically, it's a conventional caper comedy, but it's funny, because the gags are tossed off quickly and new characters keep coming at us. Murray co-produced (with Robert Greenhut) and co-directed (with Howard Franklin), and, although it's clearly a vehicle for him, he's actually less dominating than he was in the vehicles created for him by others. His attitude, wised-up and casual, holds the movie together, but he gives the other actors plenty of room, and many of them get brilliant bits of shtick to sink their teeth into. Bob Elliott (the surviving member of the great comedy team Bob and Ray) plays an elderly bank guard, a mild man who thinks he sounds fierce; his time onscreen can't add up to more than ten minutes, but every moment is pure joy. Tony Shalhoub (as a cabdriver who speaks a Middle Eastern language no one can identify), Philip Bosco (as a scrupulous bus driver, whom Grimm accuses of being "Ralph Kramden's evil twin"), and Jack Gilpin (as a self-satisfied yuppie hostage) all have wonderful moments, and there's a sublimely silly cameo by Stanley Tucci as a lisping, cringing gunsel. The picture has a core of sanity: it knows what it is, which is nothing much, and what it does best, which is observing strange behavior in familiar settings. Murray's direction is an extension of his performing style: he's so relaxed and sure of his effects that he doesn't even care if he's upstaged every now and then. Also with Jason Robards and Kurtwood Smith. The screenplay, by Franklin, is based on a novel by Jay Cronley.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Angelika Film Center, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue; through Aug. 2.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic tribute to some of the patterns of American life. It's an account of the year of a poor white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Field plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carrol Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Though William Faulkner worked on the screenplay, Renoir is the only one listed, with Hugo Butler credited for the preliminary adaptation. Werner Janssen did the music.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Aug. 3-5.)

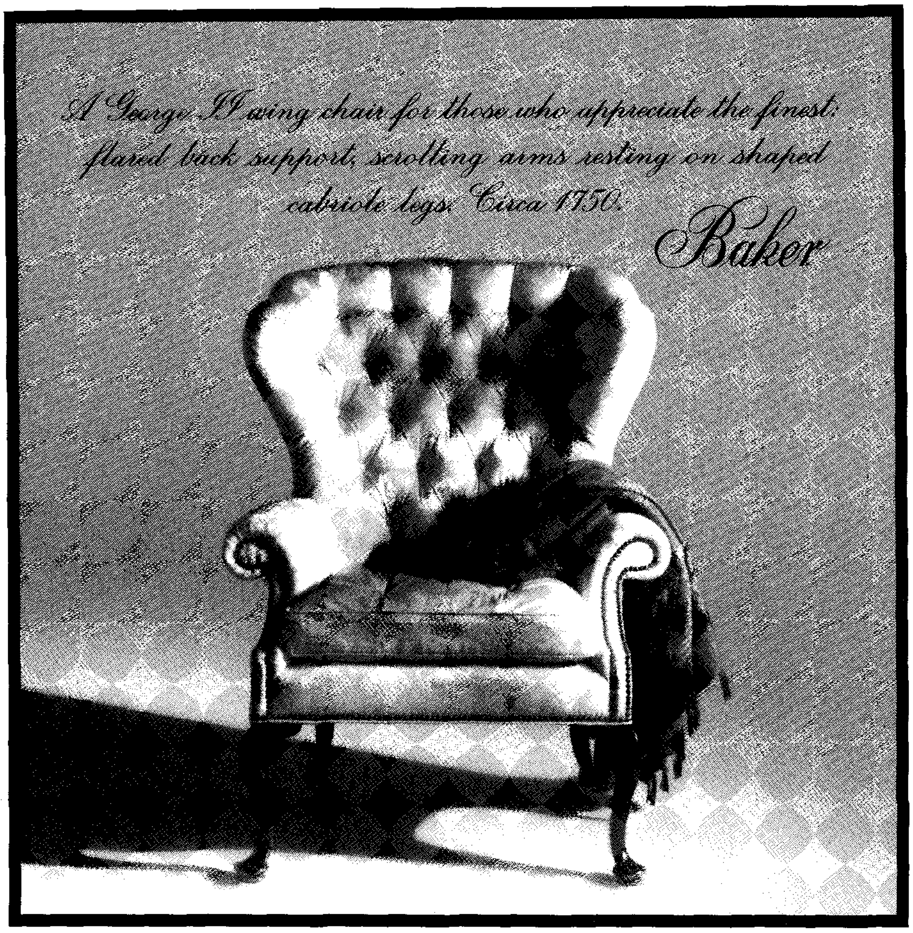
Strangers on a Train (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which the late Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit, dear degenerate Bruno; it's intensely enjoyable—in some ways the best of Hitchcock's American films. The murder plot is so universally practical that any man may adapt it to his needs: Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player, Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. Technically, the climax of the film is the celebrated runaway merry-go-round, but the high point of excitement and amusement is Bruno trying to recover his cigarette lighter while Guy plays a fantastically nerve-racking tennis match. Even this high point isn't what we remember best—which is Robert Walker. It isn't often that people think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business"—the stump finger in "The 39 Steps," the windmill turning the wrong way in "Foreign Correspondent," etc. But Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. It is typical of Hollywood's brand of perversity that Raymond Chandler was never hired to adapt any of his own novels for the screen; he was, however, employed on "Double Indemnity" and "Strangers on a Train" (which is based on a novel by Patricia Highsmith). Chandler (or someone—perhaps Czenzi Ormonde, who's also credited) provided Hitchcock with some of the best dialogue that ever graced a thriller. With Marion Lorne as Bruno's doting, dotty mother, and Leo G. Carroll, Ruth Roman, Patricia Hitchcock, Laura Elliott, and Howard St. John.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3-4.)

This Thing Called Love (1940)—One of those forties comedies in which the independent-minded heroine has no common sense. Rosalind Russell is the insurance-company executive who insists on a companionate "trial" marriage and kissless honeymoon, and Melvyn Douglas is her unlucky groom. The picture—it opened at Radio City Music Hall—aimed at nothing more than light hilarity (which it achieves only fitfully), but it was banned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, probably because of Douglas's energetic scrambling efforts to seduce his wife. This is the sort of bedroom farce in which by the time she's ready to say yes he's got poison oak. With Binnie Barnes, Allyn Joslyn, Lee J. Cobb, Gloria Dickson, Don Beddoe, and Gloria Holden. Alexander Hall directed; based on a 1928 play by Edwin Burke, adapted by George Seaton, Ken Englund, and P. J. Wolfson.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 6-7.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Total Recall—This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a story by Philip K. Dick; the plot keeps twisting and turning, but we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles. The director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), composes striking images, but they're oppressive and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every close-up of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. The picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again.—T.R. (6/18/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Criterion Center.) . . . ¶ Regency; through Aug. 2.)

The Woman on the Beach (1947)—This Hollywood film by Jean Renoir was cut, reëdited, and partly re-shot after a disastrous sneak preview in Santa Barbara. Renoir has said that he was trying to do "a love story in which there was no love," in which the attractions "were purely physical," but that after he remade it, it was "neither flesh nor fish," having "lost its raison d'être." What's left suggests that Renoir was attempting an American film with the sensual atmosphere of his French work, such as "La Bête Humaine"; it's a seventy-one-minute melodrama, but it's slow-rhythmed and full of dreamlike ambiguities, tensions, suspicions. Joan Bennett is the petulant femme fatale, married to a great painter (Charles Bickford) who has gone blind. Robert Ryan is the Coast Guard lieutenant who finds her so irresistible that she has him trying to do in her husband. The film, hampered further by a fiercely obtrusive Hanns Eisler score, was a box-office calamity and finished Renoir in Hollywood; he didn't make another movie until the fifties, when he went to India for "The River." Some critics (most notably Jacques Rivette) consider this mutilated film a masterpiece; that's an appealing idea, but you'd have to strain to see it as more than an over-aestheticized, interesting failure. The script by Frank Davis and Renoir was adapted from Mitchell Wilson's novel "None So Blind."—P.K. (Public Theatre; Aug. 3-5.)



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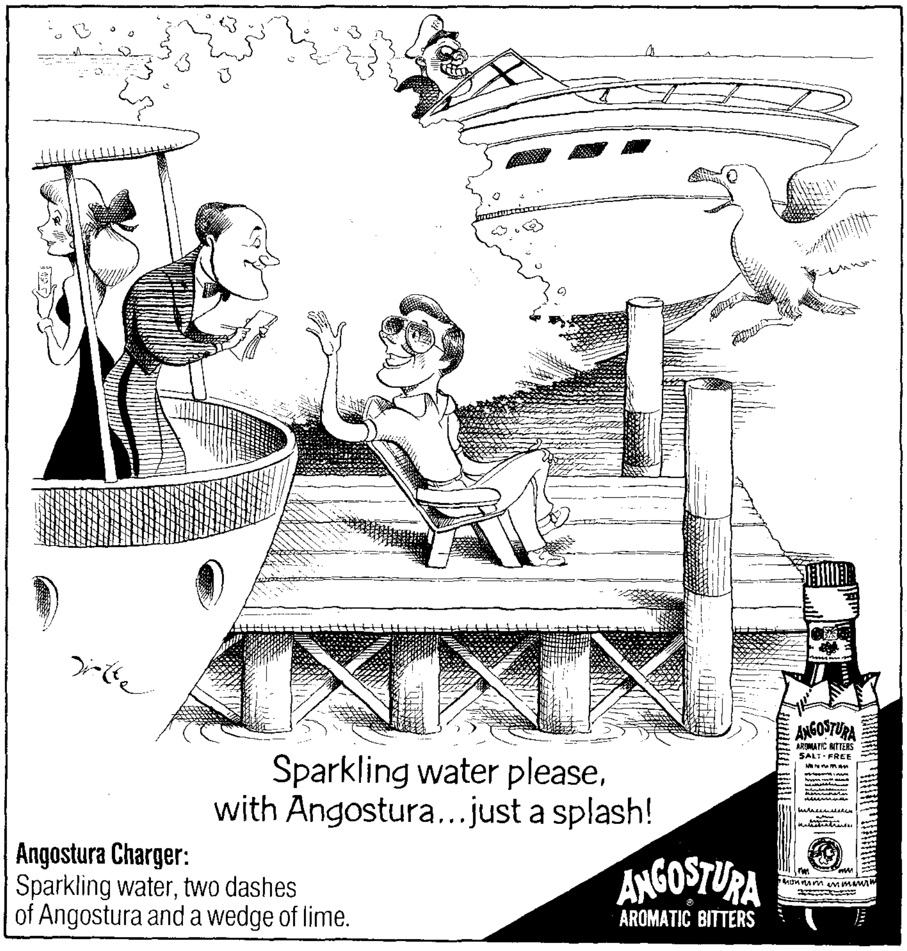

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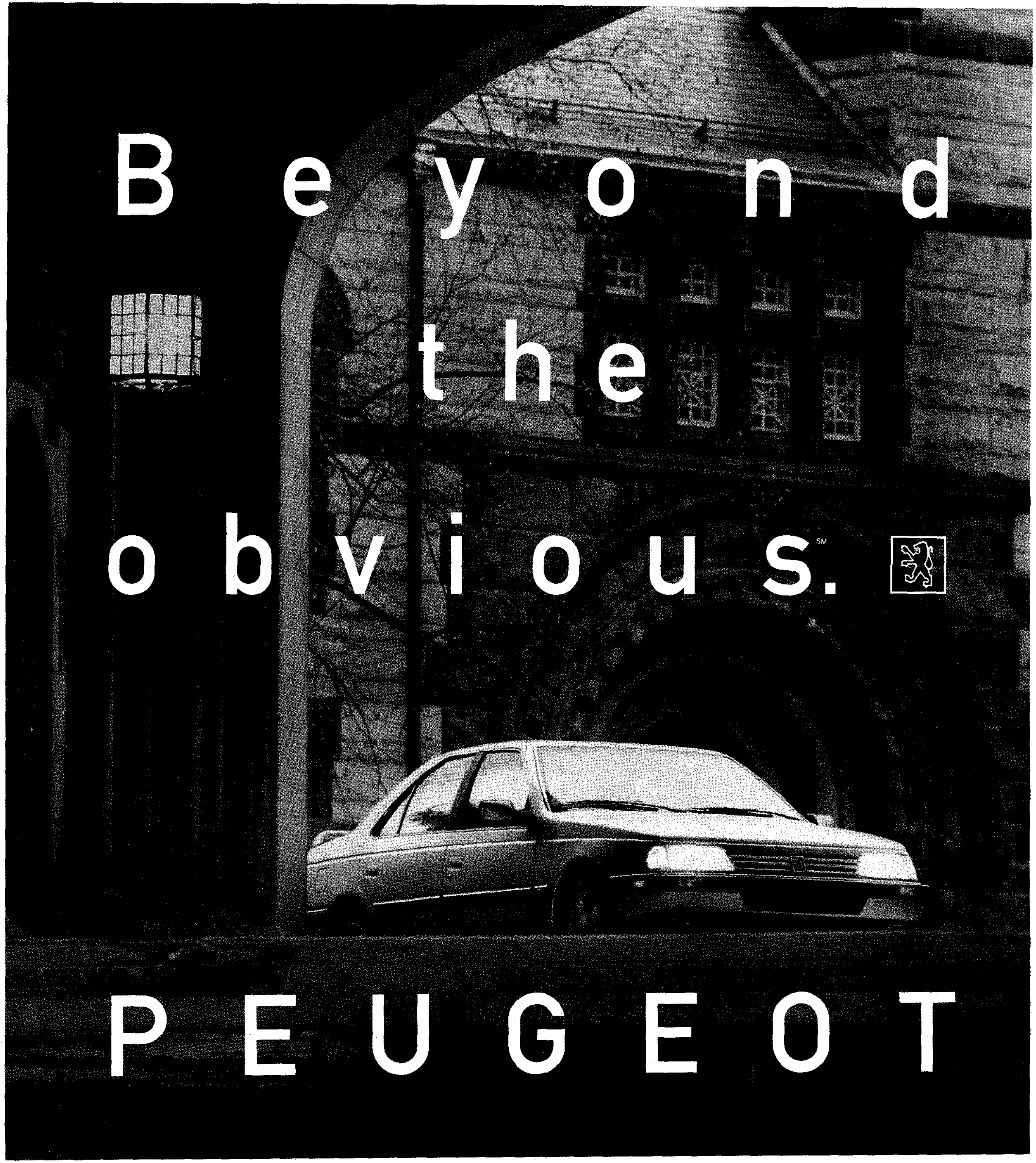

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

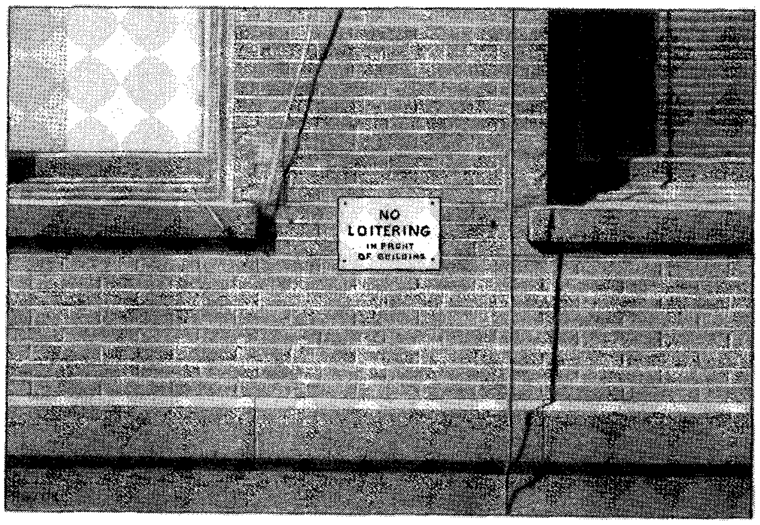
Notes and Comment

THE American inclination to reduce large public choices to their divisive essence revealed itself almost immediately after William Brennan said that he was stepping down from the Supreme Court. Many observed that the one thing it would be essential to know about the views of any nominee chosen by President Bush was his or her opinion on women's right to abortion—whether the nominee believed, like Justice Brennan, that Roe v. Wade should be upheld or believed, like the President, that it should be overturned. And after the President announced that he had selected Judge David Souter, of the United States Court of Appeals for the First Circuit (who has not disclosed his views on abortion, at least publicly), discussion of the abortion issue became a shorthand way of speculating about Judge Souter's entire legal philosophy, which was characterized, variously, as strict constructionism (as opposed to judicial activism), as a commitment to interpreting the law (as opposed to legislating from the bench), and as a belief in following the Constitution (as opposed to making it up).

In part, this reductionism is the doing of the media and of politicians, and their oversimplification not only obscures the range of fateful choices which the new member of the Supreme Court will face but also masks the significance of the retirement of William Brennan. As the most influential member of the Supreme Court almost from his first day on that bench, thirty-four years ago, Brennan came to stand for something more important than the particular interpretation of the Constitution with which he is so often identified. He came to personify the expansion of the role of the judiciary in American life. The expansion was attacked by one group or another all during Brennan's tenure, and the Bush Administration clearly intends to halt and reverse it, as the Reagan Administration attempted to do, through carefully screened appointments to all federal courts, and especially the highest.

Discussion of the judiciary's role can be compressed just as misleadingly as debate about schools of constitutional interpretation. Even believers in a broad role for judges now generally accept the phrase "judicial activism" to describe that role, as if some judges took it upon themselves to choose cases for consideration and then called the litigants to the courthouse and otherwise worked to determine the outcome of the selected matters. The implication is that these judges do these things out of a belief that courts, on their own initiative, should resolve major social problems. The phrase is also used as a synonym for a reading of personal values into the Constitution, with the implication that activist judges use their power to interpret America's fundamental law for the purpose of resolving in court disputes that ought to be left to politics.

Of all the elements missing from this sort of summary, the most instructive is history. Legal scholars have long agreed that the meaning of much of the Constitution is neither fixed nor self-explanatory but must develop in the light of current matters before the Supreme Court, and that the Constitution's dimension as the shaper of American governance has similarly had to grow with the nation. The three branches of government, designed to check and balance each other, are very different today from what they were two hundred years ago. In the Brennan era, the power of both Congress and the President has grown exponentially. If the judiciary had not responded to pleas from citizens to restrain some of that power, and had not done its duty to protect individuals from the domination of the majority, it is likely that the principle of checks and balances would have been all but nullified.



Conservatives and some liberals say that the Supreme Court has gone beyond checking the power of the other branches, and has insinuated itself into areas where it does not belong. Yet the landmark Court rulings of the Brennan years, however novel they may have seemed in comparison with prior legal doctrine, often appear in retrospect to have been reluctant, carefully reasoned declarations of the authority of one branch of government to respond to repeated failures of the others to right deep, persistent wrongs in American life. The cardinal example is the long series of cases, the most fundamental being Brown v. Board of Education, in which the Supreme Court, with notable restraint, sought to enforce principles of racial equality in the face of intransigence and defiance. This lesson of history is now particularly apt. The parallels between the failures of the political branches today and their failures at the height of the Brennan era to build consensus on solutions to a number of the country's central social problems (some of which, like race relations, are obviously still with us) make it seem improvident for anyone—and especially for the executive branch, which has increased its power beyond any contemplation of the framers of our Constitution—to voice sweeping criticism of the Supreme Court. Under the leadership of William Brennan, the Court fulfilled its role more deliberately and, for a time, more effectively than its co-equal branches, and Justice Brennan's eloquence, which has been noted often in the past week, properly expressed the sense of gravity and responsibility which informed this enterprise.

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American Cheese

ON *a recent Wednesday morning,* the feminist goat-cheese maker Anne Topham left her farm, in Ridgeway, Wisconsin, and, bringing with her a little cooler that contained samples of her three varieties of wholesome, bright, fresh chèvre—the boulot, the chèvre provençal in olive oil, and the pepper chèvre—came to Manhattan to enter her cheeses in the highly competitive ripened- and unripened-goat's-milk divisions of the American Cheese Society's annual judging. Her partner, Judy Borree, stayed behind in Wisconsin to mind their flock of goats—twenty-five of them, including the does Marguerite, Emily, Virginia, Jessamyn, Willa, and Ursula. ("It's a long winter in Wisconsin," Topham says, "and we use it to catch up on our reading.") Topham and Borree are typical representatives of today's American feminist goat-cheese makers.

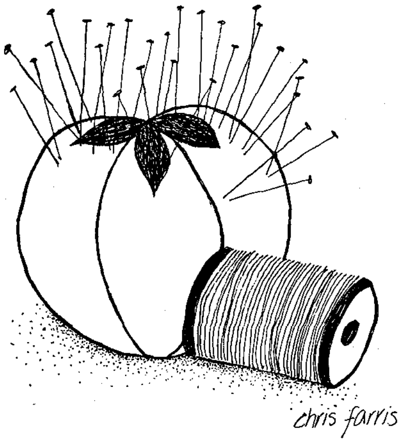
"There's a natural connection between goat cheese and the women's movement," Topham says. "Running a goat farm is an independent, self-sufficient activity that is anti-technology and is also appealing to women. Two independent women might not choose to handle a herd of cows—cows are just too big and demanding—but goats are sweet and completely manageable."

The rise of the independent women's goat-cheese movement occurs at a time of general crisis in American cheese. At this year's meeting of the American Cheese Society, which was held at the Art Directors Club, on lower Park Avenue, the debates and the informal conversations had an intensity such as might have been found in discussions among American writers during the Dreiser-Lewis period, and they revolved around a similar issue. The key question was, as one participant put it, "Can we liberate ourselves from the stranglehold of Europe?"

"We have to stop thinking in terms of fake gentility. Will the French like this chèvre? Will the English O.K. this cheddar?" an impassioned participant in Thursday's general session on "American Originals" cried. (The session was pugnaciously subtitled "Yes, There Are Distinctive Cheeses Made in America.") "American cheeses are original by their very nature—they're an expression of the American dairies and farmsteads on which they're made."

"How can we *not* make an American cheese?" another participant demanded. "We *are* making them. Cheese is always an expression of the region where it's made."

Someone pointed out that it was necessary to face facts: American cheesemakers had lagged way behind their natural allies, American winemakers, in creating market acceptance for high-end regional products. "What we need," a woman said, "is more skilled cheese*mongers*."



Another woman declared that the problem with American cheeses was that they were still in thrall to European categories. "Why do we always call American goat cheese 'chèvre,' or American sharp milk cheese 'cheddar'? Why don't we have our own names for our own molds?"

"We *have* to call our goat cheese 'chèvre,' " a despondent cheesemaker from Alabama said. "We use the word as a legitimizer. It says to people, You've been to France, you've had that kind of fine French-goat-cheese experience. Well, they haven't, but they have to say they have, and then they're compelled to taste."

At lunch after the session, Anne Topham had a chance to talk with Laura Chenel, who was the first American woman to make a distinguished chèvre. "I had a number of prize-winning goats that I used to care for and exhibit in contests," Chenel explained. "Winning ribbons, taking goats from contest to contest—that whole slightly *raffiné* world of the goat show. Then my sense of responsibility began to rise a bit, and I thought, We're only showing goats, not really using them or appreciating them. I thought, Why not goat cheese? I went to France, and studied cheesemaking with four different chèvre makers. Then I came back and started making cheeses in California."

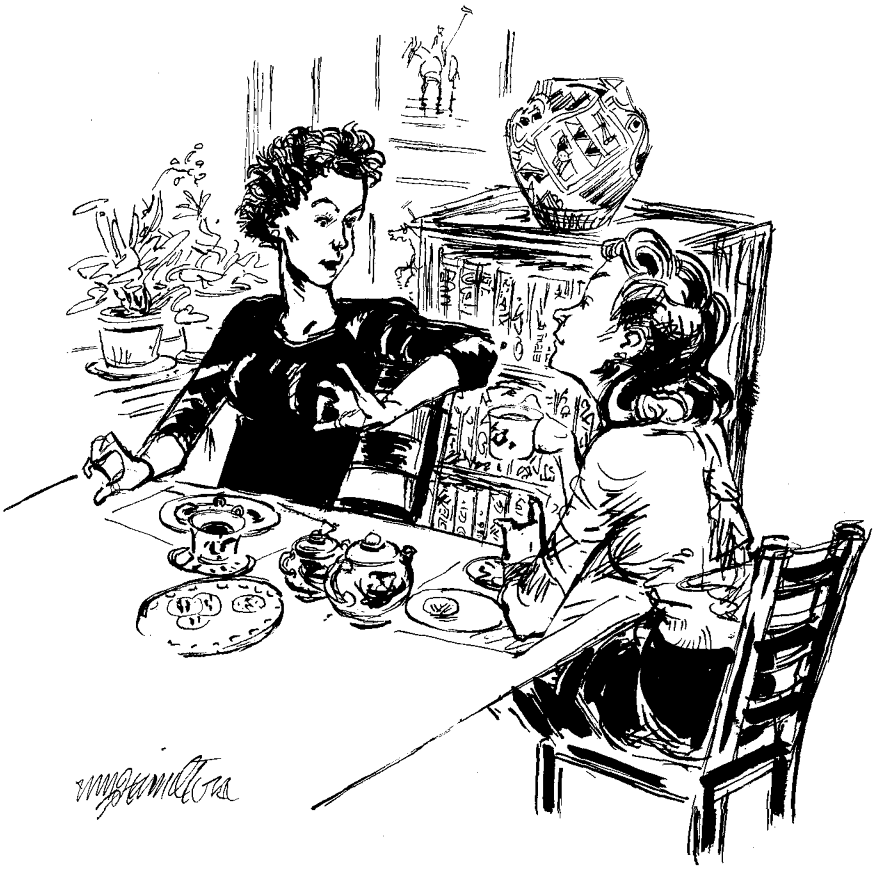
Chenel's example was crucial for Topham and Borree. Both women were working at the University of Wisconsin at Madison when they decided to try and run their own goat farm. They were given their first goat, Angie, but had a lot of trouble turning Angie's milk into first-rate chèvre until the fall of 1981, when they read a newspaper story about Laura Chenel and got in touch with her for some advice. "When I discovered what Laura Chenel was capable of, then I knew that real goat cheese could be made in America," Topham says.

Some of the other goat-cheese makers who had entered samples in the judging were Leone Asbury, of Ardmore, Alabama (the Fromagerie Belle Chèvre); Penny Duncan, from York Hill Farm, in Maine (her chèvre roulé with black peppercorns was a big hit);

Beth Schmais, from the White Birch Farm, in upstate New York (she entered two chèvre logs, one fresh and one pepper); Letty Kilmoyer, from the Westfield Farm, in Massachusetts (she works with her husband, Bob, and they entered four chèvres, one of them a soft-ripened blue called Hubbardston); and Judith Schad, of Capriole Farms, in Greenville, Indiana. Of four varieties submitted by Schad—a fromage blanc au naturel, a fromage blanc with peppercorns, a fromage blanc with basil and garlic, and a Chèvre Festiva (basil, pine nuts, garlic, and sun-dried tomatoes)—Topham said, "They pushed the edges a little bit further."

The blue ribbon for best in show, however, was won the next day by a cheddar made by Bill Clapp, a respected cheesemaker from Vermont. "Right—a *cheddar*," one of the chèvre makers said. "I mean, look at these cheeses"—she pointed toward a row of beautifully varied logs of chèvre on display at the closing reception—"and then tell me that some guy's sharp cheddar is the best cheese in America."

Anne Topham was more diplomatic. "That's a completely wonderful cheddar, no question about it," she said. "But maybe we need to invent new standards for judging American cheeses." Topham was already missing her partner and their goats. (By Thursday night, in a burst of expansive confidence, she was prepared to tell strangers that the herd also included does named Gilda, Whoopi, and Lucille. "We don't *just* read," she admitted.) "I'm thinking about Angie, our first goat, who's retiring this year," she said. "She's had her last kids, and given her last milk. I think she'll be happier now. She was an only goat for a long time, and she never really adjusted to the rest of the women in the group."



"I knew it was time to get dark and edgy way before 'Batman' and 'Twin Peaks.'"

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Sharecroppers

A FRIEND writes:

There is a pretty little field of about twenty acres on a back road not far from my place on eastern Long Island, a mile or two outside the village of Amagansett, and for many years I've watched the usual rotation of potatoes and rye and corn growing there. But this spring the big rigs didn't show up, and I could only fear the worst: another piece of prime farmland sold for development. That familiar disaster seemed confirmed when I drove past one day and saw a car parked there and two men walking across the field. But I was wrong. The next time I happened to pass the field, I saw a man at work with a Rototiller, and the beginnings of what looked to be a truck garden. A few weeks later, I passed that way again, and this time I stopped. The garden was now visibly a garden, and there were a dozen or more people—mostly women and children—stooping along the rows. I got out and walked up a dusty track flanked by a hedgerow thicket and row after row of young greenery to a sort of lean-to, which shaded a sawhorse table surmounted by a big Plexiglas marker board. Standing there studying the board was a slim young woman with turquoise eyes and wearing shorts and a big straw hat, whom I recognized as Jonah Seeler, one of the owners of the Bayberry Nursery, in Amagansett. I asked her if the nursery had taken over the field.

"Oh, no," she told me. "This has nothing to do with the nursery. This is a nonprofit group called Promised Land Farm. The whole acreage here was given to the Peconic Land Trust, over in Southampton, and the farm has about five acres of it on lease. I'm just a shareholder—one of seventy-five. The way it works, a full share is five hundred dollars for the season, and a half share is two-fifty. Part of the money is a one-time membership fee. Shareholders are entitled to come here twice a week—on Tuesdays and Saturdays—and pick whatever vegetables they wish from those that are allotted that day. The great thing is that we get more than just really fresh vegetables. I mean, everything is organically grown. No toxic chemicals. No chemicals of any kind. Our fertilizers are cover crops, fish emulsion, and a special compost we make out of manure that we get free from the Stony Hill Stables. So we don't just use the soil—we give back as much as we take. There's an emotional aspect to that for me. Just coming here makes me feel close to the earth, closer to the real world that so many of us have lost. I think it's good for the soul. And, of course, I'm a total vegetarian, so I care very much about the vegetables I eat." She nodded toward the board. "That's the menu for today. The amounts are for full shares." I stepped closer and read, in a highly stylized multicolored script:

Lettuce, beds 1 & 2, pick from 2 first. 4 heads.
Beet greens, #7. Just leaves, big handful.
Turnips, #6 & 8. Pull only large, six.
Dill, #9. Snap off sprigs, medium bunch.
Radishes, #16 & 19. Large bunch.
Arugula, #26. Take all you want, stay off newly planted radish & basil.
Daikon radish, #26. White, 6-8 roots.
Tatsoi, #19. Dark green like spinach, all you want.
Green beans, #12. Large handful.
Mustard greens, #24. All you want.

"This is sort of an in-between season," Ms. Seeler said. "The peas and the spinach are over, and the tomatoes and corn and broccoli and all the rest are yet to come." She picked up a little wooden trug basket. "Let's go out in the field, and I'll do my marketing. I just love tatsoi."

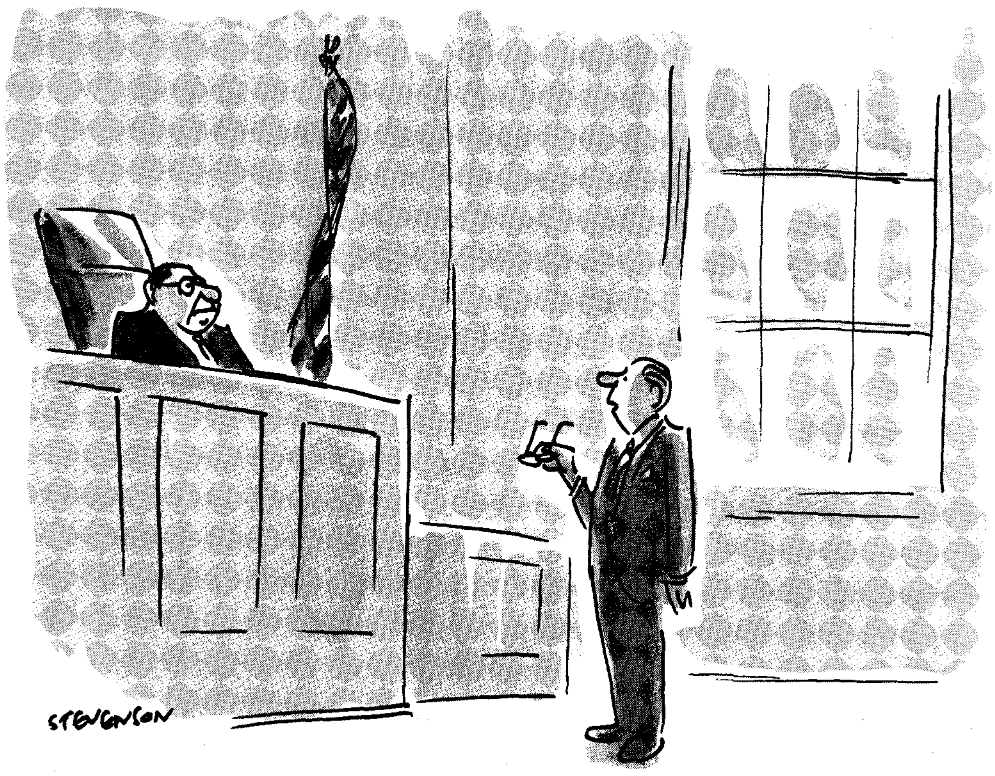
Ms. Seeler called and waved, and a tanned and sun-bleached young man of around thirty, wearing shorts and—almost eccentrically these days—a plain white T-shirt, hopped over a row of parsley and joined us. He introduced himself as Bob Willett, the director of the farm, and said, "This is really a dream come true for me. I don't mean it was my idea. What we're doing here is called Community Supported Agriculture, and it originated in Europe—in France, I think, or maybe Switzerland. Some place where they care about good food. There are a number of C.S.A. coöperatives in various parts of the United States now. We have five acres here, and we're growing about thirty-six different kinds of vegetables. That's just a beginning. The Land Trust owns that old apple orchard across the road, and we plan to get it back into health and production. We have a lot of other ideas—for a berry patch, a colony of bees, a dairy. I have two good men working with me. They're out there in the far rows. The one with the big beard is Scott Chaskey. He had good experience as a gardener in England. John Callewaert, the other guy, grew up on a farm in Michigan and then had farming experience with the Peace Corps in Nepal. They jumped at the chance to help get this started. Everybody who heard about us liked the idea. We had no trouble selling out the shares. Biodynamic farming, which is what we do here, means that everything is working. You may have noticed that we don't cultivate between the rows. But those aren't weeds. We don't call them weeds. What looks like grass is buckwheat. We let it grow until it flowers and begins to shade the vegetables. Then we plow it under and replant. It's a mulch and also a soil enricher. The same goes for that white clover. It never grows tall, of course, so we just let it alone until the season is over. Then we plow everything under and plant a cover crop of rye or oats. Clover both holds the soil against erosion and fixes nitrogen in the soil. We worried about deer at the start, and rigged up a solar-powered electric generator and a low-voltage wire fence. A week or two after we got it in place, somebody stole the generator. We didn't have another three hundred dollars, so now we just hope for the best. We also hope for rain."

Willett turned and pointed down toward the road. "That's our talisman—that little tree beyond the first row. It's the traditional farmer's oak. It was the first thing we planted, at our dedication. I like to think this farm will still be going strong when that little oak is big enough to give us a shady place to rest on a hot day."

True Hair

LET'S assume that you want to know how they got Mickey Rourke's hair in "Barfly" to look the way it does. Does Mickey Rourke's hair in "Barfly" really matter? You bet it does. Life is about details, after all. O.K., let's go right to the punch line. "I did the haircut uneven. I could do it with my eyes closed. I used Brilliantine. That makes it shiny, but it looks oily and greasy on pin-straight hair like Mickey's." This is a famous hairdresser talking about Mickey Rourke's hair in "Barfly." Remember that Mickey Rourke plays a drunk in "Barfly," and that our whole attitude toward pleasure is at stake here. Hair too clean, and we don't believe in him as a real drunk. Hair a turnoff? Well, a turnoff is a turnoff. Shiny/oily and greasy—that was the key. Remember that this was a film about Charles Bukowski. (It also starred Faye Dunaway.) If you don't get the hair right, if it's not *true hair*, the whole thing falls apart.

The first time we watched "Barfly," we said to ourself, "They got the hair right." The



"Before we begin today, may I say that both my client and I were astonished that Your Honor was not nominated for the Supreme Court?"

third, fourth, and fifth times we watched "Barfly," we began to have tiny quibbles with aspects of what was going on, but the hair never seemed to be anything other than completely right. Right when Mickey dampens his hair under a fire hydrant, right when he meets Faye Dunaway, right when he's in his boxer shorts in the morning, right when Dunaway hits him over the head with her handbag and he looks at himself in the mirror and sees blood.

The famous hairdresser is Giuseppe Franco, who does all the Pointer Sisters. Genice Jarvis works for him. Genice Jarvis has the hair credit on Mickey. Don't think it was easy to find her. After we found her, it wasn't easy to talk to her. First, we heard "The Way You Do the Things You Do" over the long-distance wires (Mr. Franco's establishment is in Beverly Hills); then we talked to Genice Jarvis for thirty seconds, just long enough to express our interest in her work on "Barfly"; and then Genice Jarvis without any warning put us on hold, so we got to hear the rest of "The Way You Do the Things You Do." Then we listened to a Neil Diamond tune, "I Am . . . I Said," and then Mr. Franco himself came on the line. "Listen," he told us. "I don't allow my employees to do interviews. They don't know what I went through to get this far. I run a tight ship."

Three days later, we received a press release in the mail. Mr. Franco was born in Calabria, Italy. He moved to Union City, New Jersey, when he was seven years old. His mother was a seamstress and his father was a shoemaker. Giuseppe was one of three children. "He learned that it took determination, inner strength, and street smarts to make it in the big city," the press release said. Mr. Franco still talks to his mother every day on the telephone. After graduating from high school, he went to the Robert Fiance School of Beauty, in Manhattan. "His poise, good looks, and passion for working with hair provided him with a powerful life direction." One day, a lucky thing happened to Mr. Franco. Kristy McNichol had a bad perm, and Mr. Franco (who had met her on a *Glamour* shoot) was asked to fix it. A few days later, Mr. Franco became Ms. McNichol's personal hairdresser, and soon after that Mr. Franco used his Alfa Romeo and his Rolex watch (birthday presents from Kristy) as collateral on a small suite of rooms on Canon Drive, in Beverly Hills. Then Mr. Franco ran into Mickey Rourke, an old friend from New York. They became business partners.

Now we're back on the line talking to Mr. Franco. "How did you meet Mickey Rourke?" we ask.

"We met after work in a bar. Mick and I were friends before we were famous."

"What sort of hair are you known for?" we ask.

"We specialize in long hair. I couldn't care less what they're doing in Paris. I'm truthful."

We ask Mr. Franco how he wears *his* hair.

"It's down to the middle of my back. I ride a Harley Davidson, and I've got tattoos, about five of them, big."

"So you and Mickey are good friends?"

"That'll last until the entire end of our lives."

We got to Genice Jarvis after all. Ms. Jarvis explained to us that Brilliantine when *overused* produces the effect we see on Mickey Rourke's hair in "Barfly." "It's water soluble—it lasts," she told us. "It wasn't hard to do. He didn't comb it for the whole shooting. We grease it and don't comb it. Mickey would wash it in the morning. Then, when it was sticking up here and there, we would spray it down with water. And then for the continuity we'd use dirt."

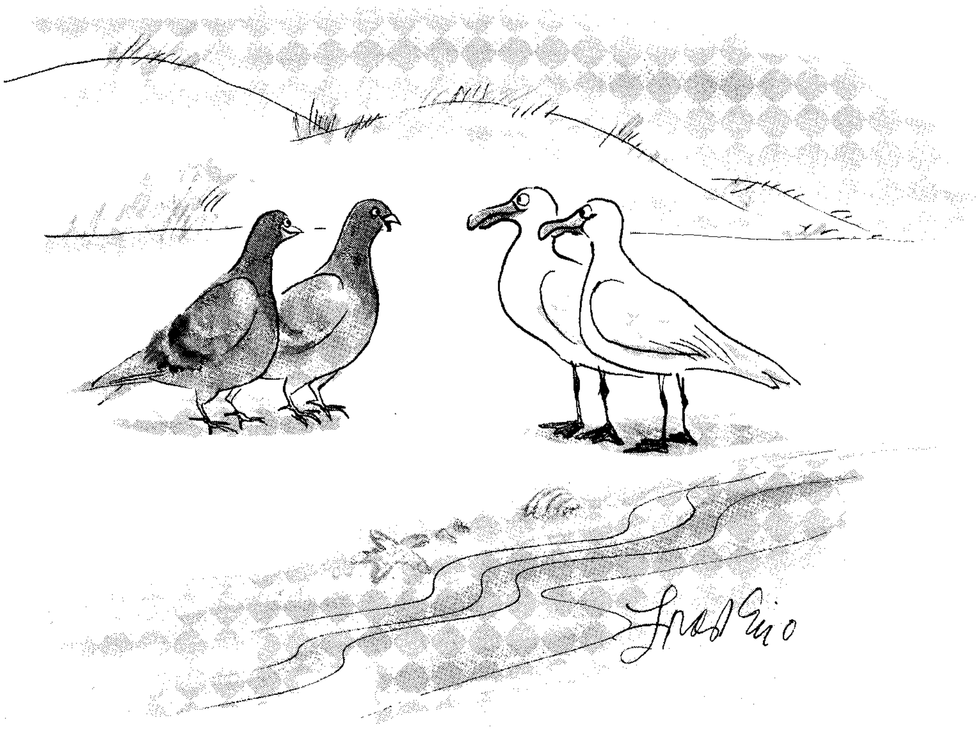
"And you liked working on 'Barfly'?"

"Yeah, I did—I really did," Ms. Jarvis said. "When I read the script, I thought it sounded very depressing, a couple of months of depression, but it was funny and real. It was very real. The way Mickey allowed himself to look, it was great. He looked pretty unattractive, but he's not. He's gorgeous."

Ms. Jarvis told us that she was married, that her full name was Genice Jarvis Haycraft, and that her husband was a musician. She told us that she'd been doing hair for fifteen years. "There was a man in the town I grew up in," she said. "I trained with him."

"And where are you from?"

"Michigan, but that was a long time ago."



"Thanks for a lovely weekend. Now you must come visit us in Washington Square."

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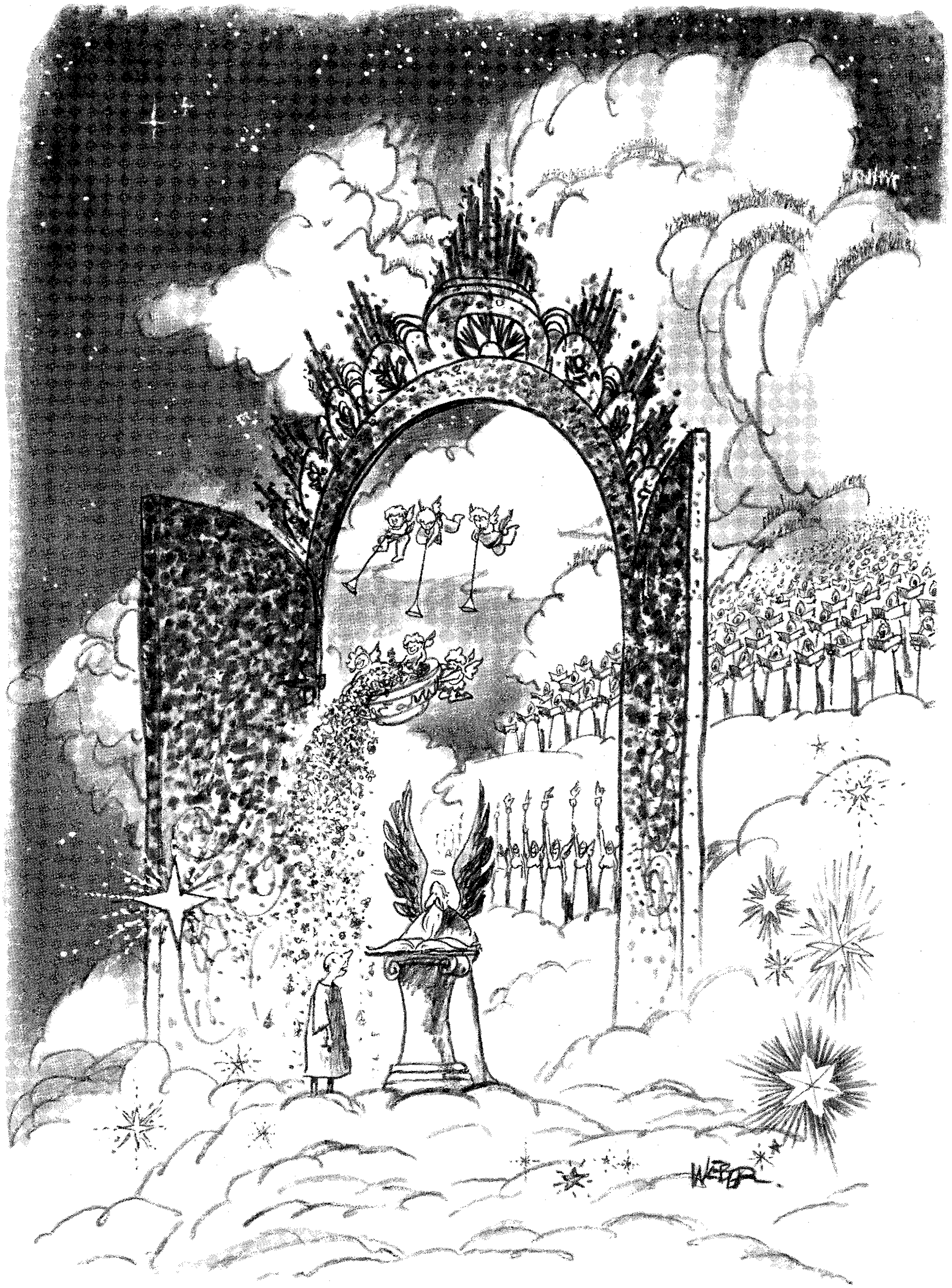

"*Do you take MasterCard?*"

JOURNALS

FROM THE LATE FORTIES AND THE FIFTIES—I

IN middle age there is mystery, there is mystification. The most I can make out of this hour is a kind of loneliness. Even the beauty of the visible world seems to crumble, yes even love. I feel that there has been some miscarriage, some wrong turning, but I do not know when it took place and I have no hope of finding it.

Thinking for a week about Leander, Betsey, and Eben without writing a word, without making any progress. And so I see all my plans—the voyage to Genoa, etc.—collapse. Is there something intrinsically wrong with these three, that I can't grasp them? Thinking this morning to discard the opera.

Yesterday was rainy and deeply overcast. At four B. and I walked up Holbrook Road to the K.s'. The clearing wind had begun to blow. As the overcast was displaced with brilliance and color, as more and more light poured into the valley, the hour seemed tumultuous and exalting. Backgammon and gin.

Skating one afternoon at the Newberrys'. The end of a very cold winter day. The ice, contracting in the cold, made a noise like thunder. Walking up the frozen field to the house we could hear it thundering. We went back that night. There was no one else on the pond. The Granowskis' dog was barking. There was no moon and the ice was black. It seemed, skating out into the center of the pond, that the number of stars I could see was multiplied. They seemed as thickly sown as a rush of snowflakes. As I skated back to the end of the pond, the number seemed to diminish. I was confounded. It could have been the whiskey and the wine. It could have been my utter ignorance of cosmology.

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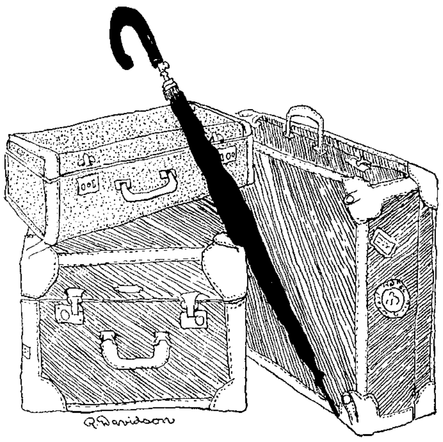
To church; the second Sunday in Lent. From the bank president's wife behind me drifted the smell of camphor from her furs, and the stales of her breath, as she sang, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." The Old Testament dealt with should the Father eat bitter grapes; the New with an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The sermon with the doctrine of Incarnation. The rector has a plain mind. If it has any charms, they are the charms of plainness. Through inheritance and cultivation he has reached an impermeable homeliness. His mind and his face are one. He spoke of the impressive historical documentation of Christ's birth, miracles, and death. The church is meant to evoke rural England. The summoning bells, the late-winter sunlight, the lancet windows, the hand-cut stone. But these are real fragments of a real past. World without end, I murmur, shutting my eyes, Amen. But I seem to stand outside the realm of God's mercy.

I would like not to be vindictive or narrow. I would like to avoid phony compassion. Thinking of the midsummer night, "*Parlons français*," the drunkard said. I see that this is small. I see in the five-and-ten-cent store yesterday that my descriptions of Betsey's pleasure are small. It stinks of peanuts and cheap candy. A love song drifts over from the phonograph-record department. The salesgirl is elaborately painted. You buy what you want; and you leave. The street is sunny. The blind Negress on the bus says, "I'm by myself. I'm by myself at home now. I'm by myseff on the street. I'm by myseff. I'm by myseff so much I'm like a statue. I'm by myseff like a statue all the time." She shakes her portable radio. "She ain't working. I've had her on since Ninety-sixth Street and she ain't made a sound. I guess I'll have to get her fixed again. She wears out quick." The man on the train. "*Well*, I guess I look cheerful enough, but I'm on my way to the hospital. They just called me from the office to tell me that C. fell out of an apple tree and broke her leg in two places. They called me at the office a few minutes ago and I rushed over here and took the train. . . ."



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These Westchester Sunday nights. There has usually been a party on Saturday night so you wake up with a faint hangover and a mouth burned by a green cigar. The clothes you have left in a heap on the floor smell of stale perfume. You take a shower. You put on old clothes. You drive your wife to church and your children to Sunday school. You rake the leaves off the flower bed. They are too wet to burn. You put a chemical fertilizer on the lawn and examine the bulbs. The Rockinhams, on their way to a Sunday-lunch party at the Armstrongs', shout their good mornings from the sidewalk. "Isn't it a glorious day; glorious, glorious." Your wife and children return from church, still in their stiff clothes. You have a drink before lunch. Sometimes there are guests. You take a walk; you rake more leaves. The children scatter to play with other children. The southbound local, the train that aunts, uncles, and cousins who have gone into the suburbs for lunch take home; the train that cooks, maids, butlers, and other menservants take into town for their half holiday. Sunday is almost over.

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Awake before dawn, feeling tired and full of resolutions. Do not drink. Do not et cetera, et cetera. The noise of birdsong swelling: flickers, chickadees, cardinals. Then in the midst of this loud noise I thought I heard a parrot. "Prolly want a crackeer," he said. "Prolly want a crackeer." Woke tired and took the 7:44. The river blanketed with a mist. The voices overheard. "Well, then she boiled it and then she *broiled* it." He raised his face and drew over it a beatific look as if he were tasting last night's dinner again. "Well, we've got one of those electric rotisseries." "Oh, New York's nothing like Chicago; nothing like it." On Twenty-third Street I read a sign: "DON'T LOSE YOUR LOVED ONE BECAUSE OF UGLY FAT." There was a window full of crucifixes made out of plastic. The surface of the city is paradoxical. For a mind cast in paradox it is reassuring to find this surface. Thinking again, in the dentist's chair, that I am like a prisoner who is trying to escape from jail by the wrong route. For all one knows, that door may stand open, although I continue to dig a tunnel with a teaspoon. Oh, I think, if I could only taste a little success. But don't I approach it by deepening the pit in which I stand? Mary in the morning, asleep, looking like the girl I fell in love with. Her round arms lie outside the covers. Her brown hair is loose. The abiding quality of seriousness and pureness.

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In the dark hour you cannot call on goods and chattels to save you, or old ski trails or the paths to streams. You must find something greater. And the mind in which the forces of contumely and destruction seem greater than the forces of creativity. Creativity is there, but it seems, in relation to the forces of destruction, like the nipple on a balloon. So, made up of so much destruction and with such a slender knowledge of love he appears poorly as a husband, son, and lover—masked in a rag of a smile and a striped tie and a few faint observations. Oh so deeply rooted in this mind are the needs and the habits of prayer. Having triumphantly separated himself from the foolishness of religion, he goes by the church—he hears the bells in the morning—in the churlish and unhappy frame of mind of a man who has been excommunicated. He feels the lash of expulsion. And oh this poor mind, casting desperately around a room for some detail that will give it form and meaning, seizes always on an ashtray heaped with butts or a crooked stocking, a tear in the rug. And then he sees the sky! the poignant blue, the line of darkness rising like a lid; the perfect clearness of line and color that means that a northwest wind has scoured the overcast and blown it out to sea. So his mind wanders between the ashtray and the twilight while most of the known world lies somewhere in between. He worries, he worries about his mustache, his old navy raincoat, his weight, his hair, his teeth, the stiffness in his left knee, and if his anxiety ever transcends this it is to worry about a nation of paltry men, conceived in his image and likeness—or, if he is a world federalist, to worry about a world. Why has the sweetness gone? It would all come back with a new car or a bonus or a little of the recognition that he deserves for his hard work. A convertible; a trip to Spain.

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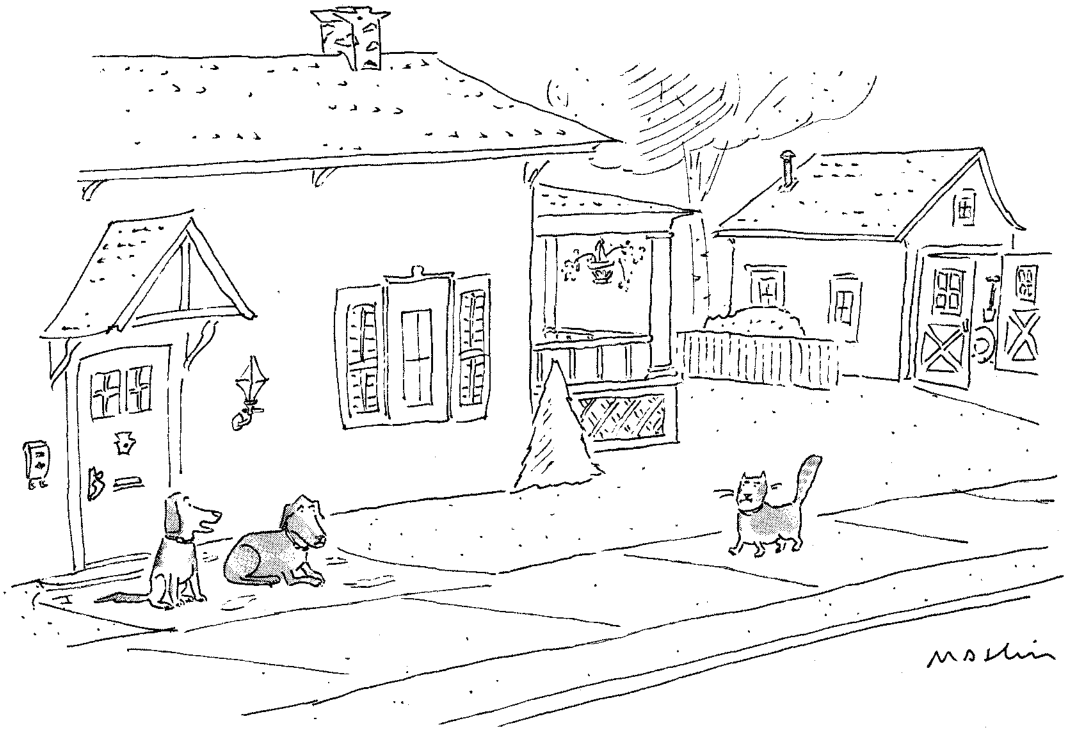
The stubborn dreariness of this rainy Sunday. Down at the station there are only a few travellers for the southbound local. A cook with a paper bag full of leftovers and a hand-me-down coat is going to Yonkers to visit her relations. A maiden aunt out for Sunday lunch is returning. The last is a figure of mystery, a man in a worn polo coat beneath which show the striped pants and boiled shirt of a tuxedo. These are the only passengers and they seem to have come here unwilling to catch a train and make a hopeless journey. In the waiting room and the cabstand, both of them unattended, a telephone rings and rings and rings. Fishnets for shad and bass are strung out into the water, and the rain, like a much finer net, encircles the county with a stir of reassuring and dreary noise. Racks of string hang above the railroad track like the old-fashioned fly nets worn by livery horses. It is a stubborn and an infinite dreariness, rooted in the stupor, the discomfort, or the downright misery of a heavy churchgoer's lunch. The ballgame has been rained out but not the "Emperor" Concerto or the "Jupiter" Symphony. More than half the world is in an unrefreshing sleep. But between the waiting room and the freight house there is a view of water and mountains. The eye goes up for miles and miles, for while the little rain makes the shore dim, nothing is obscured. Here there is more power and space than you had expected. The smudge from a distant tugboat, discouraged and scattered by the little rain, drifts toward the water. There is a mountain as round as a plump knee and a mountain cut like a cock's crest and even a faint smell of the wilderness—dead bloodworms and wet corduroy—for three fishermen are strung along



"Do you want to handle this or should I?"

the narrow bank between the railroad tracks and the water. Oh it is so dreary that one's teeth seem literally to ache. The smell of boiled beef lingers in the upstairs hall.

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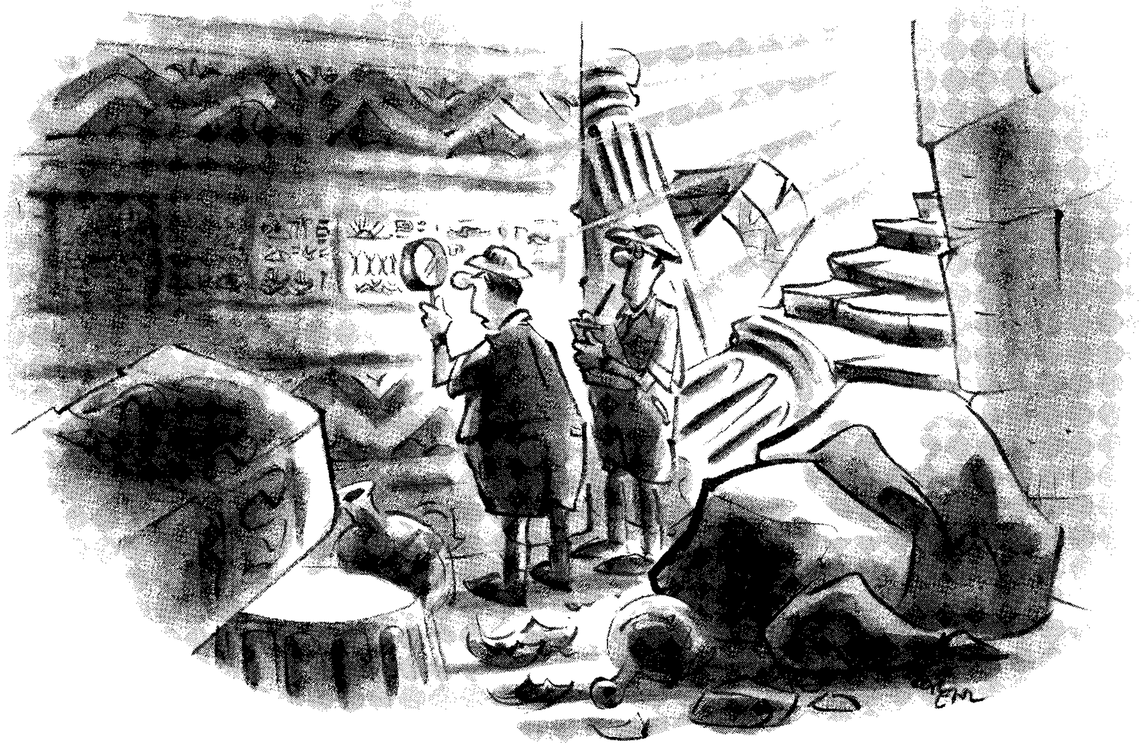

"*And then, at the height of their power, they seem to have succumbed to a mysterious people known as 'the bottom-line types.'*"

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As I approach my fortieth birthday without having accomplished any one of the things I intended to accomplish—without ever having achieved the deep creativity that I have worked toward for all this time—I feel that I take a minor, an obscure, a dim position that is not my destiny but that is my fault, as if I had lacked, somewhere along the line, the wit and courage to contain myself competently within the shapes at hand. I think of Leander and all the others. It is not that these are stories of failure; that is not what is frightening. It is that they are dull annals; that they are of no import; that Leander, walking in the garden at dusk in the throes of a violent passion, is of no importance to anyone. It does not matter. It does not matter. . . .

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In town for lunch. The air-conditioning, the smell of perfume and gin, the attentions of the headwaiter, the real and unreal sense of haste, importance, and freedom that clings to the theatre. It was a beautiful day in town, windy, clear, and fresh. The girls on the street are a joy. A girl with bare arms by the St. Regis; a girl with bare shoulders on Fifty-seventh Street; dark eyes and light eyes and red hair and above all the wonderful sense of dignity and purpose in their clear features. But there is the imperfect joining of the carnal world and the world of courage and other spiritual matters. I seem, after half a lifetime, to have made no progress, unless resignation is progress. There is the erotic hour of waking, which is like birth. There is the light or the rainfall, some ingenuous symbol by which one returns to the visible, perhaps the mature world. There is the euphoria, the sense that life is no more than it appears to be, light and water and trees and pleasant people that can be brought crashing down by a neck, a hand, an obscenity written on a toilet door. There is always, somewhere, this hint of aberrant carnality. The worst of it is that it seems labyrinthine; I come back again and again to the image of a naked prisoner in an unlocked cell, and to tell the truth I don't know how he will escape. Death figures here, the unwillingness to live. Many of these shapes seem like the shapes of death; one approaches them with the same amorousness, the same sense of terrible dread. I say to myself that the body can be washed clean of any indulgence; the only sin is despair, but I speak meaninglessly in my own case. Chasteness is real; the morning adjures one to be chaste. Chasteness is waking. I could not wash the obscenity off myself. But in all this thinking there is a lack of space, of latitude, of light and humor. Thinking back to "The Reasonable Music," it seems to me, for this reason, to be a bad, a febrile, story. Play a little baseball and the Gordian knot crumbles into dust.

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Is there anything more wonderful than the Monday morning train: the 8:22? The weekend—say a long summer weekend like the Fourth—has left you rested. There have been picnics, fireworks, excursions to the beach—all the pleasant things we do together. On Sunday we had cocktails late and a pickup supper in the garden. We see the darkness end the weekend without any regret—it has all been so pleasant. In the garden we can hear, from the west, the noise of traffic on the parkway rise to a high pitch that it will hold until nearly midnight, as other families drive back to the city from the mountains or the shore; and the sleeping children, the clothing hung in the back seat, the infinity of headlights—the sense we take from these overcrowded Sunday roads of a gigantic evacuation, a gigantic pilgrimage—is all a part of this hour. You water the grass, tell the children a story, take a bath, and get into bed. The morning is brilliant and fresh. Your wife drives you to the train in the convertible. The children and the dog come along. From the minute you wake up you seem to be on the verge of an irrepressible joy. The drive down Alewives Lane to the station seems triumphal, and when you see the station below you and the trees and the few people who have already gathered there, waiting in the morning sun, and when you kiss your wife and your children goodbye and give the dog's ears a scratch and say good morning all around the platform and unfold the *Tribune* and hear the train, the 8:22, coming down the tracks, it seems to me a wonderful thing.

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Concerned over my brother. A man who conveys a feeling of deep perplexity. Things have not turned out the way he meant them to. The way he speaks and looks, the mind that strikes almost always idly or in self-defense, the way he pares his fingernails and wipes his mouth on his sleeve, the bullish hang of his head—everything about him expresses deep perplexity and suspicion. He pares his nails because he suspects refinement and delicacy, or is reacting against some unrewarded delicacy in himself. Sullen, contradictory, and laconic. I am troubled because he is my brother and because he has for years been the man of the family. Now all these transformations have left him incompetent.

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Back down into the country, the valley of the commuters. Train smoke, bells, women driving over to Harmon to meet the 6:00; eat your supper and water the grass. The empty house did not disturb me, but this is a usable premonition of death. The evening clothes in the closet, the pile of toys upstairs, the shelves of glass and china; the warmth of ownership, of life, has gone off all these things; these are all ghostly things now.

The usual fracas in trying to go to sleep; but some of this violence has been overcome by age. I can remember walking around the streets of New York on a summer night some years ago. I cannot say that it was like the pain of living death; it never had that clear a meaning. But it was torment, crushing torment and frustration. I was caught under the weight of some great door. The feeling always was that if I could express myself erotically I would come alive. Then I stopped in a bar where a pleasant and foolish man engaged me in conversation and told me that his father had, for years, been superintendent of the hospital on Welfare Island. Then the crushing weight was lifted; it was merely a summer night in the city. I put this down because I think it all belongs to the past. Most of the aberrations seem to belong to the past.

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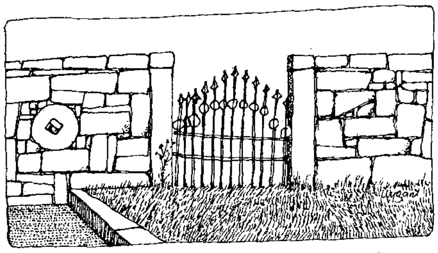
We drove to the Vineyard on a day when the light was hazy and brilliant, a tiring light to drive in. It was after Labor Day but there were still many people travelling, still many people with their clothes hung in the back of the car. Late in the day the sun was warm; then, approaching the canal, we ran into a sea turn. A salt fog obscured everything. We missed the five-o'clock boat and walked around the streets, the foggy streets. Piano music from a bar. "I'll get by as long as I have you. . . . " Boat whistles, sirens, delays. It was dark when we boarded the boat. Susie was timid. But as soon as we got into the harbor a wind scattered the fog and we saw the moon, the lights of West Chop. Over the dark roads to the house: talk; I went swimming in the sea. I met J.H. walking on the beach. His engagement was broken and he had received his induction notice. To bed, the noise of the sea.



I walked up the beach before breakfast. To write about my response to this landscape with the greatest honesty. The hills, the scrub growth, as yellow now as it was green, the black roofs of the bathhouse—all these lines remind one of Japanese drawings. The hills seem barely to have risen from the sea; although this is not the case. This is a falling coastline. The old man who died the year before last claimed to remember a meadow where there is deep water now. Across the Sound the cliffs of Naushon are ragged where

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EVEN IF YOU WEREN'T MY FATHER

Father, even if you weren't my father,
were you an utter stranger,
for your own self I'd love you.
Remembering how you saw, one winter morning,
the first violet on the wall across the way,
and with what joy you shared the revelation;
then, hoisting the ladder to your shoulder,
out you went and propped it to the wall.
We, your children, stood watching at the window.

And I remember how, another time,
you chased my little sister through the house
(pigheadedly, she'd done I know not what).
But when she, run to earth, shrieked out in fear,
your heart misgave you,
for you saw yourself hunt down your helpless child.
Relenting then, you took her in your arms
in all her terror: caressing her, enclosed in your embrace
as in some shelter from that brute
who'd been, one moment since, yourself.

Father, even were you not my father,
were you some utter stranger,
for your innocence, your artless tender heart
I would above all other men
so love you.

—CAMILLO SBARBARO
(1888-1967)

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Shirley Hazzard.*)

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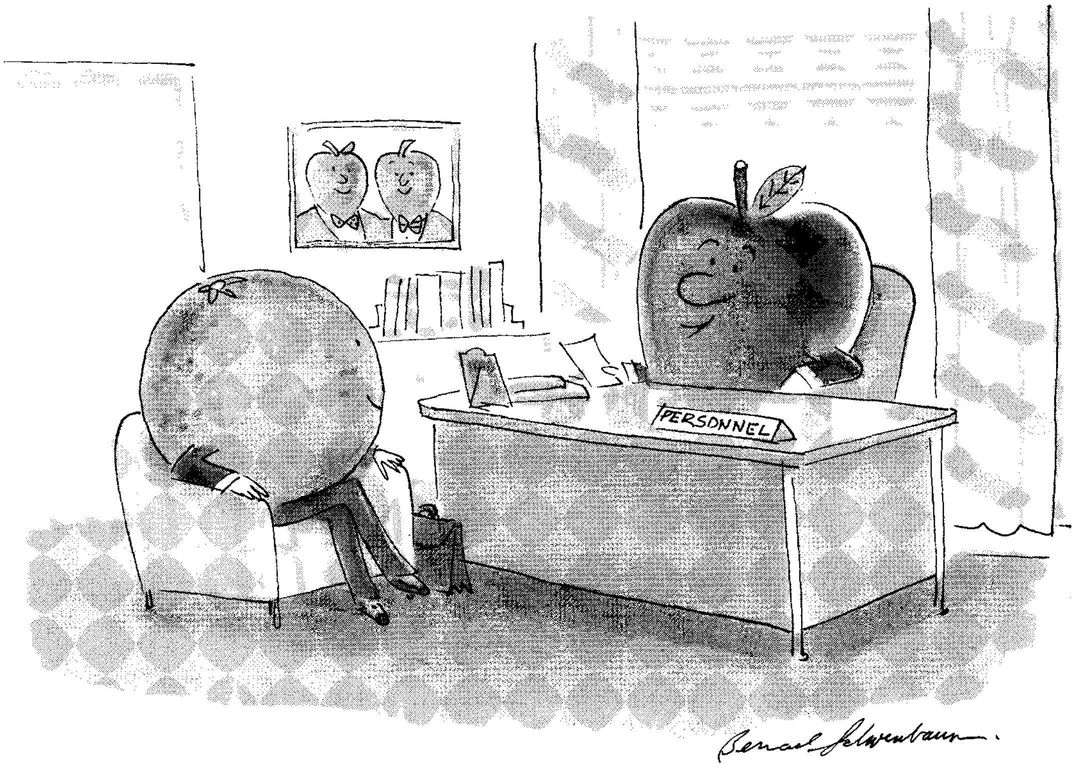


"As an orange, how much experience have you had working with apples?"

they have fallen, bit by bit, into the sea. The stones where you walk are strangely colored. The multitude of forms confounds you and makes you happy. A hundred yards inland there is a spiral shell with a spiderweb spun over the mouth. The rocks offshore—the tide is ebbing—are half covered with beards of gold-green weed. Here is a shell like a smashed ball with a pink core. The line, the crooked and the changing line, marked by sea grass and grocery crates, ships' booms and a broken tiller, this endless line is the one of death's countless images that seems to hold no terror, or very little, for here is change, here is recrudescence and decay—the air stinks of it, the noise of it sounds most of the time. And then on the other hand you sit by the side of the sea and drink gin, you smoke, you gossip, you talk too much and to no purpose, you take off your shoes and walk up and down the floor of the world, thinking about bad debts, tuition bills, and overdrafts.

•

May 4th, my son Benjamin was born. My splendid, my forgiving, my gentle wife. Both of us caught up on a tide of stronger circumstance. In the hospital the lamps blooming in the linoleum floor. The delicate lights of the distant amusement park; the city; the highway. The sense that one's heart and watch are nearly stopped. And Mary's talk of the universal subconscious, the illusions of gas and ether, the parched taste, the coronas and ridges of fire. The uprush of human greatness that answers to charity and pain. Holiness. The remote neighborhoods of the city—the hospitals, graveyards, and wharves—that we forget. The day that you were born I broke a bottle of bay rum on the bathroom floor. The night before I'd taken your mother to hear Maggie Teyte.

•

Very pleased and excited by Mailer's book "The Naked and the Dead." Impressed particularly with its size. Despaired, while reading it, of my own confined talents. I seem, with my autumn roses and my winter twilights, not to be in the big league. Particularly impressed with his description of one man, an Italian, watching Red, an old soldier, and thinking first, This man is comical; then, This man is brave and knowing; then that this man is stupid, reflecting perfectly, clearly a responsive and immature spirit.

Knowing at last that the smell of birch in a Franklin stove is not everything. The morning returns to me my self-confidence and all my limitations. Eccentric I must be, gentle, soft in some ways, brooding, subjective, forced to consider my prose by the ignobility of some of my material.

•

The park on a Sunday night. The light withdrawing from the sky and the life on the walks darkening and intensifying. The unrelieved sexuality of the experience. Small breasts in the streetlight; breasts held in a black dress so the crease shows. Young men travelling in pairs, in threes, whooping, wrestling in the grass. The round lights blooming, the shapes of the trees, the shapes and lights of venery itself. And the music, the much-used, the ill-used music, music that had been played through rainsqualls and thunderstorms, music to which people had eaten in restaurants and on park benches, music used to swell a climax in a radio play or to bring to their resolution the terrible problems of a movie; music played in high-school auditoriums with that smell of radiators, played from memorial bandstands in India, Italy, New Hampshire . . . At a turning of the path, the fragrance of a garden. The strong sense of youth, although many here are old; the innocent lusts.

•

New York–Quincy–New Haven–New York. I took a plane late Thursday morning. This casual sense of travel, of writing about it easily, garrulously. The taxi, the delayed plane, a Martini and a roast-beef sandwich in the Commodore or Longchamps, the dark half-empty newsreel theatre, the gray-and-white refugees that have for so long been marching across its screen, the bus to the airport and the plane itself, hot and decorated for some reason like a bedroom, the place names on its window curtains. The revved motors, the instantaneous charm slums achieve when they have fallen a thousand feet beneath your wings, the sense that the small motor remained earthbound and overburdened and remained a few thousand feet above Long Island only because of the greatest exertion of its motors. A storm at the edge of the afternoon, like a fire in heaven, the smoke of which was blown down from the clouds and spread over the earth, the dimness of smoke. That Boston from the air seemed to have an Irish complexion . . .

How small and ingenuous Boston seems. Out to Quincy. Mother, still restive, still willful. In the morning the train to New Haven, the cast of characters there. And also Quincy, this bleak town on a Christmas Eve. The people waiting in the glow from the drugstore window for the trolley car to the shipyards, the ironworks. The Christmas plumage of the women and the men. And all through the day, all through the night, from hidden and from unhidden amplifiers carollers singing "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" and bells playing "Silent Night, Holy Night." The beauty of a piece of tail.

•

I have a slight cold, nothing serious, but it acts as a depressant, and fever and a hacking cough have always affected my stability. Also the fact that I infrequently cough up a little blood fills me with premonitions of death that seem to be pure petulance. Last night, for reasons that I understand, my wife suggested that I leave her for a little while, a suggestion that I can't take reasonably. The kind of pride that can articulate itself only in something perverse, like a long separation or a divorce, has been excited. A long separation would be dangerous since neither of us is very communicative or forgiving. There is some part of her that is not gregarious or affectionate, that has never been yielded to me or to anyone else without pain. She was alone much when she was a young girl and the habits of solitude sometimes return to her. Now and then, by a complete absence of privacy, she feels suffocated. She is entitled to this—I recognized it when I met her and married her. There is also the fact that my life, recently, has had all the characteristics of a failure.

•

Love, love on a spring night. The cotton lace of her nightgown, the fresh perfume of some lotion or cologne she has used in getting ready for bed, her dark hair and her pale and hardly visible face and the lace of broken and reflected streetlights, scored by the window frames and the folds of the curtains, that lie across both our bodies. The perfect unburdenment of tenderness and disappointment, the perfect response of one body to another, of one answering the other, and the slow journey toward that captivation of our faculties, into that country whose violence remains alien and overwhelming; and then a sweet sleep.

The pyramid, the gods.

Read the Italian grammar, read whatever French you happen to read with a dictionary. How we will eat this month is a real question.

I have recounted my unsuccessful stories over again and again, planned to revise them and felt that this was aiming below the mark, and so have waited for something better, but nothing better has come and I must look on these stories as a business venture and finish them off, as second-rate as they seem. I will have "The Reasonable Music." This should be revised again and sent off.

There is "Vega," this lacks some intrinsic drama. I want to dramatize the irresponsible interference of the intellectual. I can't seem to breathe fire into Atcheson. I will read that over again, at once, and see what I have.

There is "Christmas Is a Sad Season for the Poor." This can be a reasonably funny story.

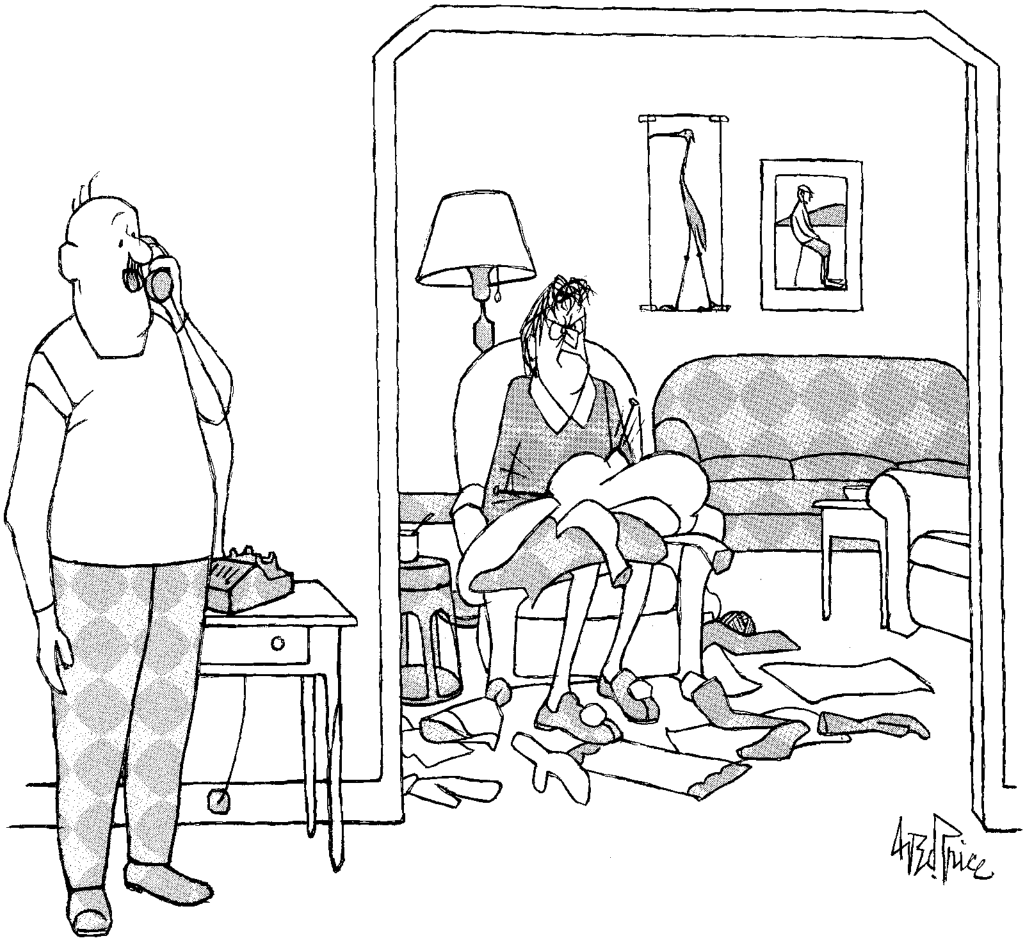
There is "Emma Boynton." This is slight, but it might sell.

•

Back from two days fishing at Cranberry with G. and J. (the eleventh of May). Very little to report; less than from most trips. There seemed to be nothing—no color, no sound—that I had to name. We took the train to North White Plains, where J. met us.

Hey, man, I thought tonight was, like, Metal Night!
Office
Shanahan

THE BARBARIAN AT THE VILLAGE GATE



"*She'll have to call you back. She's on a roll.*"

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We got worms at Armonk, fish poles in Chappaqua, and then started north, up the Taconic Parkway. An unseasonably hot, late afternoon in the early spring and at four or five turnings in the road the green valley country, below us, opened like a vision of the peaceable kingdom. We stopped at an inn in Rhinebeck for supper, ten minutes before dark. Green light. A woman taking down the flag in front of the post office. A summer evening in a river village that, even on the eve of war, would lose none of this repose, this fat tranquillity. Then up through the dark, through Albany and Saratoga, to Glens Falls. A hotel room, a hotel bar, a window looking out onto an empty, green park with a white bandstand, a self-contained city with trees everywhere, settled comings and goings, continuity, custom. A sinking moon. Sitting naked in the rock-maple armchair, drinking straight Scotch, unable to sleep, thinking of my wife's face in its frame of brown hair; unable to sleep; watching the moon set. In the morning a stubborn rain was falling through the elms, the graceful elms in the park. The settled comings and goings of this city in a May rain.

Then up through Lake George and Warrensburg; reminded by Lake George of that particular life; sunburn and swimming, peg and gin. Then up into the mountains through a light so powerful and colorless that it seemed, as it does in New Hampshire at dawn, as if you were looking through a lens. To Cranberry and up the lake by Warren's boat to the camp. Here, briefly, a peculiar, a nearly indescribable disorder. Old *Saturday Evening Post* and *Woman's Home Companion* covers nailed with rusted tacks to the walls, the Grecian Arts calendar of 1909, wall after wall curtained with old clothes, old union suits and Norfolk jackets, old flannels with moth grit in their folds, and from a crisscross of wires on the ceiling, hung by their laces, holey saddle shoes and sneakers, moccasins, pack boots, leather-and-rubber high boots, none of them useful but all of them saved for some use in the future. This collection of useless clothing embodies something for her, perhaps for both of them.

The ugliness and wildness of this country. Like derelict masts, dead pines stand in all the shallow water. New poplar and yellow birch cover the hills. Beaver dams. Ducks and geese. We fished off a dock on Saturday and caught ten trout, throwing your baited hook into the dark body of the lake to connect with a pugnacious trout. We fished off the dock Saturday, Saturday night I couldn't sleep again, and on Sunday G. and I packed the rubber boat and walked through the woods to Darning Needle Pond. The striking bleakness the dead trees give to the pond, as if they were the relics of some human failure. White light reflected on the black water. Cold. Misery. Frying eggs. Fished all day and took nineteen trout. Back through the woods just before dark and across the lake in an outboard. Saw a deer. Slept soundly.

•

Yesterday. A hot, midsummer day, past haying weather. Hot. In the back rooms the smell of burning paper from the heat. Then how subtly the air becomes fresh at dark and how a perfectly round, pale moon comes out of the woods. There is the excitement of autumn in the cool damp air and the light of the moon, coming back across the field through the orchard, the rich smell of windfalls, the beautiful flavor of an apple—and the next day will be still, hot, the next moonlight night will seem like fall; this variety, this continuous and stimulating play on your senses and your memory. How subtly the autumn arrives on the northwest wind and the full moon. There is really no summer at all; the summer is an illusion. The flowers are formed on the goldenrod by the Fourth of July, the green of the maples has begun to fade. The calendar of flowers, gin bottles, steak bones.

•

I keep telling myself that this cannot go on, no, no, no, that this is all wrong. Lunch at the Algonquin, the Shaws coming back from Cap d'Antibes. Eleanor from Rome, the Perelmans from Siam, Capa giving Irwin a party in someone else's apartment, the feeling when I hear the mail slap the floor of the hall that among the letters there may be a message of love, friendship, an honor or a check. That sitting at the breakfast table I must be saved. Waking after a deep sleep, so invigorated with sexual energy there is no room in my world for doubt. But why then are my evenings so different: gin, the smell of cooking, the sound of children's slippers on a staircase, the feeling that one is incarcerated by beautiful and hideous things. Wondering, should this be fatal, whether I have the brains to extricate myself.

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Nov. 27th. Snowing.

●

Dec. 5th. Partly at my wife's suggestion I've given the Saul Bellow novel a thorough reading. Here is the blend of French and Russian that I like, the cockroach and the peeling wallpaper described with precision and loathing. The principal force of the work I think is poetic. Some of it ("I stand upon bones," etc.) is bad poetry. I think some of it is very good. I have always been pleased with light and I am always pleased with descriptions of it. Through the desperate choices of my own unhappy mind I have developed, and struggled to discard, a detailed method, but I find Bellow's detail impressive. It comes back to trying to find justification for the sentiment, carnality, and melodrama in my own work.

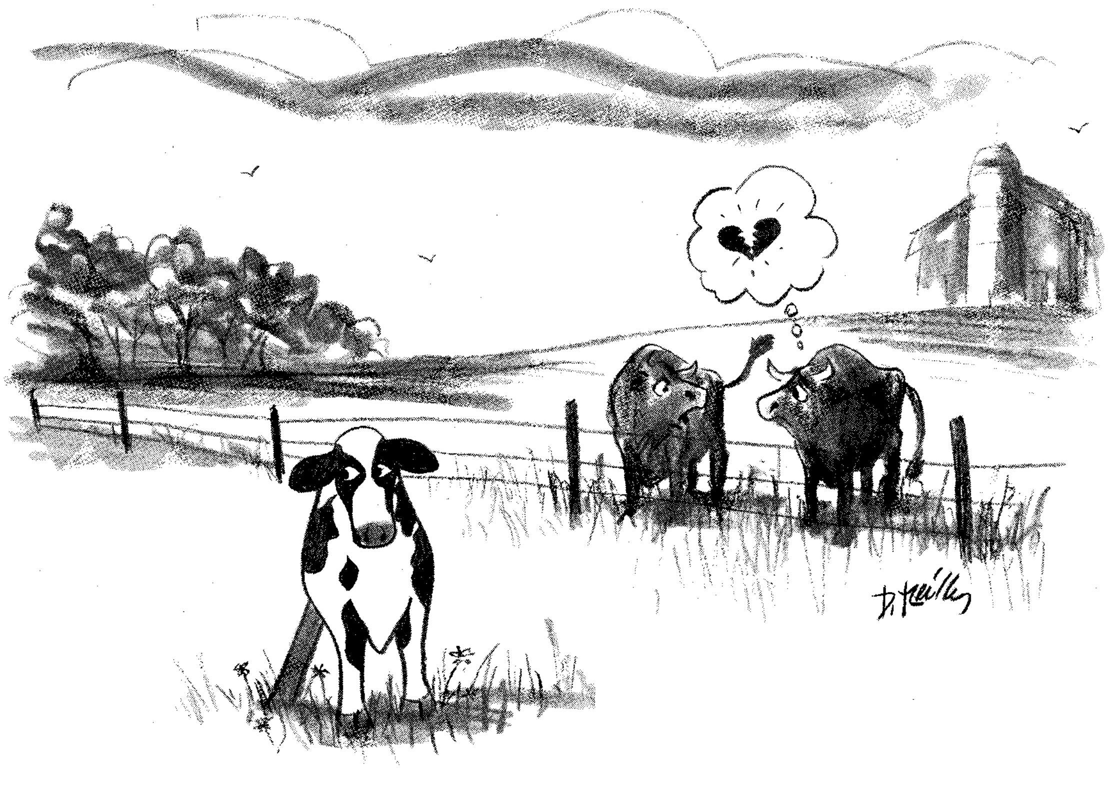
Yesterday I took Susie to a party on Fifth Avenue given for their daughter by a French-Swiss couple. The pretty parlormaid, the melodious French voices, the pink rooms, the smell of candy and perfume like an expensive confectioner's on a late-winter afternoon; and my own awkward shyness. I asked the elevator man to wait for me and left her at the door, although I can at least do this much better. Then walking down Fifth Avenue; the crowds pouring out of the Metropolitan, the people walking north from the Frick gallery, where the Stradivarius had been playing a Beethoven quartet. The light in the sky is sombre, there is a brume in the air. The dead city trees of Central Park are massed like a thicket in the sombre light. In the brume the long double track of street lamps seems yellow. This appears to be a city of the Enlightenment—like Paris or London at the turn of the century; the irreducible evidence of man's inventiveness; progress.

My style seems ruminative and soft; my descriptive powers are not what I would like them to be. I want to let some air and light into this room; waking up this morning I thought that I could use a brisk fistfight. I would like to write a story but not the New Jersey night, not the man in Columbus Circle, nothing overbalanced with morbidity, something with bulk and power. Not the heat wave. The news that it was snowing in Berlin.

A guest at the Shaws', like P., who should, by the way, have come from the West. She came from the West. The delicate coloring of a young woman, a slight cast in one eye, a purple scarf printed with green triangles tied around her neck. "You know that this is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception?" she asked. Then she went on to say that she had been brought up as a Catholic, that her parents had objected to her marrying a Jew, that they still referred to her by her maiden name. "And that's nothing," she said. "On the day we were married, they tried to stop it physically." What I mean is that she is more simple than we. We were sitting around drinking cocktails and eating hors d'oeuvres. She said, "I want a truthful answer: What is a Jew?"

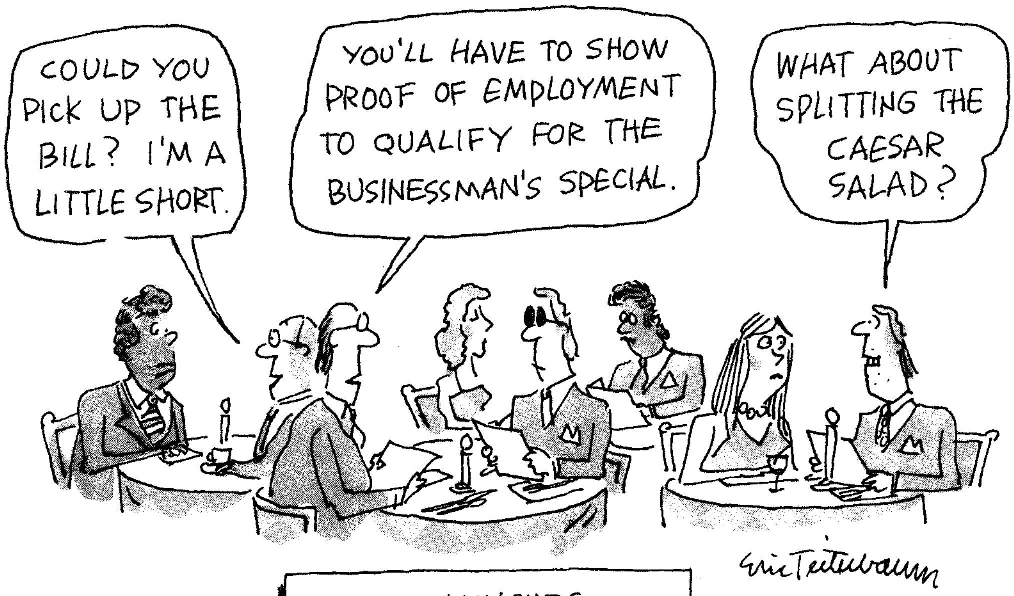
●

Christmas in Boston, Quincy, New Haven, etc. It is a tonic for my self-respect to leave the basement room. The plane to Boston was delayed. The flight was through clouds, and rough. My taxi in Boston got locked in a traffic jam in Charlestown and I walked into the city. Dark and rainy. I go out to Quincy, by trolley car, subway, and bus. In inlets, bays, and tidal rivers along the north-Atlantic coast there are many one-room yacht clubs, ramshackle boat liveries, shacks where bait is sold, oars and dinghies are rented that



"Don't be a fool—can't you see she's nothing but plywood?"

look as if they had been built, and may have been built, from rubbish salvaged from the sea bottom or left by the tides on the clay banks. The tin chimneys are wired together out of scrap. The crackers and cheese are hung in a basket from the ceiling to protect them from water rats. The signs—BAIT FOR SALE, BOATS FOR RENT—might have been printed by a child in the first grade. In looking at these enterprises, these shacks and piers, it is impossible to draw a line between human endeavor and the sea. Salvaged out of sea waste again. Along the sinking coastline the temporalness of these bait shacks and boat liveries seems to spread into the towns and cities. The biggest houses—the bank—could be demolished by a wave. The sea is omnipresent. At high tide a lake of brine appears in the parking lot of the paint factory. There is a foot of water in the used-car lot. Etc.


COULD YOU PICK UP THE BILL? I'M A LITTLE SHORT.
YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW PROOF OF EMPLOYMENT TO QUALIFY FOR THE BUSINESSMAN'S SPECIAL.
WHAT ABOUT SPLITTING THE CAESAR SALAD?
Eric Teitelbaum

POWER LUNCHES, 1990s STYLE

My family, etc. My mother, a woman of eighty, told me that my father had left on his desk, for her to read after his death, a letter excoriating her. She tried then to repair the story. Sitting with her, I feel that I do not have the eyes to see her. To Boston in the morning again by bus and subway; then to New Haven on the train. Innes Young's cook had dropped dead the previous day. Freddy took me into the library and showed me two antique watchcases. When you remove the velvet backs there is a pornographic painting of a woman with a large and funny-looking penis, etc. P. seemed to me, some of the time, mischievous. I seemed to myself oversensitive. Mary cried before lunch. But taking a walk with Susie on a rainy morning, the day after Christmas, I felt like myself—free—strong—loosed from the sense of inferiority that has given me so much pain and trouble. This is the consequence of having taken a train, of having left the basement room for a day or two. It is the only frame of mind in which it is tenable to live—or write—and I only seem to enjoy it when I leave the room where I work. The contemptible smallness, the mediocrity of my work, the disorder of my days, these are the things that make it, to say the least, difficult for me to get up in the morning. When I talk with people, when I ride on trains, life seems to have some apparent, surface goodness that does not need questioning. When I spend six or seven hours a day at my typewriter, when I try to sleep off a hangover in a broken armchair, I end by questioning everything, beginning with myself. I reach insupportably morbid conclusions, I wish half the time to die. I must achieve some equilibrium between writing and living. It must not continue to be self-destructive. When I wake in the morning I say to myself I must hit harder, I must do better, I must at least leave a respectable and enlightening record for my children, but an hour later when I sit at my typewriter I lose myself in a haze of regrets and write a page or two about Aaron sitting alone in a room, feeling the walls of his soul collapse. I must bring to my work, and it must give to me, the legitimate sense of well-being that I enjoy when the weather is good and I have had plenty of sleep. Good health is instinctive with me and it can be with literature.

•

When the beginnings of self-destruction enter the heart it seems no bigger than a grain of sand. It is a headache, a slight case of indigestion, an infected finger; but you miss the 8:20 and arrive late at the meeting on credit extensions. The old friend that you meet for lunch suddenly exhausts your patience and in an effort to be pleasant you drink three cocktails, but by now the day has lost its form, its sense and meaning. To try and restore some purpose and beauty to it you drink too much at cocktails you talk too much you make a pass at somebody's wife and you end with doing something foolish and obscene and wish in the morning that you were dead. But when you try to trace back the way you came into this abyss all you find is a grain of sand.

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Halloween afternoon; a small town; most of the store windows decorated with gravestones, witches, devils, and ghosts. Childish drawing. A little girl dressed as a rabbit being led across the street by her mother. A little boy in his mother's skirts and shoes, his face smeared with her lipstick, leaning against a lamppost. The excitement of a holiday. Over the river a beatific sunset. Waiting for the train, for Mary or a cook. The elderly man in a raincoat and tuxedo pants; an unemployed waiter. The secretary; the naked excitement of travel. After dark, children approaching lighted doors. A trick or treat. At ten or eleven a cold rain established itself firmly. I think that I learned to listen to the rain in the lapses of a quarrel. It meant that the quarrel would end. It meant infinity. It fell on the quick and the dead and on the unborn. What a profound pleasure I took in hearing it fall. How clearly I saw the complexity of the ground where it fell; dry leaves, curved leaves, hair moss and partridgeberry.

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I heard the wind come around on Tuesday night. A cold rain began before dawn and the season changed. The gloom and the cold and the rain continued until late Saturday afternoon, when the wind came directly out of the north and the sky cleared. I walked down to the post office. The leaves, yellow and green, lay thickly everywhere, like bank notes. I looked up the river into the mountains. They were covered with snow.

To a party Saturday night; here is the visible grain of sand, here is the instability that conquers me, here is the question put and evaded as, in another connection, my mind shies and wanders when it is confronted with a sequence of hard facts. Interest rates, bank balances, batting averages, political statistics seem to induce in my mind a kind of shyness. I turn to the theatrical section. I remember that I am uneducated.

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Last night to see some old newsreels of Charles and Anne Lindbergh. A young man, whose nerve seems to be that of a young man; of one who looks on the natural world as an easily met challenge. Like B.M., bold and stupid. The transcendent flight, the feeling that this puts him into a nearly supernatural position. His reception at Le Bourget. The adulation of the city of Paris. Pictures of him on the balcony of the Embassy. Self-possessed, direct. Pictures of him on the cruiser that brought him home. Coming into New York Harbor and the celebration here that was greater than the celebration that signified the end of the war. The impulsive storms of paper that were never seen again.

He falls in love with Elisabeth Morrow. Her death. Her death. But well before that, Anne; he falls in love with her. She must have been shy. Their marriage.

Their flying trips. Their first child. The German pervert. Almost a perversion of the times. An insanity. He steals their child and murders it senselessly and cruelly. Then the moving pictures shown of the child for identification. A beautiful child. The trial. L.'s impassive testimony, his determination to kill the pervert. The curious division of sympathy in the press. Anne's misery. The death of Hauptmann. The birth of another child.

Their sequestration. Their unhappiness together. Their inability ever to divorce. The deepening of this misery. The man preserves the nerve and directness of youth, although he has grown old. His sympathies lie with Fascism, with an élite. How differently she feels; how little she dares to say. Talking with her today: her pleasant eyes, her crooked mouth. Her face ravished with strain. The sense of talking with Antigone. To make it an obscene tragedy, the situation could be one where she fell in love with a man who resembled the man who had murdered her firstborn son.

The story would be cruel and indiscreet; in some ways impossible, since it is difficult to find something, anything, to compare with his flight of the Atlantic. But, to speak to no great purpose, it seems that here we part company with Flaubert, for unlike the France of his time we have a hierarchy of demigods and heroes; they are a vital part of our lives and they should be a vital part of our literature. If I could only align the fields with some newspaper tragedy. These are public people. This is public tragedy. They are known. They view publicity and privacy with the values of a reigning king and queen. When they close the doors of the house in Englewood, it is like the closing of the doors in "Oedipus" and "Medea." We are shut out.

As a part of moving I have had to go through some old manuscripts and I have been disheartened to see that my style, fifteen years ago, was competent and clear and that the improvements on it are superficial. I fail to see any signs of maturity, of increased penetration; I fail to see any deepening of my grasp. I was always in love. I was always happy to scythe a field and swim in a cold lake and put on clean clothes. I was more exuberant and naïve about both this and love than I am now, but this is not a change for the better. There are thousands of notes, thousands of pages of description, thousands of striking conversations, and because they all lack an inner logic, because they lack passion, they are of no import.

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Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont remind me of three apples: a russet, a McIntosh, and a pippin. New Hampshire, my favorite, is the russet; a golden winter apple, with a coarse flesh and a strong flavor. I can't say why this

FALLING ASLEEP

Black thatch, black root:
The *unplowable prairie of night,*
A matted snarl, the anchor tangle
Underbedding the restless grasses

Twisting on taproot and stem.
The train without horn or whistle
At the far perimeter fading
Perpetually closer or farther.

Now at the Registry of Lies
The brass cages are unlighted.
Even at the furious millworks
The belts and spindles are nearly

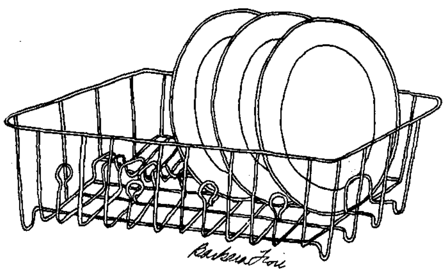
Stilled, only a few syllables
Flailing, heavy deceleration
Of the flywheel turning on its shaft
Steadily till it fails, dreamless.

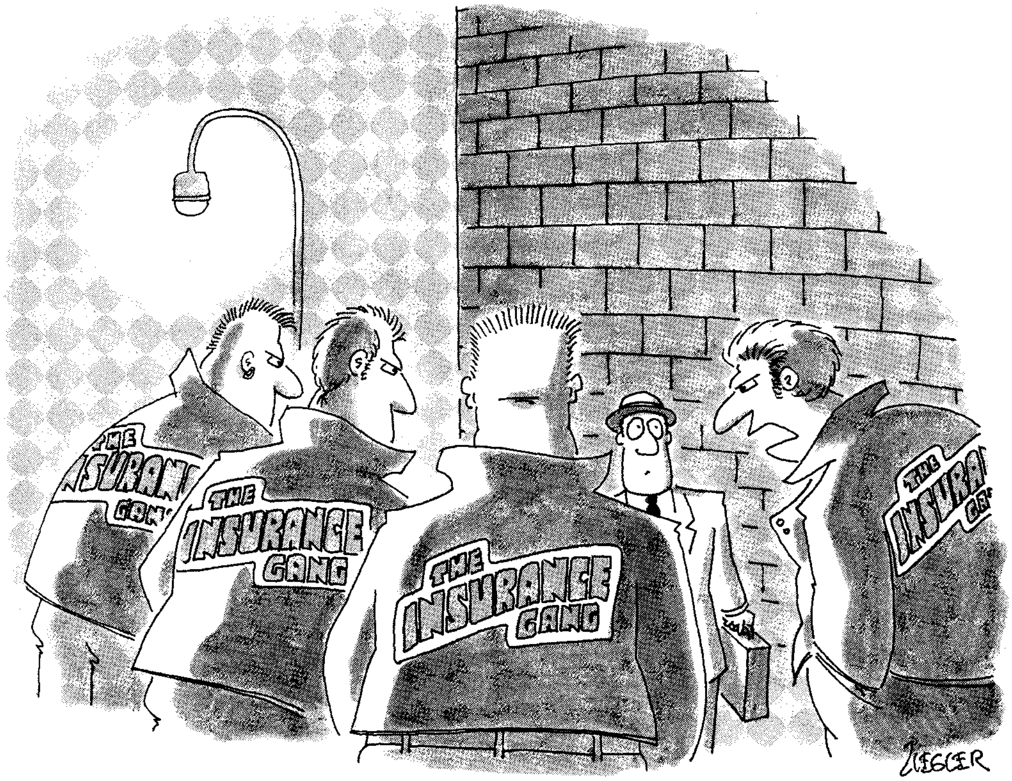
Not dying, but the old figure
Of the body of the state,
The ruler the Head and his ministers
The Eyes the Ears the busy Tongue,

His soldiers the Feet, the Fingers
And Hands peasants and workers—
All stunned by a charm. Asunder.
From field and palace dark

Tendrils stream coiling to a nest
Of yielding branches
Cradling the crystal hoop, his Lights
His Heart his Genitals his Brain.

—Robert Pinsky





"What do you mean, you don't want any!"

country seems to me incomparable. I have seen many hills that are just as green, and bigger trees and mountains. The Helderbergs seem as high as the mountains near Franconia. But it is the highest land on the eastern seaboard, these are the oldest escarpments on the earth's crust, and the winds that blow across it are mountain winds. The quality of the air is omniscient. In the morning the air is cold and dark and as clear as glass. The darkness in the clear air seems nearly visible, as if it were made up of fine particles of silt, and yet you can see for fifty miles. At this hour the air is too cold to have a distinctive fragrance. You smell mostly coffee, sausage, the salt pork for the chowder at lunch. By eleven o'clock the sun has warmed the air. It smells now of the garden, the pines, the weeds and wildflowers in the pasture behind the barn. The air is warm, but it is still light and changeable. It will not be heavy until after lunch. Then the air smells like sugar and spice, but as it grows heavier and warmer the weeds in the pasture dominate. Their smell is stronger than spice, they smell like drugs. During all this time the air on the mountain has remained cold and changeable, and at five or six when the children come in to get their supper the cold air mushrooms down through the woods like a cloud (feel the mountain air). The smell of spice and drugs is lost, but the cold air spreads unevenly, and on the terrace or walking out to the woodshed you can feel the eddies of coolness and warmth, clearness and fragrance as distinctly as the currents in the lake. After supper the air on the terrace is cool and dark again and too light to hold many smells (unless it should rain), but sitting on the terrace or in the house you are still conscious of the changeable air. The window curtains move. The smell of cold stone from the massive pieces of granite on the open chimney is flattened against the wall and falls to where we are. Then this is gone again and we smell the heavy odor of cut flowers. It rains somewhere in the neighborhood—in Hebron or Alexandria—and for ten minutes the air smells of the pungency released by a rainfall. Then the permanent smells of the room, panelling and ashes and flowers, are still. It is this continuous play of light and air and water that makes my response to that country so keen. It is also the sense of summer and youth. Driving down the parkway, through Ossining and along River Road, I felt the proximity of the city, I felt that I was driving into an increase of ugliness.

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To bring out a collection of short stories this fall: "Torch Song," "O City of Broken Dreams," "Emma Boynton," "The Day the Pig Fell into the Well," "The Enormous Radio," "The Season of Divorce," "The Sutton Place Story," "The Pot of Gold," perhaps "The Radio Man," I mean "The Elevator Man," and to write a couple of stories to complement the collection, a couple of long pieces with no dying fall. Read at the office yesterday most of the stories I've written in the last five years and was, quite incidentally, exhilarated and happy to leave the office for the open streets at five. The stories didn't seem too good. The war stories are spoiled with chauvinism, a legitimate weakness. I also found pitiful evidences of poorly informed snobbism, an exaggerated wish to impress my knowledge of Army prose upon the reader, and associated with this a tendency to use verbatim conversation rather than the remarks that should be made by my characters. Some of the best of it seems to be the set of descriptions of character: Emma Boulanger had the soul of a housemaid, etc. This I picked up from Flaubert and it is showing signs of turning into a bad characteristic of generalization. I can use these set pieces if they are integrated into a crisis. My interim narrative style needs a lot of work. Love of sorts is reasonably well described. There are too many scornful and fine phrases.

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On Christmas Eve, a little before dark, I took my son over to see the skating rink in Central Park. Young and made timid by the strangeness of the place and hour, he held my hand firmly and was a model of docile obedience and agreement. In the dark I seized him and kissed him with forlorn love. I can remember when my daughter was younger and could be made by darkness and strangeness to be as docile. He looked to me for everything. What

I did, he did. When I exclaimed about the lighted rink and the music he repeated my words. When, waiting for a bus, I crossed my legs, he crossed his legs. I have never seen the city before on Christmas Eve, I think. There were jocular groups on street corners, people going off to parties in evening dress, a young man with a package and a dozen roses hailed a cab—but, perhaps because of my own mood, whole neighborhoods seemed desolate and forsaken and I felt myself sad and alone.

•

The sense of fear—or at least the sense of lacking courage—associated with retracing courses of thought and action is probably linked to the fear that one will destroy one's usefulness as an artist. But the usefulness of the artist varies from time to time, and since these are hours and days out of one's life, can there be any other course but to look back into them, even though at times they seem like waste? You have been lost in a wood. You know how the mind works. When you realize that you are lost, the mind is instantly animated with a kind of stoic cheerfulness. How much worse it could be, you think. You have warm clothes, dry matches, and half a cup of water left in the canteen. If you have to spend two or three days out you will surely survive. You must avoid panic. You must keep your eyes and your mind in the most accommodating and relaxed condition. Within an hour your calmness is rewarded. There is the trail! A new kind of blood seems suddenly to be let into your heart. Your strength and your wind are refreshed and off you go. There has been a delay, of course, but if you keep to a decent pace you will be back to the shore where the boat is by dark. You hold to the pace. You keep your eye sharply on the thread of trail. You do not stop to drink or smoke or rest at all. You hike until the end of the afternoon and, seeing that the light has begun to go, you stop to see if you can pick out the noise of the waves that you should, by now, be able to hear. The place where you stop seems to be familiar. You have seen that dead oak before; that wall of rock, that stump. Then you look around. There is the heavy creel that you discarded at noon. You are back at the point where you discovered that you were lost. The lightness of your heart, your refreshed strength, the illusion of walking toward water that has heartened you all afternoon was illusory. You are lost; and it is getting dark. This is a situation in which I find too many of my characters. Presently one makes camp for the night, thinking that things could be much worse. But I never seem able to bring them out of the woods, on the one hand, or to transform the world into a forest. My children are indeed lost, but they are lost in a world in which almost everyone else seems to know the way. They rebel passionately at being set apart as the lost. They seem to have been victimized by an imbalance of courage and wisdom. The specious cheerfulness of the lost, their fetid compassion, their devotion to deep chords of laughter, to kindly faces in lighted rooms, seem not to be a competent moral or aesthetic resolution.

•

The strain of debt; the difficulty of trying to write one's way out of it. There are seven more days, six more days, etc. Once in New Hampshire for three months I tried unsuccessfully to rip a story out of my brain or to patch together a series of incisive notes with no success at all. I have at times been able to sweat out a story, at times I've failed.

It helps to be relaxed.

The lonesome road. You drive for twenty-five or thirty miles on a spring night along a strange road without meeting another car. A few houses are lighted, but most of them are dark. You hear peepers as you drive—the spring night sound swells in your ears and then fades—as you pass a marsh or a pond. There seems to be a lot of water in the neighborhood—ponds and brooks. The road turns, drops, and you see a sign, "7 Tons Max. Load," and then a little bridge. Most of the houses must be summer cottages; that would account for their being dark. But it's a lonesome road. You see the headlights of another car—the first in an hour—coming toward you. It is a big, high-bodied interstate bus and as it passes you can see that most of the passengers are sleeping. Then it is gone and you are alone again on the dark road. The noise the peepers make sounds sad.

Yesterday a beautiful day. You sweat in the sun; shiver in the shade. Walked to the station, thinking of the story. The

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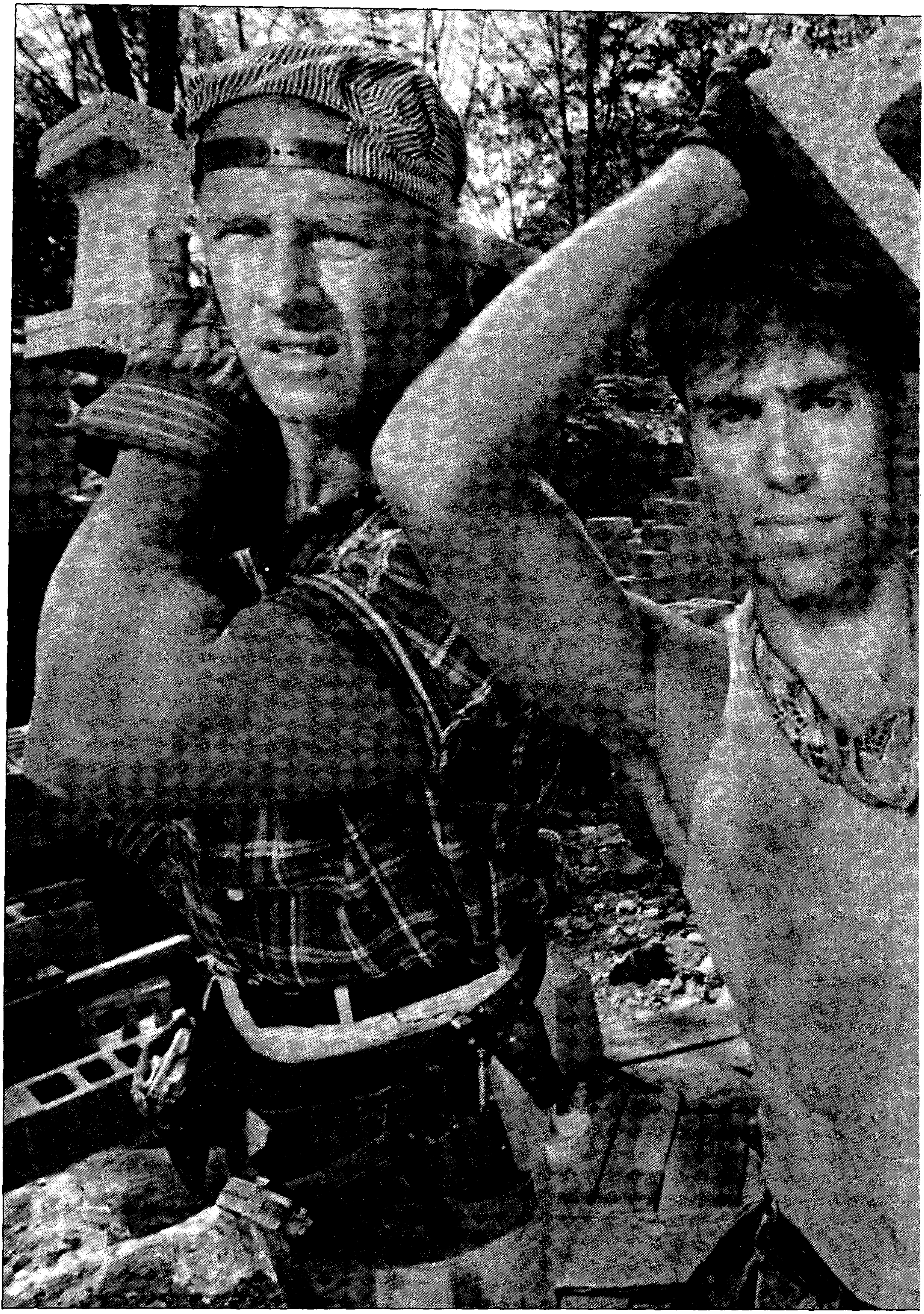

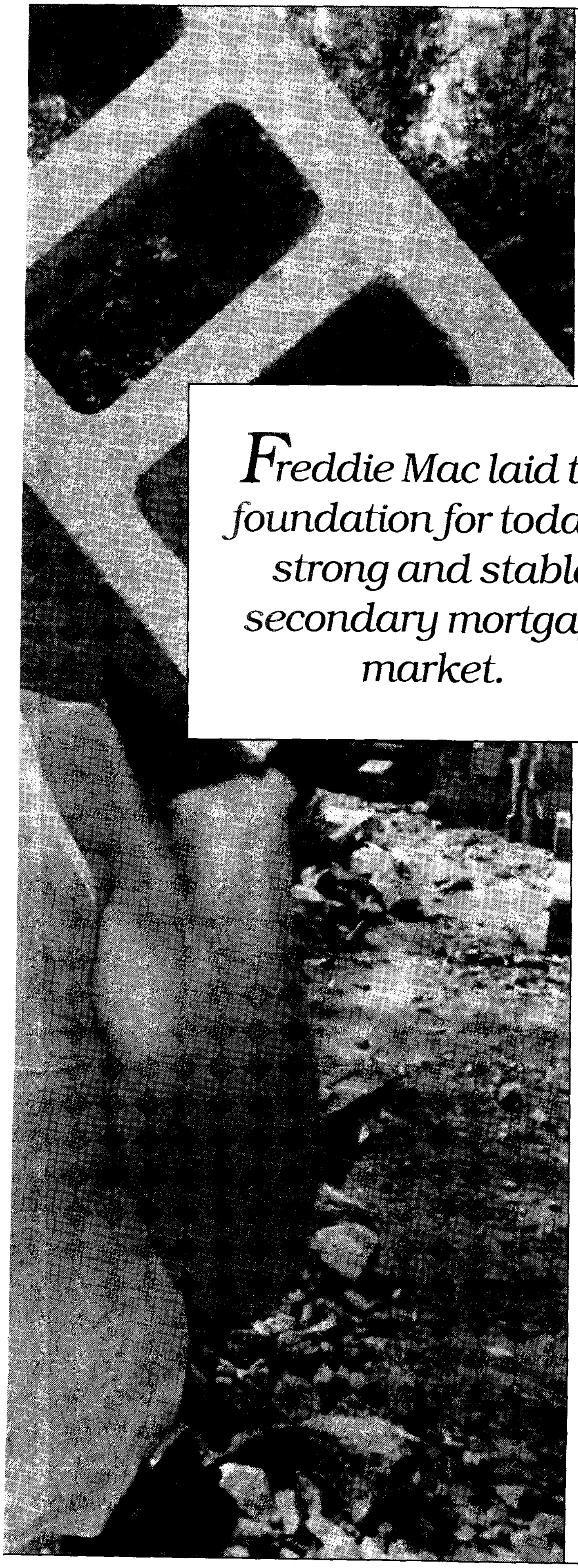

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sense of light pouring into the mind. The noise of an outboard motor and its multitude of associations. The sense of the day as if it were reflected in a piece of bull's-eye glass. Spherical, as round as an apple. To the movies last night; *the bizarreness of the village.* The façades bent into the street light like masks on a stage, grotesque, lighted fronts. The twilight, the afterglow standing behind them, a clear and stormy light. The lobby stinks of peanuts and stales. The old woman who sells you a ticket wears a dress that glitters with brilliants. She wears a necklace of brilliants; her fingers are loaded with rings. You look from her to the twilight, the paper buildings. The picture was "Come Back, Little Sheba." I thought it was very good. The library at Beechwood was lighted when I drove home. I seem to hold the mirror up to a lot of foolishness. There should be nothing to worry about if you tell the truth.

•

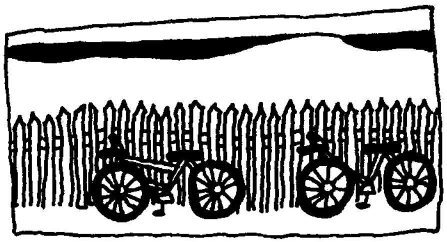
These green, these fragrant, these carven cavernous and not cold days of spring. The smell of fishskin and bloodworms; the chill water.

•

Now I resent the tiredness of my mind, from having drunk too much; I resent the craving for some erotic tenderness that is the only end, the only beauty for these days. Seeing an elderly man and woman having breakfast with their son—who may be taking summer courses at N.Y.U.—I yearned to discharge with competence and strength the responsibilities of a family man, to carve for my children something that has moral splendor—I glimpsed the lacks I show in turning my daughter's loneliness into a poor anecdote—in asking advice everywhere. And with my mouth tasting of old wine, and with this gray sky, I find it so hard not to be incredulous in recalling the wonderful hours and days in the mountains, the cleanliness, P. coming back to the house with her flowers, the breadth of the view, swimming in cold water, *making love under a thin roof;* and I think now of the months that I have longed to write a story that will be fine, that will be singing, that will have in it all kinds of lights and pleasures.

As for failure and despair, they seem aggravated by the climate of New York and the suburbs. Both New York and Scarborough seem in some cases to produce an egotism that needs the health and vigor of youth and an imitation of these energies when they are gone themselves. In both places there are portents of the abyss, and now and then you hear the voices and glimpse the faces of the fallen. Waiting to get your fried egg in a dirty cafeteria, you see, through the window between the counter and the kitchen, an old man bent over a stove. He is dressed in a loose white shift—prisoner's garb—and his face is sullen and bitter. "It is quite cool out," the babysitter says, handing you her seamy furs, and you recognize at once in the grayness of her face and the elegance of her voice that she has come to you from the abyss. The house that the A.s rented at the corner of Alewives Lane is empty again. They struggled for a year and left in the middle of the night, leaving unpaid bills everywhere. But in New Hampshire there are no portents, no manifestations of the abyss, no obligations to imitate the energies of youth, no dread of falling, of loneliness and disgrace, and the smell of wood smoke and the noise of the wind have a direct bearing on our lives. There we understand calmly how we live and how we change. Think of the autumn twilights; think of the old woman cutting her flowers, think of the roar of the purple sea on the island beaches.

A Sunday afternoon; a little rain in the village. A man practicing a violin. On the heels of the rain, dense humidity. Walking over to the C.s' for dinner. A young man with a suitcase, hurrying down Fifth Avenue. A dressy Englishwoman imperiously hurrying her husband across the street. Cocktails and supper. Farther east a Puerto Rican carrying a suitcase up the steps of a rooming house. Past the Lafayette, now half demolished. Light pours from the sky through the collapsed ceilings of the dining room, the lobby, and the bar. *It is easy to remember these rooms* on a spring night when the big windows were open, when the room was full of light, friends, the smell of chicken and wine, and that these rooms where we used to come to celebrate arrivals and departures are half demolished and flooded with the light of the sky makes a cheerful memory a poignant one. On Third Avenue a man carrying a suitcase. In a dirty window a Cuban girl in a white skirt that must *be new since she seems so delighted* with it that her pleasure can be seen as you walk past this rooming house. Later thunder; then a flood, a gorging rain.


d. ehrenberg

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Driving for seven hours, straight into the sun, tired my eyes. "How lush and green it is here," my wife said, and I saw how the lawns were shining but I was not particularly happy to be back. It was coming back to offices, back to Grand Central Station, back to the evening train home, back to the discomfort of a full suit on a hot day, back to tiredness, back to parochialism, back to a small part of the world, back to a lack of excitement. That there are no heroes here does not mean that there are no heroes anywhere. I would like to keep the sense of being away from New York, away from the noise and excitement there. I would like to keep the sense of what a small part of the world this is; to master it, not to take it too seriously.

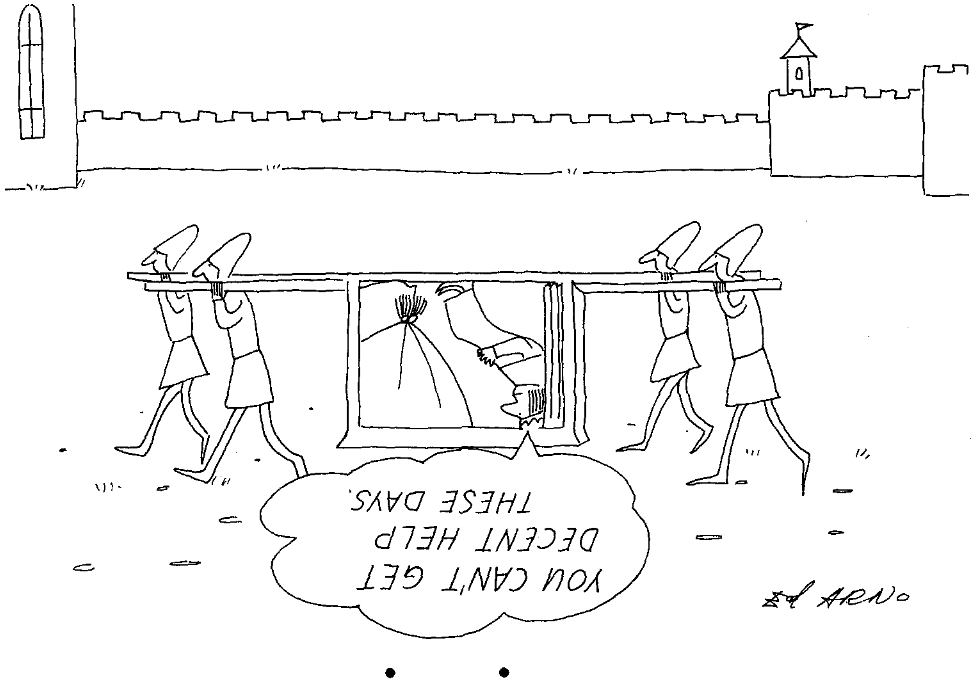
•

Labor Day; storm warning up; a hurricane. The end of the season on the islands and the mountains; the tentative sunlight. The end of the year. Dark and humid here; *a little rain.* The kind of dim hangover that I haven't experienced all summer. I am homesick for the islands or the mountains, for something other than this valley, this suburb. It seems to have the subtle power over my spirit of a baneful light—the return, in spite of myself, of passive*ness. I still have not satisfied myself* as far as discipline and concentration go.

•

Yesterday, cold and rainy. A dark day, a black house, the exacerbating worries of indebtedness. Today the burnished light makes your eyes smart. Polished blue and burnished gold, brimming with brilliance. The north wind, the air smells of water, purple here, green there. The wind came around before dawn. The leaves are piling down. A tumultuous, a harmless wind.

This house, with its long living room looking north and south so that there are only a few days in the year when the sun enters it, with its pretentious and inefficient equipment, with its jumbled memories, dark and often cold, depresses me and seems to challenge the health I have enjoyed. It is perhaps the closeness of our life here and the dullness we run into when we try to vary it. These habits, these days, like old clothes. Yesterday a day of brilliant light, acoustical brilliance—the ringing of wheels on rails from distant trains sounded clearly. Sinus pains. Drove Ben up the hill to see the sunset, the clear darkness, the hills, the distant lights, the dyed clouds, the lavender-and-lemon-colored sky.


YOU CAN'T GET DECENT HELP THESE DAYS.

•

Some brief reassessment might be in order. This role was always volatile; but it's difficult to recall. There was the accumulation of things over two years, self-protests, bad book reviews, a feeling of having grown away from the lamentable influence of my mother, a decrease in the fear of loneliness, and a conviction that most of the conflicts in my disposition are guises of emotional ignorance that I inherited from my parents. I was made so happy that there seemed, in my thinking, to be a trace of hysteria. In the middle of this, the Saul Bellow book had on my mind the power of shock. My identification with it was so deep that I could not judge it sensibly, and there is a grain of legitimate identification here. Then there was sickness, weakness, and the exhaustion I felt when I finished Mrs. Wapshot. There was a sick, rainy day in New York when Lexington Avenue seemed like a catacomb. There are my very legitimate troubles with *The New Yorker*. What it adds up to is that I have never felt so strong and so happy and feared hysteria so deeply. I think that a few days in the mountains would solve all these problems, but I cannot go. And what it adds up to also is that in making such a profound change in the attitudes of my mind, the body may be laggard. I do not have the sweetness of some of the people in question and it is an insupportable strain to aim for it; but I have my own sweetness and I see no reason why coming on this in the forty-first year of my life should undermine my health.

•

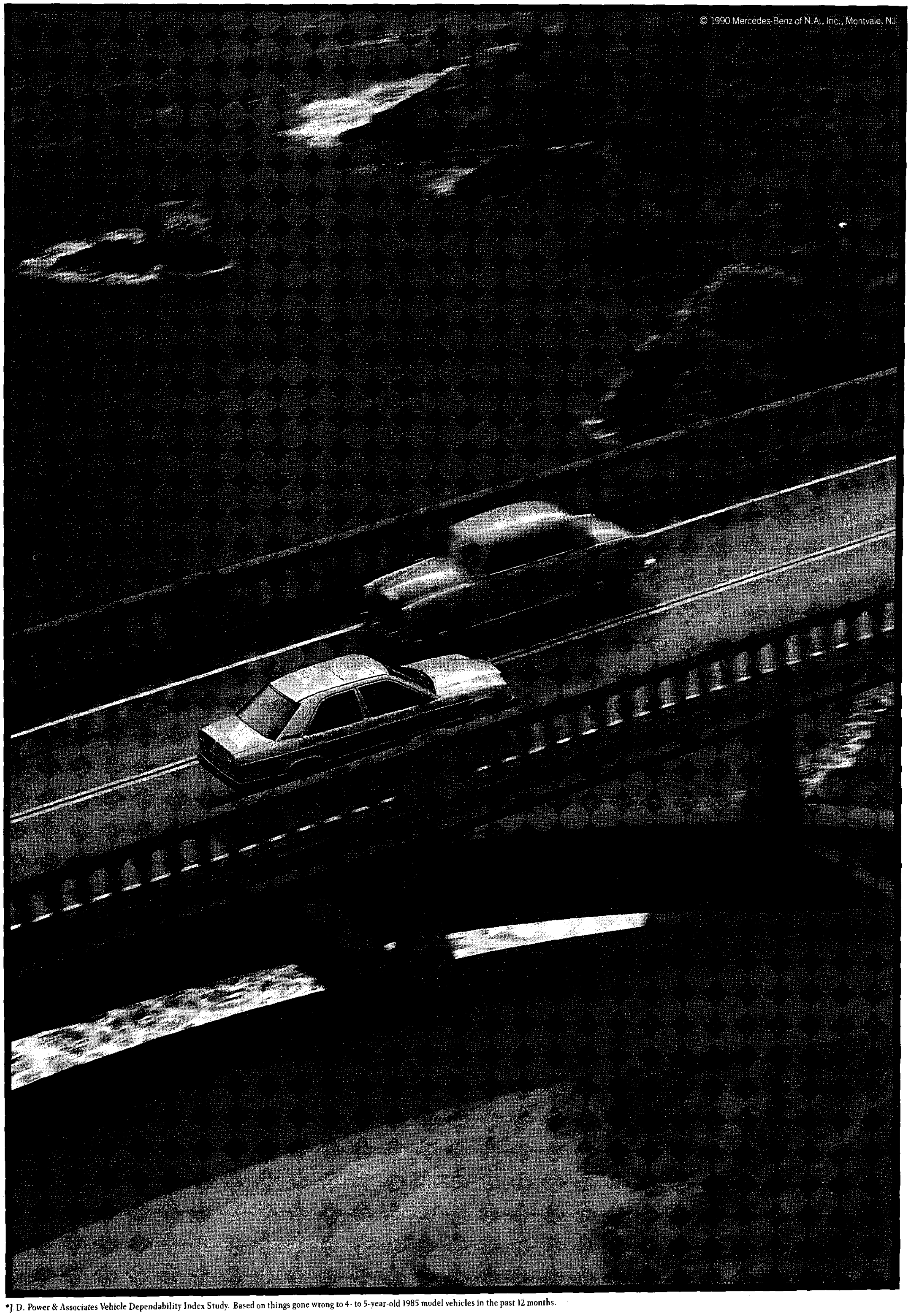
Waiting at the R.s' for Susie to finish her French lesson, with Ben. A northwest wind and a winter twilight, a moon already bright before dusk and a cold night on the way. This hour when we seem caught in the bluff death of the year. The light loses its breadth, but not its clarity or its power. These subtle blues and lemony lights are like the lights of anesthesia, lust, repose. The stars come out and the play of light continues. It is not that the light goes; a dimness falls from the sky over everything, obscuring the light. The dimness falls over everything. The cold air makes the dog seem to bark into a barrel. Bright stars, house lights, rubbish fires.

•

Waking and dreaming I seem caught in this ridiculous cycle of petulance, suspicions, and hostility. Working, and at the hour of waking, I see clearly what it is that I want: love, poetry, inestimable powers of understanding or forgiveness if that is needed, humor that is not rueful. But I seem to see much too clearly the deterioration of my high spirits. I seem to see much too clearly the working of an idle and a morbid imagination, I see myself succumbing to all kinds of imaginary meanness and, what's more, how can I take pride in my skin when my skin seems lacerated? But I also see that we perform our passions in the large scene of what we have done and left undone in the past and that now and then the curve of feeling—hostility—seems to intersect the structure of my disposition, for this painful feeling of laceration was felt years and years ago. Reason cannot enjoin the carcass to be cheerful and lusty—and when my powers of desire are maimed, so are my powers of wisdom—but I can persist at least in my hopefulness—in my knowledge that a simple cure—a trip, some skiing, the heat of the sun—will set the mind free.

•

Not working well: how deeply buried in this community are the dramas of hardship and lust. Or so it seems to me. Traces of midwinter angst. Asking myself each minute: This is not the maximum of my happiness. Why am I not as happy as I was in the golden days of autumn? To read the hardy text of this bright day: all bold things. Hill the bright colors of smoke, in the winter sun's heat the fragrance of last year's leaves, the bewilderments of childhood; also fishing trips in the north. Now love. Skunk cabbages pushing through the dead leaves. And still the brook runs. Sweet and hardy, life seems like the faintest perfume, coming and going. Why, I wonder. I am poor and I am bored. But this day should shatter all these things. Looking up from the



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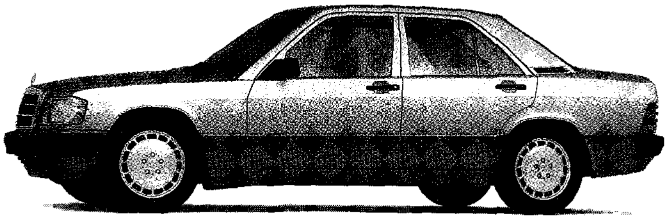
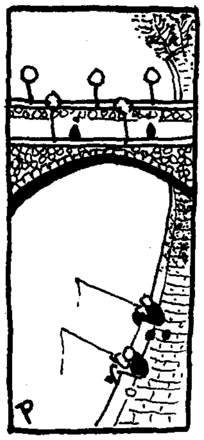


sawhorse in the woodpile, he saw the winter twilight. Pruning the apple tree that was planted on their tenth wedding anniversary. Drinking gin before an open fire; in one another's arms: these passionate, strong, and capricious things.



I do not seem able to call up, at will, the sweet flavor of compassion, but I think I can conclude that life, as it passes before our eyes, is a creative force—that one thing is put usefully upon another—that what we lose in one exchange is more than replenished by the next, that it is only us, only our pitiful misunderstandings that make for crookedness, darkness, and anger. There are times when I seem to see nothing but that world that lies in the corner of the eye: the leering stranger, the flick of a mouse in the hammered-brass wood-box, the prostitute in the drugstore. And there are times when the juices of understanding and love seem to flow freely through my arms and legs and all my parts. That she would never quite lose the appealing look of an American girl in a foreign boarding school. Her dark yellow hair; her white blouse . . . There *is some special bad luck that seems to* strike at the end of their journeys, holidays, and excursions. The curl mysteriously slips out of their hair, dust seems to settle on their hats and the shoulders of their coats, their lipstick smears, their eyeglasses steam, and the gay smile with which they meant to face the world lapses into the scowl of loneliness which is their habitual expression. Their white gloves get dirty, their ribbons come undone, and although they have attacked the problems of homeliness with spirit—even with gallantry—they are finally discouraged.

•

What a beautiful day; what a fair day. "It's the kind of weather," the maid says, "that makes you glad to be alive." The early-morning air is moist, and mingling with the sweet fragrance of the earth is the smell of smoke, frying fish, and the slack river water. It is no wonder that we are stirred by this show of light and color; it is the plain difference between sanity and horror. I am lifted so high that I think of stopping my conversations with B.G., or at least telling him that I only want reassurance; that I want only to be told that the smell of laurel is not an aberration; to be encouraged in this belated discovery of personal strength. Some of what he said seemed to throw light on a part of the mind that has never been lighted before and there I found a kind of man-made cobweb—a complicated contraption of string, bits of glass, small bells, old Christmas-tree ornaments, and other rubbish so tied and woven that to touch the web at any place would make every last ornament bob and jingle. I may not be able to destroy this contraption with one blow but at least some clear light has been turned onto it. And to describe the feeling of mystery we experience on stepping out of the house on a morning like this. The April dusk that smells unaccountably of mushrooms, the west wind smells of lemon trees.

•

When Huxley speaks of the rut of connubial bliss, I wonder if this is where I am, for walking after dinner with the children and the dog I am *very, very happy. My son and I wait at* a turn for Mary and Susan to appear. The woods where we stand are dark but it is light beyond the bend. Mary comes into view. Her shoulders are bare; her dress is cut low. She carries an armful of lilies, trailing this way and that their truly mournful perfume. She seems content and so am I and when she takes my arm and we continue to walk under the trees in the last light, under the beeches that spray like shrapnel, arm in arm, after so many years and with so much sexual ardor I think that we are like two sheltered by the atmosphere of some campus; that we are like a couple engraved on a playing card. There is a lack of space and motion and money, to be sure, but I can't feel that sexual depravity would enlarge our horizons, although the advice seeps in, at times. We are happy, we are lucky, and if we steer clear of sugary dependence it can be let go at this. Venus and Eros are capricious and we may be fighting tomorrow, but we do not lose sight of the fact that with some patience and wisdom the resumption of good feeling is inevitable.

•

Back here with mixed feelings. I have known much happiness and much misery under this roof. The house is charming, the elm is splendid, there is water at the foot of the lawn and yet I would like to go somewhere else; I would like to move along. This may be some fundamental irresponsibility; some unwillingness to shoulder the legitimate burdens of a father and a householder. It seems, whenever I return, small in measure, dense in its provincialism. It is partly the provincialism in the air that makes me want to kick over the applecart. I long for a richer community, and who doesn't. Woke up at dawn. Wandered around the lawn in my birthday suit. Enjoyed the pale sky and the monumental elm but I kept thinking, It is better in the mountains; it is better everywhere. I have been here too long.

•

There are pleasant things here, pleasant and unpleasant memories. The slum yards blazing with roses and hydrangea and later with dahlias. The people waiting, corner after corner, for the seven-o'clock bus to the station. The pretty girl with the kind of shawl *that is fashionable today; the young* executive in his uniform; the old woman dressed as a nurse, her cheeks painted a faded pink. There are all kinds of good things, but I might look into my resistance. I feel that this house, tree-shaded and standing at an east-west angle, has some depressing powers. I dread losing my equilibrium here, as I have done before. I see the charm in the valley and its houses—a sense of place—but I feel the force of provincialism within this charming front. This is friendly and clement, etc., but there is some conformism in the climate. There is perhaps the dread promise of permanence. I may be speaking of provincialism; I may be speaking of a deep strain of irresponsibility in myself; I may be speaking of that which in my marriage overwhelms me from time to time. Driving into the village I go along roads where I have been needlessly miserable and depressed. I like to think of a world much bigger than Shady Hill. I suppose every man does. I am not sure how it lies—Venice, New Hampshire, Martha's Vineyard. I

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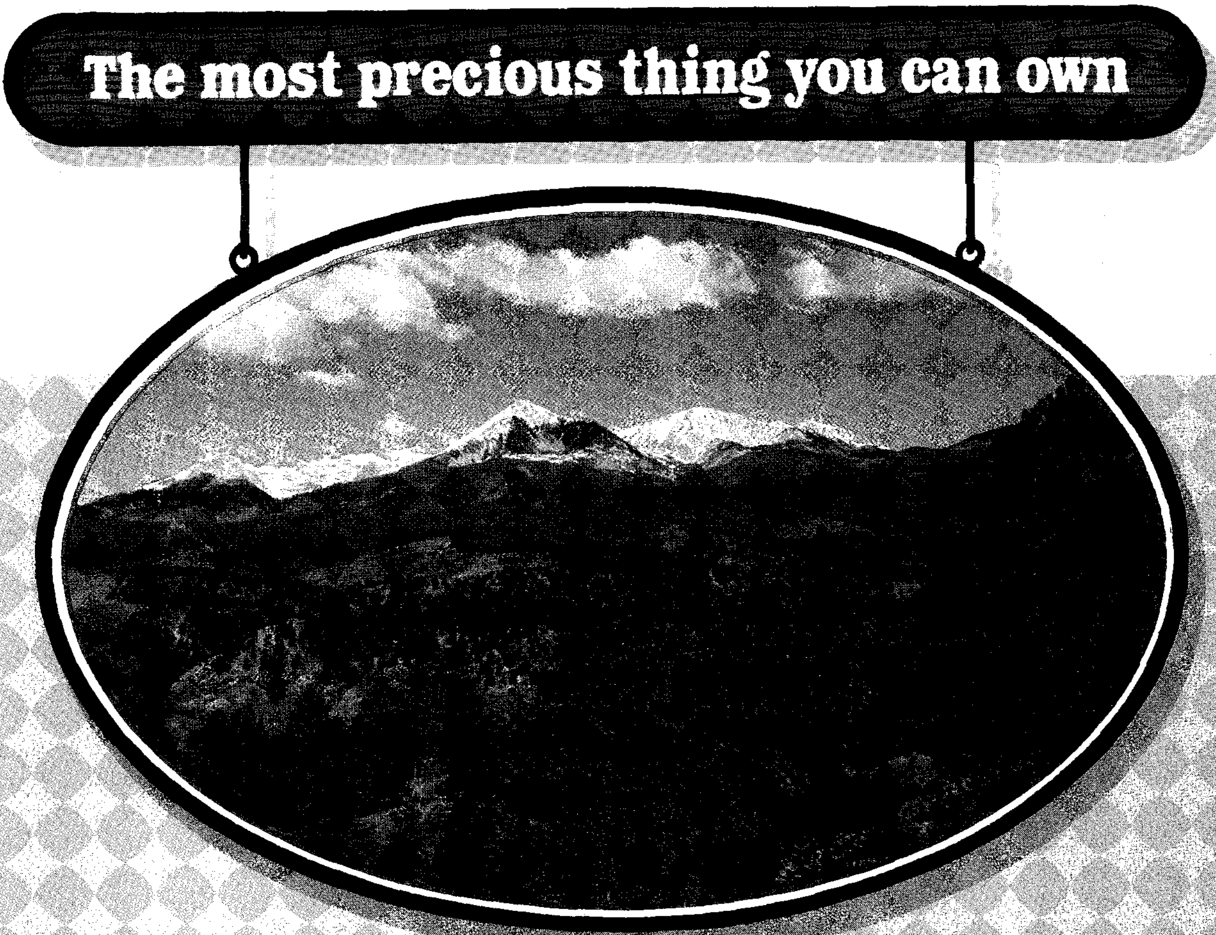

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would like to settle and to preserve at the same time some breadth. The flaw in all this may be under my nose and yet I do not see it. We can live here through another winter, but I wish my anticipations were more cheerful. Perhaps I can make them so.

•

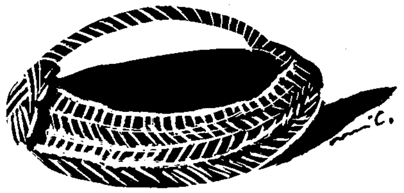
To church on Sunday; a fine autumn day although the foliage is not so bright this year. Raked and burned leaves with Ben. Much pleasure in this. The leaves a little damp, the fire moving in waves, each leaf taking shape in flame. As much smoke as a small battle. As it grows dark, the fire lights our faces; the trunks of the trees, gray ashes, flat, like a stain. The little boy, running barefoot over ash heaps, the warm ash heaps in the cool evening, as we used to do. Thought of last year's passionate autumns where love obscured the crack in the ceiling and the dust under the bed and how this terminated in spitefulness and bewilderment. But these are not the things that will kill us. It is like the man who, suffering the agonies of vertigo, gets run over by a taxi. I have no time to waste and yet I waste my days. There is "The Journal," "The Housebreaker," and notes to be kept up, and "The Wapshots." I ought to finish the journal today.

•

What we take for grief or sorrow seems, often, to be our inability to put ourselves into a viable relationship to the world; to this nearly lost paradise. Sometimes we see the reasons for this and sometimes we do not. Sometimes we wake up to find the lens that magnifies the excellence of the world and its people broken. Saturday was such a day. Planted some bulbs, drank some gin before lunch. But jumpy. Later to play some football, and here seems to be a step in the right direction; here is a means of putting ourselves into a relationship to the blue sky, the trees, the color of the river, and to one another. A dull dinner party among friends and neighbors. To early church. An unobstructed and splendid day. The S.s for drinks. I gave them "The Country Husband" to read. I can see where, in a social crisis, they might fail, and that this story may repel them. However, I love them. Late in the day, took a walk with the dog through the ruined garden. Found a dead cardinal bird on the stones under the big arbor. A few scrubby chrysanthemums growing among the stones, and the bird's bright blood color. The porous marble of the ornaments is still dark with last week's rain. Took a look in the greenhouse. The fig trees are loaded with fruit but some of the leaves are blighted. This, like the dead, brightly colored bird—a bird I always associate with love and cheer—seemed vaguely portentous—foolishly so—but a part of the clearness, the coldness, and the beauty of the afternoon. But everything, the lights burning in the big house, the fine gold of the trees, seems to affirm our natural good health. This is beautiful, then, I think, the branches of the sycamore alley gleam like picked bones. This is beautiful then, I think, but is my good cheer rigged on a rich man's park? There is unavoidable ugliness in the world—in its streets and faces—and would the text be the same if I were looking at a miserable tenement? I think it would be.

•

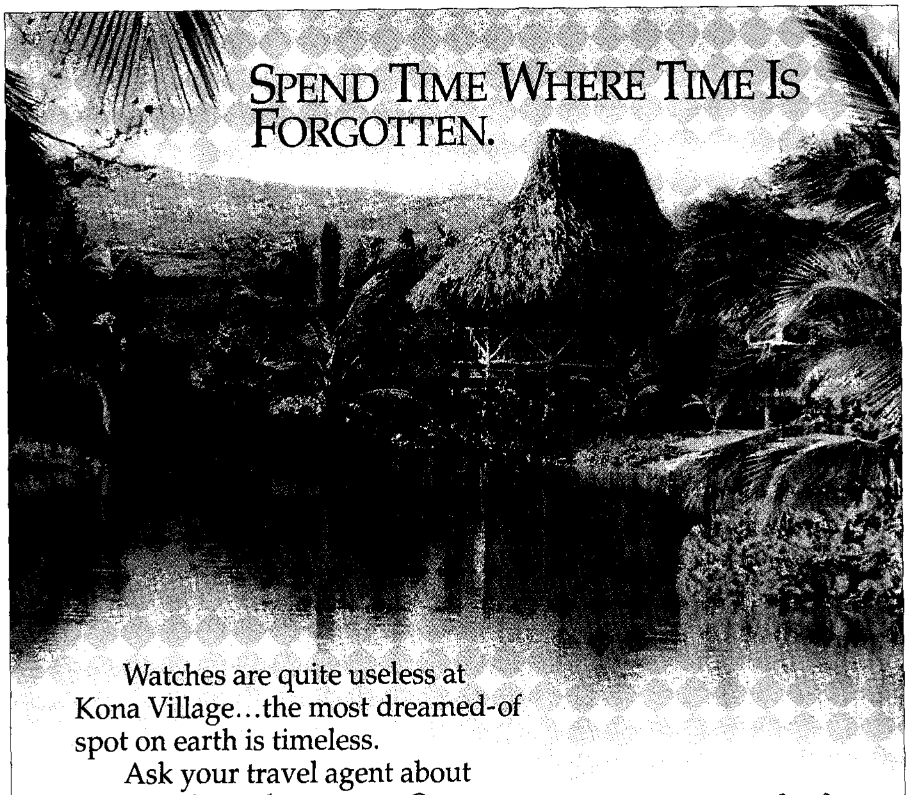
Anxious about being depressed on the way to Quincy and presently depressed. Down along the river here, and down along the Sound on the noon train, two Martinis and the charcoal-broiled, etc., and the interior dialogue with peculiar vehemence and in a space the size of a pinhead. Thinking of Coverly seeking for that precise moment where the visible and the invisible worlds bisect one another. Walked off the train at Back Bay, carrying my beaten suitcase. A lonely business, and I was deeply depressed by this time. How energetically the mind casts around for some escape from this conception of oneself as an ugly and useless obscenity; how stubbornly I refuse to pray. Walked across Copley Square; the sky was dark, my left foot hurt. Down Boylston Street past the stores that are all now cheap. Down to Washington Street—an eighteenth-century street, shining cheerfully with red neon light. Up a dark side street and then down around Scollay Square. Old and crooked places, melancholy lights, flophouses with armorial names, rat-toothed whores and old men. Up Joy Street and in a window I saw an old man and an old woman in a room lined with books. The room could never have had any sun, and it seemed to be where they ate, slept, etc. A depressing picture. Past chambers of old gentlemen and down Mount Vernon Street. Here are the traces of a city that, in the immediate past, had a well-regulated society, an opera season, débutante and fund-raising balls, shops, social contests, palaces, and dinner parties, but this core is broken and uninhabited now and the strength of the city has been drawn out into the suburbs, a kind of spawning ground that spreads out for thirty miles in every direction excepting due east, where the sea is. A provincial city. At nine o'clock the lights begin to go out. In a bar where I stopped for a drink, three soldiers picked up a whore, dated her, quarrelled among themselves about the bar check, and left the poor woman alone once more. People praising McCarthy in the bar. "Communists," they say, "Communists, the world is full of Communists." To the theatre, a provincial theatre. A play has stopped here on its way into New York. The old ticket-taker courteously asked me to put out my cigarette or suggested that I smoke it in the lobby; there was time. A hall of dusty mirrors, old red carpeting, much dark gilt, and everything supported by cupids in flight, by ropes of oak and laurel. They support the mirrors, they seem to hold the boxes in midair, even the balcony is suspended by this winged host of dingy gilt spirits. Pillars of chalcedony and an old curtain that sheds so much dust as it rises that it can be smelled. A bad play; applause. A pretty young woman with a date, taking off her coat and spreading it over the back of her seat, smiling up at the dark-gold host and the dim light that falls squarely into her face. How pure her pleasure is.



But that night, and I am reluctant to say so, there was no health in me, nothing better than patience. I see a world of monsters and beasts; my grasp on creative and wholesome things is gone. To justify this I think of the violence of the past: an ugly house and exacerbating loneliness. How far I have come, I think, but I do not seem to have come far at all. I am haunted by some morbid conception of beauty cum death for which I am prepared to destroy myself. And so I think that life is a contest, that the forces of good and evil are strenuous and apparent, and that while my self-doubt is profound, nearly absolute, the only thing I have to proceed on is an invisible thread. So I proceed on this. Quincy only deepens my depression. Why should I, a grown man, be thrown back so wildly into the unhappiness of the past? Where are those eruptive and clear springs of feeling that I claim to be able to count on? So back once more on the train, abjectly miserable. The sweet water of inlets, salt inlets and fresh brooks, coming down to the sea. An Italian family waiting on a platform for a passenger who does not seem to have arrived. Wild high-school children travelling between Providence and Mystic. Thick speech, animal noises. Seeing the lights of the city, my heart begins to rise. I seem to have over-scrutinized my dilemma. And as I am about to give it its seventy-first formulation (violence in my formative years cum uxoriousness cum anxiety) I stop. So this morning, zipping up my fly, I am cocky and happy. But I resent it that there should be parts of the world that have the power to do me so much harm.

•

There is a time to write and a time to walk and a time to reflect and a time to act and I come unwillingly to this journal today, wanting to do something less reflective and feeling that I sometimes strip myself of my most reasonable attributes, bent over this machine. However, any feeling of good health ought to be able to withstand a little looking into. Firstly Ash Wednesday on 125th Street. The spring sunlight spreads along the uptown streets. This is a poignant and unsettling light and Gawd, was I ever depressed. Then in the morning up into the mountains, taking a valley road up through the Berkshire hills and mountains; milk country, I guess. Thinking how unportentous is this journey to the north; how all your premonitions of death are no more than that, than premonitions; how all your journeys to Samarkand are for old ladies with empty heads. Patches of snow here and there; the hills like the winter coats of animals that we see; hock-deep in mud at the door to the barn; then the fume-colored mountains seem to strike us between the eyes and we raise our heads, our shoulders we brace. The air is finer to breathe and late in the day we follow a pass along the banks of a river which has written its black course



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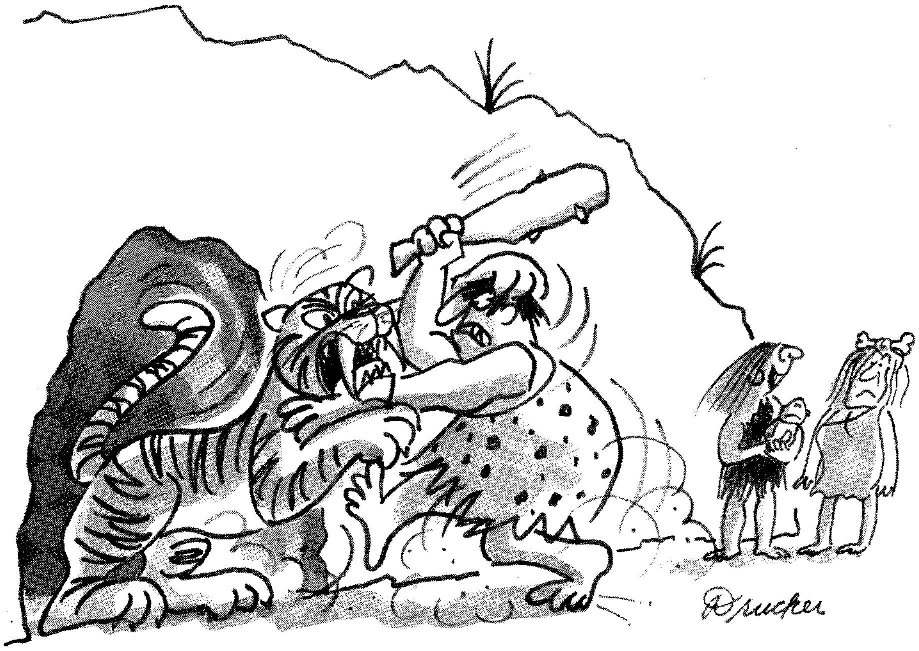

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crookedly in the ice. From farmhouses here and there we smell the wood burning in the cookstove. In the villages we see old ladies, two by two, helping one another over the ice. The farm is lighted when we get there and as in all ski places the heat in the rooms is so intense that we sweat and feel short-winded. And then we ski and I like to ski.

•

You meet a classmate, someone like that, on the street, and accept an invitation to dinner. As soon as you step into the apartment you know that something is wrong. Your hostess has been crying and your old classmate seems to be drunk. It isn't that he staggers, but he seems to have hit the recognizable nastiness of some drunks. If you refuse the peanuts, he gets sardonic. Before you get to the dinner table he has begun to abuse, vilify, and ridicule his wife, and in the middle of the soup he tells you that she is a dirty slut. She seems to be a plain, sweet-tempered woman. She is crying and he is accusing her of all kinds of improbable filth when you get your hat and coat and leave in the middle of dinner. Ten or fifteen years pass and, leaving the theatre one evening, you are hailed by your old classmate again. He has the same wife with him and looking curiously into her face you see that she seems to be contented. Their apartment turns out to be near where you're living and you share a taxi and stop in for a drink. Everything is pleasant for ten minutes and then your old classmate asks his wife why she doesn't make some sandwiches; why doesn't she get off her fat arse and do something useful. She begins to weep and goes into the kitchen and when you get your hat and coat he begins to shout after her that she's a bitch, a dirty slut, a whore.

•

And what does it matter if, on our entering the poorly heated stone church on Sunday, the priest with his candles and bells reminds us of some rite or initiation in our childhood—some hayloft or woodshed ceremony when we were inducted into the mysterious order of the Green Hornet—what does it matter? What does it matter if our minds wander to subjects unsuitable for prayer, or if we study the burst cushions or sniff the perfume of the woman ahead of us or review our sex life or dream of hot coffee or say the responses in a voice louder than the voice of the man across the aisle, what does it matter?

•

Easter; the altar blazing with candles and white flowers; a baseball game in which, for some fishy reasons, I do not play; and yet baseball is like a sacrament and if you take one you should take the other. However, there is no sense in going into a tailspin over this. It is not that we pray for continence; it is that we seek it.

•

A dance in Hastings; cocktails, wisteria, etc. "I'm just going to introduce myself," a haggard woman with straw-colored hair said. "I'm here and I'm just going to introduce myself to everybody and enjoy myself. C. won't introduce me to anybody, but she's never neglected to ask me to these dances. I've never been able to get to one before, but she always writes and asks me. For three years she's been asking me to these dances. The children tell me the only reason she asks me is because she expects me to clean up the mess, but I'm not afraid of a little work and while I'm here I'm going to enjoy myself."

•

Jim Agee died yesterday in a taxicab. He was very generous to me and I think perhaps it would be hypocritical and dishonest of me to go to any services for him. We were not good friends. He had many gifts of friendship, much vitality. Our pace was different, but beyond that I don't know why we weren't sympathetic. Today is largely dappled—masses of darkness and brilliance, all of it moving. It is a landscape and a time of year when it is impossible to harbor any bad feelings.

I think, niggardly perhaps, that there may have been some imbalance between the relationship of Agee's work to the people who appreciated it and the relationship of this work to everybody else's work. I am sad to think that he is dead.

•

Thunderstorms in the night and at half past three a settled rain. At half past five, the gray skies dourly lighted and rabbits on the church lawn. Coffee with A. and then up to the West Branch, a nearly empty world. A heavy succulence in the woods after the smashing rains. Grass root and flower root and the leathery-smelling stream taking a sensual hold on the mind. The water smoking after the rain and turbulent, here and there. Humid and still in the pools. Water dropping off the pines. A trout rising in the deep pool under the maple. Below the surface of the brook a still world, Avernus, of round stones. All the dead men in

Parson's pond and the slender margin between the dry world and the watery. The chill through my waders and hug of the water. Nereids I think of, and the hairy river gods. There is a mingling here, at daybreak—the air heady with laurel and water on which the heart-shaped dogwood petals sail—of sweetness and lewdness, too. Maidens and satyrs both. At the crossing below Harcourts, the little bridge made of maple saplings is sprouting leaves. Against the bridge a thick cuff of white scum. At my back the brook speaks with the tongues of "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians"; we do hear the brook speak in all these tongues. And thinking of fleshly things: of that which can illuminate and darken the conscience; of that which tempts us to peer under window shades and all other kinds of lewd follies; and that also which furnished us with tenderness and patience. This gentle larceny of feathers that we commit. Then the light of the sun fell into the valley; humid and golden. And then upstream the trout strikes with the noise of breaking dishes: a clatter, and we have him. The rod bends, and through the clear water we see him sound, this way and that, silver and rose, our sunken treasure.

•

Sitting in a chair on the stones before the house drinking Scotch and reading Aeschylus, I think then of how we are gifted. Of how we have requited our appetites, of how we have kept our skin clean and warm and satisfied our various appetites and lusts. I would not want anything finer than these dark trees and this golden light. I read Greek and I think that the advertising man across the street may do the same; that given some respite from war and need the mind, even the mind of the ad salesman, inclines to good things. Mary is upstairs and I will have my way here, very soon. This is the sharp thrill of our mortality, the link between the rain-wet stones and the hair that grows from our bodies. But it is while we kiss and whisper that the children climb onto a stool and eat some sugary sodium arsenite that is meant to kill ants. There is no true connection be-

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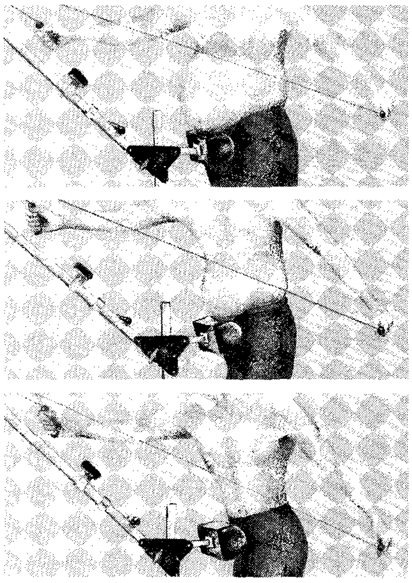

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tween the love and the poison and yet they seem to be points on the same map.

The child is vomiting. Into town on a Sunday night to get an antidote. For this corner drugstore, a Sunday night is its finest hour. All its prosperous competitors have shut. It is the only lighted store on the street. The jumble of displays in the window—a picture of Pythagoras, Venus in a truss, douche bags and perfumes—is continued in the store itself. It is like a pharmaceutical curiosity shop, a fun house, a storeroom for cardboard women anointing themselves with suntan lotion, cardboard forests advertising pine-scented soap, bookshelves and bins filled with card-table covers and plastic water pistols, and a little like a household, too, for the druggist's wife is at the soda fountain, a neat, anxious-looking woman with photographs of her three sons in uniform arranged on the shelf at her back.

When we leave the drugstore it is a summer twilight and the street is nearly empty. Then down the street swagger the hoods, two by two, stinking of marijuana and baying like she-wolves at the new moon. They are strange to us, for how to fit them into the picture? Greece, and a poisoned child and the whispering in bed—they are strange and predatory and truly dangerous, car thieves and muggers—they seem to jeopardize all our cherished concepts, even our self-esteem, our property rights, our powers of love, our laws and pleasures. The only relationship we seem to have with them is scorn or bewilderment, but they belong somewhere on the dark prairies of a country that is in the throes of self-discovery.

Back through a summer night, noticing for the first time the smell of honeysuckle. The child is sick but we continue our whispering; put out the lights. Then I dreamed that I seduced L.E. and believe me it took some doing and I do not understand the capricious lewdness of the sleeping mind.

•

Lunch with L., my melancholy friend. "I don't want to move to California until I'm sure that I've failed here," he says, but he's been here for twenty years and has not done much. I think he is what we mean by a melancholic—full of ambitions that he does not have the vitality to requite, a sensualist, but an inhibited one and a man who came to his wife with such a deep feeling of his own imperfections that he was uxorious and dependent. And here is a man without a defense against loneliness, without the vitality to seek friends or girls in a strange city; a man who, finding himself alone in Rome or Paris, would sit in his hotel room, writing letters to his wife and children. He must have been terribly lonely and so decided to surprise his family by returning home on Christmas Eve. His wife met him at the airport with the news that she had fallen in love with another man and had been living with him for three months. She went on and on, and he said, O.K., he had the basic facts, all she had to do was to leave him off at some hotel.

And then she says, "How could you be so inconsiderate? The tree is lighted and we've bought presents for you, and Mummy and Daddy and the children are waiting for you."

Then he says, "Look, you've just told me that my life with you and the kids is just over. You've just told me that I'm through and out. Now you want me to go back and play Santa Claus. I never liked your parents anyhow."

Then she says, "Oh, I never knew you could be so cruel. It wasn't my fault that I fell in love with Henry. I didn't have any choice in the matter. You're behaving as if I did it deliberately. And how can I explain the whole thing to Mummy and Daddy? They don't know. We've spent all evening decorating the tree, just for you. They're all waiting; they all have on their best clothes."

And so he, wanting to see the children, wanting to see his own four walls, goes back. It seems to be his luck to find life a sad, sad tale. And I wonder how he could do better. And like many melancholics his sexual arrangements are extremely important and yet never very vivid. Speaking of homosexuality in Europe, we both mantle and lower our eyes as if we were virgins, as indeed we are; but I don't suppose it would do him any good to spend a honeymoon in Verona with a Negro bootblack. I wish he were happier and I don't see why he isn't.

LOCAL DELIVERY

•

Feeling very lousy with a sore tail, and off to Barnard saying I am tired of this thread of love and whiskey, of courage and memory that is the only thing to hold my world together; I am tired of threads and all other frail things. And the lewd man, half asleep and weary of his mind's sportiveness, thinks then of bridges and how bridges leap and multiply in his head; suspension bridges in thunderstorms and marble bridges in Venice; railroad bridges over the Susquehanna and the Delaware and wooden bridges over mountain streams, Seine bridges and Loire bridges, Hudson River and Bay bridges, and that lewdness is the energy, the touchstone, for all of this cannot matter.

Feeling sick and not knowing if I should go to the hospital. These things are hard to decide. Using whiskey as a painkiller much of the day. Happier elsewhere than here and yet not knowing where to go. Yaddo seems like such a position of retreat. The rubbish of pain, a sense of closeness, a small attic of the emotions, unlighted, unventilated, some closet perhaps in which as a child, playing hide-and-seek, one was locked. I am, I say, a lambent flame with piles. And then I think, In the morning it will be better, it is getting better. I should learn to be less intense, a message I seem to read while raking leaves. I rake them in a frenzy. So then we hear the wind change its quarter suddenly and flow freshly out of the west and we are delighted, because this reminds us of our own recuperative powers.

Our stores of humor and good will seem depleted by illness, and the misery we feel when we are separated from our amiability does not seem to do anything to restore it to us. And then, when we seem about to repose on the gravel bed, the mind springs up, strikes and rebels, and we see flags, red and gold, and other signs of cheerfulness and vitality. I can understand that I should be sick, but I cannot understand why this feebleness should spread into my emotional life—why a kid, slipping on a sky-blue sweater, should bear down Pine Street like the very angel of destruction, armed to the teeth; why I should have no taste for light, why should I be left with nothing but my misty ambitions for the good weal. But at least I have these; at least, at three in the morning, I can feel all warm and pleased with the thought of some clear relationship.

All day in bed; a beautiful day; but I won't take the beauty of the world as a reproach.

•

Sunday, an overcast day, snow in the dark clouds, it seemed, but the air warm. Played a little football, and how much I like to do this. Drank a beer and to bed early. Very jumpy on Monday morning; also a sore tail and dyspepsia. Took a pill, telling myself that my only trouble is intensity. Lunch with Mr. K. and H.T. Ready to jump out of my skin at any moment. The usual atmosphere of crucifixion in the classroom. Downtown in a bus. Now I am most miserable. Drank two Martinis in a dirty saloon. Then over to the Shaws'. A two-room suite, the roses three days old, two private telephone lines, three television executives. I admire and perhaps love Irwin but he is so rich and has dined so often with the Duke of Argyll and I am so poor that these differences come between us. The TV executives tried to place me and failed. I may have behaved drunkenly or clumsily, but I will not reproach myself. I read the Sunday paper while Irwin talked large sums of money with Hollywood. And I remember a character in one of his novels—an expatriate musician—whose struggle with art ended in suicide and I think that perhaps Irwin judges my own struggle with pity and condescension. Then I leave, perhaps drunk, and oh Lord I am miserable. But where will I turn? My only friends in the city seem to be very gloomy people and I don't want them to dress my wounds. And I do not want to chafe my wife's ears with my long tale of bitterness and woe. And I am so sensitive that I seem to be insane; even the stars in heaven discountenance me. And I think, tearfully, of my lonely life. Alas, alas. Even the voice of the conductor, calling out the place names, seems to heap scorn on my wretchedness. And then I wake in despair at 3 A.M. and try to think of good things—sailing and skiing and the high spirits of children—I fail.

•

In town and theatre with the B.s, me high-spirited after, Mary squinchy, as

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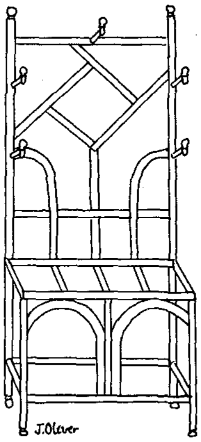
she is so often on these trips; and I think that while a marriage is like a boat there is a point where we can dive from the bow. And then the city seems beautiful, hustling, full of purpose and life and vitality, and I would like only to be happy and enjoy myself. We meet the B.s at one of the inner parlors of the H. Club and Mary, or so I think, is at once animated and flirtatious. Now I may be insane, neurotic, queer, impotent, and worthless, and I may imagine all of this, but my pleasant evening begins to come to pieces. It is not significant, I think, but on the way to the checkroom I am accosted by old Walker Evans, whose face looks very puffy. Mary chats gaily with B. and I am consumed with jealousy and hopelessness. She turns to me once during the intermission to express a flat contradiction and whether or not this is imaginary I feel disembowelled. After this there is no civility left in me; my toys have been broken. Coming home I throw a beer bottle against the wall of the garage. I will curl up on the sofa and weep bitter tears; and then it seems that I have wept too many tears, gin tears, whiskey tears, tears of plain salt, but too many; I have walked around these paths too often, hump-shouldered, trying to spin a happy ending for this capriciousness. And now today I have no will, no guts, no stomach for inventing hopes. I dream of some gentle wife and lover, blond or dark-haired, who has some clearness in her disposition. And how will I ever find her, bent over this typewriter in a room with a shut door? I should go away and yet I postpone my goings away interminably. I could take a plane to France; all I lack is guts. I may be completely mistaken in all my feelings; but they are mine at the moment.



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So I wonder if it is my legitimate business to probe into these matters—if perhaps I don't make trouble by holding every word, every change rung in the emotional climate, up to the light and examining it carefully. That if I were an account executive or had the charge of a television program, left here in the dark of morning and returned in the dark of night, things might go along a little easier. I dream of Mary, I seem to pursue her through the many courtyards of what are called garden apartments, but she escapes me, she closes the door in my face. And then I see a reconciliation, a regular valentine in which she lies on a bed of those light-pink roses. Very libidinous. And it seems to me that I try to repair a web that is everywhere broken; that with every reparation I find that a new part has been broken or kicked loose. I think perhaps that Mary is in love with X or Y or Z but I will never be told and I will never know, although it's a subject that I can't think about without getting weak in the belly. I bring in my jokes, my presents, my scraps of news, and all I harvest are sidelong glances and bitter contradictions and I take long, sad walks. And I wonder sometimes if I am not face to face with a destructive force; something with which I am unable to cope. If there was a quarrel a sad tale might be told me; I have been impossible, ill, nagging, mean, and cruel, but there are limits to my self-reproach and I don't have the stomach for a Donnybrook. I do not want to spend my Christmas alone in a rotten hotel nor with gentle friends (my God). I would like to smell the green tree and give my children their presents and go to church and carve my turkey and sit on the sofa drinking whiskey and brooding on the richness of life; but I do not know what to expect. It could be a season of the most exacerbating distempers, tears, slammed doors, hysteria and dark looks and silences lasting for a week. Today I wake up in the morning feeling lewd and high-spirited, but my only harvest is haggard looks and bitter contradictions. I can blame myself. This seems to be the only direction in which hope lies; and I trust that everything will work out; work itself out. My jealousy is a laughable aberration. Who cares, who cares?

•

A fine winter day; and I think I make some progress with Coverly. That point where men extricate themselves from what is in theory a hopeless situation; that moment where, in theory, all should be silence, a healthy and impertinent question is asked. Banked the roses with dead leaves. A little dry snow blew crosswise on the north wind although there was much blue sky. How fine it feels. The sun going down takes many forms; gold, brass cauldrons, streaks of lemon yellow and then, unexpectedly, a field of rose. I drive Susie into town and think what a joy my life is, for I feel healthy, passionate, and useful and all in all the pitfalls of my life are not as hazardous and deep as I make them out to be. It seems that we must do some penance for our sins and the sins of our fathers. And so we do our penance and it is done. And so we watch the winter twilight and drink too much gin and help the children address their Christmas cards. And go to a party for the choir with the S.s, A. angry at the poor director with his haunted eyes and his thin lips and his ailing wife and his sweet daughter. You could pick him up with one hand and if you shook him he would rattle.

And so we wake at dawn on Monday morning (up on the hill there is one other light burning in someone else's bathroom) and shaving we seem to be overtaken by a subtle and pervasive grief. We have most of what we want and need and yet our feelings are saturated with this disenchantment, like a filament filled with light. It is perhaps no more than that we glimpse the possibility of failure or that we drank too much on Saturday night. What we seem to see is our incurable tenderness. But on Tuesday morning we seem to have woken from a splendid dream of the Mediterranean and some of its civilizations and we are bushy-tailed and full of high hopes.

•

Drank a good deal of whiskey, trying to relax so that I could read the Wapshots. I don't know what to make of it. The whole picture of Leander has got to be refreshed. I can't say that I know what the novel is about. I don't know the moral within Leander's tragedy. He breaks with tradition or is made to break with it and suffers. He is growing old, and suffers. But he is like a figure in a minor poem. Colorful, erratic, and not filled out. But the tragedy of Clarissa ties up with the tragedy of the Topaze. It is the time after this that I don't understand. He is nothing but an old man waiting for a grandson, and that is not enough. And

I have to do much work on Sarah and insert Lulu. One of the things I have to worry about most is haste: haste and money. And I want it to have some moral value. Since it is not Leander's fault that the Topaze is wrecked, how can he redeem himself? It is the complexity of life that wrecks the ship and I would like to show his triumph over this complexity. And I don't, so far.

◆

Pain in the chest. Rowed with Mary about lingering glances; very depressed; practically insane. A call from Quincy to say that Mother is very sick. Emotional hurly-burly; some tears. Got a room on the Owl for Boston. The atmosphere of all such places seems to me to be the atmosphere of erotic misdemeanor. This may be a subjective projection. Rainy dawn in Boston; rainy Sunday morning. The unregenerate slums of Boston on a dark day. How lasting they seem; unassailable. Found mother very withered now, weary (she says of life). Her wits and her hearing are sharp. "I shout at Mrs. Bacon and she doesn't mind. Other people don't like to have me shout at them. She was talking on the telephone—she was telling someone about her cardiograms. I shouted at her, 'Nobody wants to hear about your cardiograms.' She didn't seem to mind." Old and feeble and alone and helpless as she is, I still seem to lay at her feet the sense of a tragic misunderstanding. "He's a *regular* boy," she says of someone and I still flinch. Home on the 1:00 and up the banks of the Hudson after dark to this warm and comfortable house. I have my troubles, but they do not seem to be insupportable. I would not like to be the kind of writer through whose work one sees the leakage of some noisome semisecret.

◆

On our knees in church (even in the cathedral) we are face to face with the bare facts of our humanity. We praise Him, we bless Him, we adore Him, we glorify Him, and we wonder who is that baritone across the aisle and that pretty woman on our right who smells of apple blossoms. Our bowels stir and our cod itches and we amend our prayers for the spiritual life with the hope that it will not be too spiritual. The door at our back creaks open and we wonder, Who has just come in? Arthur? Charlie? Henry Penrose? Who is the boy in the plaid shirt? When was he confirmed? Why is the lady in the first pew crying? And even as the service rises to the great poetry of Bread and Wine we continue our observations. We see that the acolytes' red plush cushion is nailed to the oak floor of the chancel and that the altar cloth is embroidered with tulips. And then for a moment a knowledge of His magnificence and man's giftedness draws together, in at least a promise of ecstasy, all these bare and disparate facts.

◆

Up to the West Branch with A.S. Very cold, the ground frozen. Some ice in the brook. The saplings very red, like a cardinal's wing, but not much cheer or color. No fish, not even a strike. But the pleasure of wading this stream, although I dream of a stream with more fish in it. And the great pleasure I take in A.'s company. I have always felt that this would someday be revealed to me as a union of mysteri-

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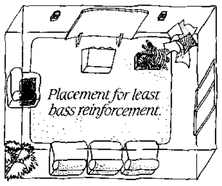
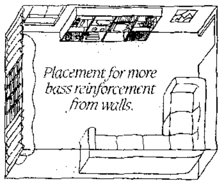
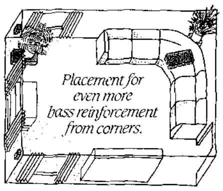
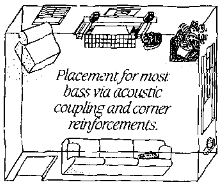

Placement for least bass reinforcement.


Placement for more bass reinforcement from walls.


Placement for even more bass reinforcement from corners.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ously broken hearts, like so many of my friendships, but there has never been a grain of evidence. It is as light, as solid, and pleasant and clear as any friendship I have ever known. And for all my woolgathering and troublemaking I cannot find a hint of darkness or sordidness in it.

•

Thinking, while fishing, and remembering the night, that love produces its own restraints and governments and that a man whose passions are powerful and requited is usually clean-mouthed. And it may be only the emotionally frigid who can be called lecherous. Whatever we may intend, the act of love is not friendly. We may laugh and joke and talk familiarly about what is going on, but before we are done we will have a blinding vision. Today, a good one, when I feel my age, my gifts and limitations. I feel contented and strong.

•

Scarborough-Portsmouth-Friendship. The preposterousness of the congratulatory letters I write myself. Feeling sleepy, dreary maybe; going into a liquor store for a pint of whiskey for the trip, I meet the image that represents the point of breakdown. A greasy, amorous, or so I think, clerk. The proneness to see the morbid potential in every situation. The bridge will plunge its passengers into the river and the youth under the street lamp will murder me.

The limited point of view of a driver who seems to mine, not swoop, through the parkways at seventy m.p.h., unable to see the country, garlanded and spread with such an open hand, and sees only that they have passed through the country of red clay into the country of black dirt, counts the bridges and smells the sea.

Proceeding two by two through what seems to be a run-down or even whory neighborhood—Mother, Father, Son, Daughter, and a brace of expensive dogs, we seem preposterous.

The evening light on this coast is the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The light is raked as it is in the mountains, and twilight is like the exciting gloom before a thunderstorm. The greens are bright and deep—we say "an unearthly light," meaning, I guess, a light that isn't solar—this crumbling and lovely coast.

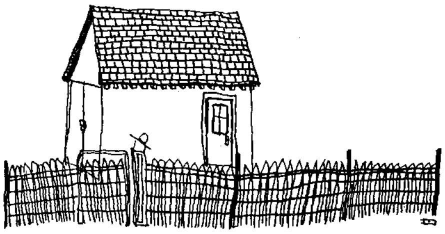
•

I continue to write myself congratulatory letters, choose the Wapshots for a book-club selection, beam and bow as I accept prizes, ribbons, and awards of all kinds, and refuse to contemplate any weaknesses that I know the book to have, such as Leander's financial arrangement with Honora.

•

And coming here this morning, out of idleness and habit, I am face to face with the fact that this is, at times, a kind of retirement from the excellence of life. Any search for truth or beauty is perilous and this is a common peril. There is a world of difference between taking out a sailboat and filling in the pages of a journal and I would like to bring these worlds together. Wisdom we know is the knowledge of good and evil—not the strength to choose between the two—and sometimes it seems that we inadvertently do as much to corrupt our readers as to cheer them. Writing is allied with many splendid things—faith, inquisitiveness, and ecstasy—and with many bad things—diddling, drawing dirty pictures on the walls of public toilets, retiring from the ballgame to pick your nose in solitude. But it is, like most gifts, a paradox, and I will play my cards close to my vest and trust in the Lord.

Took a secret slug of whiskey at eleven on Independence Day. Two straightforward Martinis at noon. Took Mary out to Sand Island in the outboard. Drank gin-and-tonic, ate crabmeat sandwiches, made love in cove above the sea, the grass very scratchy and me not wanting to be implicated in pagan matters and thinking that these are our gifts as surely as the gifts of piety. We struck a bargain. I could have my way if I would take her around Long Island, everything lying in this thunderstorm light, the island fields a blazing green, etc. Found our way through Friendship Gut and delighted to see the village unfold on the hills as we came through the rocks. Drank Martinis on the grass and very much at peace with the world. Birds singing, the raked sunlight, the noble clouds in the sky.



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Brilliant, overcast weather, not warm, the light past the low clouds gleaming like a sword, steel, unkind, anyhow. Studied Italian, thinking now and then of that country as the seat of moral depravity. *Che cose desidera*? Ah ha. Took Ben for a ride after supper, but he didn't want to go. He didn't want to run the boat. He only wanted to play with his friends. Ate too much dinner, perhaps, and had a tic or quaver in my gut which I basted with whiskey. Drove Susie to church and so didn't go myself. A gray sky, the air fresh, cold, and salt-smelling. Standing on the porch I pray to understand the transports and infirmities of my flesh; not to be spared the pain of sickness and hurt but to understand it; and to be spared the pain of what I think of as moral uncleanliness. And if my prayers mean so much, I think, Why don't I go to the Methodist church? I do not and wonder if I am irresolute. I think of those whose lives are a compromise with their burden of wild dreams, lewd fancies and discontents; of D., his eyes bugged out as if he sat on a tent peg and with his uncommonly stupid and pretentious wife; and I think of A., who has followed his capricious cod over hill and dale and looks, as a result, very weathered and sometimes silly. D. might be admirable. The whole thing breaks down to the fact that I don't have enough substance myself, much of the time, to make collected judgments.

•

The city seems strange or unattractive and I am depressed. It is quite possible that my equilibrium is such a touchy piece of machinery that I only waste time in trying to control it. But this slip of a youth, I wonder, carrying groceries across Park Avenue, is he taking them home to his wife or is he an international whore. In short, I do not have that which I so often have—a strength of heart and bowel, a pleasant sense of self-esteem which is the point

TONY'S
PIZZA

of view from which I certainly reach the most practical, happy, and charitable judgments on strangers. I go to see "Moby Dick," which has some wonderful stuff in it and many clichés. Dissolve from a dramatic scene to waves breaking over the bow. I think of poor Jim Agee, who would have done better. I eat a sandwich at Reuben's and think I see an old schoolmate in the next booth. A party of middle-aged couples comes in—all of them sun-black—all of the ladies wearing jewels and furs, their hair and their dresses cut with much thought, but there seems to be some discrepancy between this outlay and their appeal, at least to my senses. I may be depressed. In front of the hotel I see a slender woman with bare shoulders and bare heels, but she does not please me. I think she is not as pretty as the girl in the Waldeboro laundromat. I go to bed with a bottle of beer, but I cannot sleep and I don't know why. I cannot blame it all on Mrs. Loins' spectres and so I make a tedious review of my sexual autobiography. It all adds up to the fact that I have received most generously a force of life that gives proportion to all this trivia. I read the abridgment of a bad novel and turn on the TV at 2 A.M. and am bid good night by a minister. I read the abridgment of another bad novel—my bones, my eyes, and my head are tired and I cannot sleep. I read the abridgment of another novel and go to sleep. It must be four o'clock. In the morning the air is stale. I say my prayers at St. Thomas, eat breakfast at Longchamps, and come back here.

•

Since I seem to weigh, on the streets, step by step, minute by minute, some idea of beauty, I might try to state or restate this here. By beauty I never mean anything that is not close to sensual. In these beauties, I recognize clearly forces that appear triumphant and forces that seem destructive. The sea is fair and blue but if my boat should capsize I will drown. The stranger's cheek is fair and round, but if I caress it I will end up in the police station. But these anxieties seem to stand in a realm where the light is dim; they do not seem to rise from our deepest nature. On the other hand, the sea is fair and blue and a pleasure to sail upon and my love's cheek is round and soft, and if I caress it I will be rewarded with inestimable riches. It is this contest that I do not understand; that conflicts with an instinctive feeling that life flows or should flow like the waters in a stream.

•

O fall. This summer's places—Friendship, where the bedsheets smelled of kerosene; the Hotel Madison, the lovely house at Tree Tops, the Hotel Dauphin; I am most comfortable here, feel most productive, most enjoy waking at night and hearing the wind change its quarter and seeing the dark sky through a hole in the trees. And going into town yesterday, the fishermen along the banks of the river. Their seasonal appearance. In the early spring, the early birds with scarves and hats and then as the summer comes on they seem to bloom; they are joined by their girls, their wives and children; they undress, they drink beer, they spread out on the banks of the river like the flowers in an unweeded garden and they scatter, all but the most hardy, when the first cold winds begin to blow. And then the last of them—hats, scarves, their noses cherry-red. And also the relationship between these fishermen and swimmers, the overdressed and the undressed, the sober and the beer drinkers.

•

Up to Saratoga. Very hot here. Smell of burning rubber in the valley. Some French Canadians on the train. A not young woman with brilliants in her hair. I smoke in the toilet and look out at the Hudson River, which seems broad, handsome, and sad, and with the leaves falling I think that I will not see my country for another year. I buy some coffee and drink whiskey out of the empty paper cup. I go up to the diner and lunch with a pleasant Swiss who is travelling in this country for the first time. Outside the window we see hardscrabble fields, abandoned garages, a gas station, its unused tanks wrapped in burlap. I point out to him the monumental ruin of an old mill along the banks of the river, but he seems perplexed; unimpressed. I go from the station to the spa and take a Turkish bath, which seems a good idea since my anxieties about the masseur seem unfounded and in general if you pursue these things the truth turns out to be cheering. As I waited on the porch for a taxi, a thunderstorm broke. The smell of rain as it is blown in on a porch where you sit. I am taken by P. through the house, which looks very pleasant to

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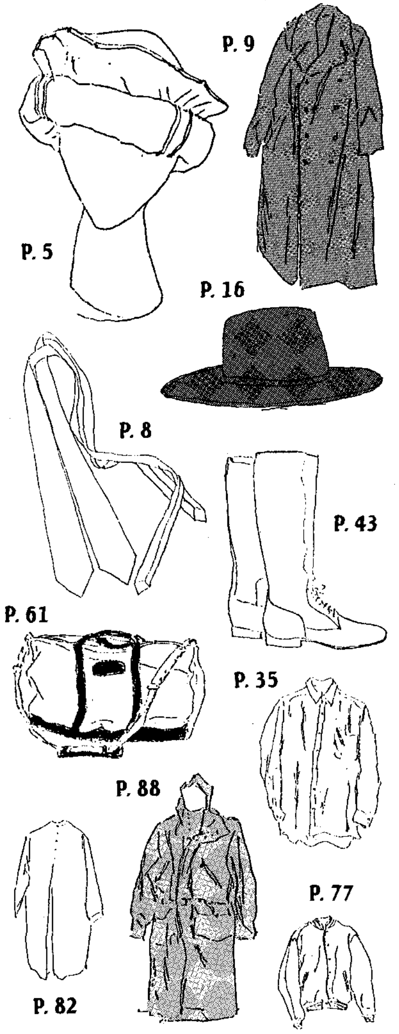

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me, to a large room with a view of the lawn, fountain, and Vermont mountains. I wander around in fact, memory, and purpose. It is not in me to settle down in a businesslike way with some galleys. I talk with Harvey Swados and leaving the house run into Saul B. I drink cocktails at E.'s with Dick Eberhart, whose plain, healthy, and unshadowed mind amazes me, and with M., who is a first-class gossip. At dinner I am conscious of being in the same room with Saul. We speak after dinner and I am delighted by his presence. He is about my size, I guess, his hair quite gray, and I think I feel here that sometime tragic fineness of skin, that tragic vitality. His nose is a little long, his eyes have (I think) the cheerful glint of lewdness, and I notice his hands and that his voice is light. It has no deep notes. So we take a walk and I have nothing to say but I remember my other passionate friendships on this road—R. and F.— but I have no way of judging my feelings. I cast around for some precedent of two writers with similar aims who are strongly drawn to one another. I do not have it in me to wish him bad luck: I do not have it in me to be his acolyte. Today all this seems foolish.

•

I go to town; I go to the Italian Consulate and wait and wait. It is my first brush with this classical red tape. The vestibule is full of people waiting for some scrap or particle of their identity to be certified or returned to them. We are all loaded down with photographs of ourselves and we wait and wait. The bureaucrat has patent-leather hair, patent-leather shoes, and a suit as black as death's advocate's. It is his pleasure to keep us waiting. We —this cheerful generation—notice the variety and the patience in the faces.

I walk and walk. I say a prayer on Fifty-third Street. I have lunch and see the ballgame. I come home on the train, drink some gin, and study Italian. I wake at three in the morning, paralyzed at the thought of what I have left undone, such as my teeth. And then I think I see clearly that passage in human relationships where the line between creativity and light, and darkness and disaster, is a hair. And I think this is an inherited burden, one that Mother carried much, and that, as in everything else, light will triumph. But I think I see the seductive face of wisdom, articulateness, and poetry; that it can be cultivated and made to bloom like a perverse lure, a chain of false and gentle promises, an artificial land of milk and honey. So I say there is a worm in the rose, but it is not fatal. But I would like to be spared this vision of disaster and pray for this, or for a fuller and more relaxed understanding of the fact that the force of life is contested.

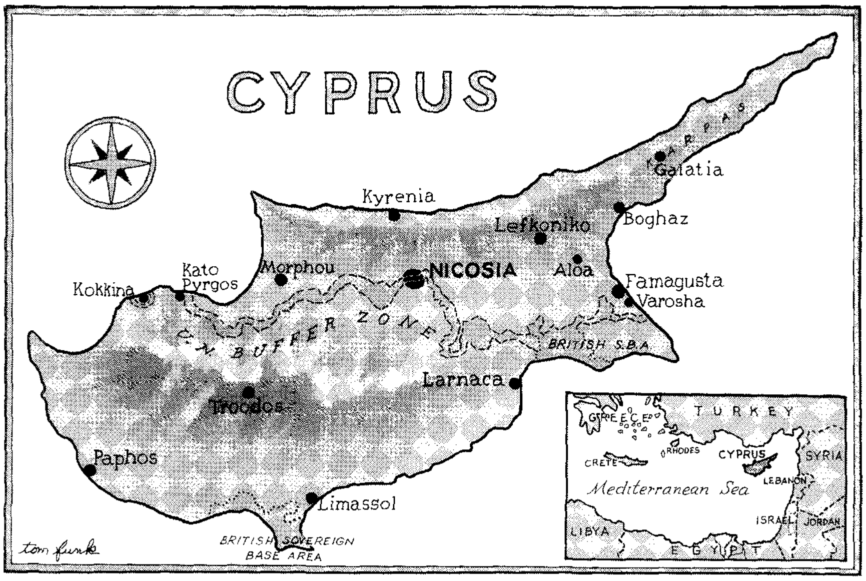
•

Observe then this man, woken by his bladder at 3 A.M., and who, returning to bed, finds himself wakeful; more so, much more so than he will be at seven, when the alarm rings. There seems to be some excitement in the darkness. There is a little sweat in his armpits. Something is happening, he thinks, and he thinks he hears a footstep in the gravel outside. It is the footstep of a dope addict, armed with an icepick, who has come to murder his children, but listening for the opening of the front door and the footstep on the stairs and hearing nothing his mind wanders to a voyage he is about to take. The ship sinks and he is in a lifeboat with his wife and children—one of a convoy led by a navigator—but the wind and the tides separate them from the convoy and he realizes that he knows so little about navigation that even if he were only five miles from the Azores he would not be able to sail his beloved family to safety. He rolls onto his back and at this point his male member, bristling with usefulness and self-importance, takes the center of the stage, but since the night offers no promise of requition this seems a foolish performance. Then thoughts of such lewdness cross his mind that he rolls onto his side and sends up toward Heaven an earnest prayer for some better understanding of cleanliness. He is back in the lifeboat once more. Now he lies on his stomach and prays once more, this time for the simple gift of sleep, and he seems to be enfolded, but enfolded in the wings of some rented angel's costume with an unclean smell. He rolls onto his back and suddenly it is Christmas. It is Christmas Eve and he is a boy again, beloved, naked and cuddly in the clean sheets. Up goes his cod again, followed by his prayers, and so forth and so forth, ad nauseam.

—JOHN CHEEVER

(This is the first of two parts.)

REPORT FROM CYPRUS



DRIVING toward the abandoned city of Varosha, on the east coast of Cyprus, just to the south of the fabled Venetian port of Famagusta, I thought that everything seemed normal. On one side of the road, teen-agers played soccer in a nearby field; housewives went about their shopping; a mechanic tinkered with a car. I was unprepared for the barbed wire. It began abruptly, just across the road. Soon I saw guard posts and machine-gun nests. Beyond them stood Varosha, which for sixteen years no one had been permitted to enter without approval from the Turkish Army's General Staff.

As my Turkish Cypriot escort officer, Eser Birey, and I approached the single entry point in the wire, two jeeps, each carrying four soldiers, joined us. One drove ahead, the other behind. The soldiers cradled M-16 rifles, and wore white helmets on which were emblazoned tiny Turkish flags. As we drove toward the inner city, my sense of disorientation grew. I had been here once before, nearly seventeen years ago, before Cyprus became a divided state. Now all the street signs were gone: I couldn't find old, familiar landmarks, and there was no one to ask. The wide boulevards were empty, except for our three-vehicle caravan. In the city center, an imposing black granite statue of Atatürk was the most prominent landmark, and that had certainly not been there before. The once grand Greek church of Ayia Trias had a deserted look. Its lawns were well tended, but, according to Eser Birey, "No one prays there anymore."

Varosha had been the Riviera of Cyprus, its most indulgent tourist spot. Now it was occupied by the Turkish Army, all its past pretensions gone. The Alfa Romeo dealership was boarded up. Beyond it stood decaying sandstone and stucco villas, with overgrown, jungled lawns. Lofted ceilings and latticed arches spoke of the elegant past. Now ochre and pink shutters hung from rotting frames, and some roofs had collapsed. The red-and-blue Venus Dance Hall stood as an eerie reminder of the nineteen-seventies: its strobe lights and sound system had been looted; only its arabesque arches were left intact. (I had been told by a friend before arriving that I would find extraordinary sights—boutiques still featuring the fashions of 1974, tables still set for dinner, everything just as it had been on that balmy evening in August, when all the city's Greek Cypriot inhabitants fled.)

We drove along the empty beach, now dotted with sentry posts, past once luxurious, now looted, hotels, past dead orchards and gardens, overrun with thorns. A company of soldiers passed us, marching smartly in camouflage fatigues. The only sound was their cleated boots against the gravel, as they patrolled the ghost town's broken streets. The Austrian contingent of the United Nations peacekeeping force—known as the Blue Berets—also patrols Varosha, but the troops are permitted only on and around Kennedy Avenue, which means they can cover only about one per cent of the town; furthermore, only one United Nations platoon is permitted to enter, and the troops must patrol in their jeeps.

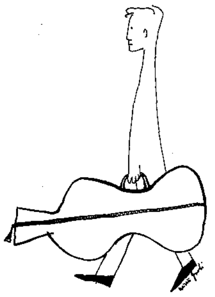
I wondered whether Varosha was of strategic importance to the Turkish Army or, as a Western military attaché had suggested, a sort of white elephant. "The Turkish Army didn't *want* it," he had told me. "But when they reached its outskirts they found that all its residents had fled." Cypriot and foreign tourists had once come here by the tens of thousands to yacht and swim and dance. Fortunes had been made in Varosha. Now, except for some two thousand Turkish soldiers based in and around it, it held no trace of human life. Birds nested in its five-star hotels, tree roots had broken through pavements, and wiring had been stripped from mossy telephone poles.

Cyprus, whose population of some six hundred and ninety thousand is approximately twenty per cent Turkish Muslim and eighty per cent Christian Greek, has never managed to separate itself entirely from its two motherlands; for centuries, they have advised or dictated to their communities. Often, their intervention has had a deadly effect. Predictably, Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots became increasingly estranged. In the summer of 1974, after Cyprus had known fourteen years of an uneasy independence, marked by intercommunal strife, a Greek military dictatorship engineered the overthrow of the Cyprus government, inviting a long-feared Turkish invasion. It came five days after the coup. Today, some thirty-five thousand Turkish troops remain on Cyprus, and control thirty-seven per cent of its land. A nation smaller than Connecticut and with the population of Delaware has been effectively split in two. Since 1964, the United Nations has sponsored negotiations between the leaders of Cyprus's two mutually suspicious ethnic communities, but all efforts to reach a solution and reunify the island have thus far failed—in spite of a number of proposals that, at least to U.N. negotiators and foreign diplomats, have sounded highly reasonable.

Our destination in Varosha was the Sandy Beach Hotel, now a Turkish officers' mess. On our arrival, we were greeted by Major Ercan Sak, a staff officer, and were told that our stay there was to be for ten minutes (he permitted us to stay for ninety) and was to include a cup of coffee and a visit to the roof. He was not permitted to answer any questions, he said. As he led us into the hotel's cavernous dining room, some thirty officers got up quickly and left. We lingered only momentarily and then went to the roof. Below us, spread over a two-and-a-half-square-mile expanse, was hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of abandoned property. Hotels that had been under construction in 1974 remained unfinished, skeletal frames haunting the shore. Varosha is the most expensive slice of real estate in Cyprus's north, and perhaps the most expensive currently under army occupation anywhere in the world. The only sign that anyone had recently used the beach for anything except military training was a single beach umbrella along the miles of empty sand, and three bright-colored rubber balls next to a set of children's swings. A sentry stood in a pillbox that had been partially submerged by the high tide. I asked Major Ercan how long the Turkish Army would remain. He reminded me that he was not permitted to answer questions, but he did say that Cyprus was considered a hardship post, and that officers and enlisted men almost never volunteered for reassignment after their two-year tour. He then pointed out the Greek Cypriot village of Dherinia, just to the south of Varosha, and then the United Nations' buffer zone, which snakes across the island, separating Cyprus's two communities; it divides the capital, Nicosia, and it divides even houses and streets. The Turkish Cypriots live to the north of it, the Greek Cypriots to the south.

I HAD first come to Cyprus in 1972 and, as a correspondent, I visited the island frequently over the next four years. When I returned last February, I hoped to get a sense of how things had changed, especially since November of 1983, when the Turkish sector declared its independence. Was it possible, I wondered, on such a small island for two states to survive?

If Cyprus were anywhere else, it probably wouldn't warrant much attention, but it happens to be on the Mediterranean's eastern edge—forty miles south of Turkey, some five hundred miles east of mainland Greece, and some hundred miles from much of the Middle East. It also sits astride three major inter-sea routes. For millennia, Cyprus has been a strategic prize; any power seeking to control the eastern Mediterranean has had to control it as well. Conquerors have thus advanced and retreated—among others, the ancient Egyptians and Romans; the Crusaders and the Franks; and finally the Venetians. But in terms of modern history Cyprus's three great empires were those of the Greeks, the Turks, and the British. Cyprus was part of the Byzantine Empire for more than eight centuries, beginning in the fourth century. In 1570, the Turks arrived, under the standard of the Ottoman Empire. Last came the British: in 1878, they took Cyprus "in trust" from the declining Ottomans, and in 1914 they annexed the island outright.

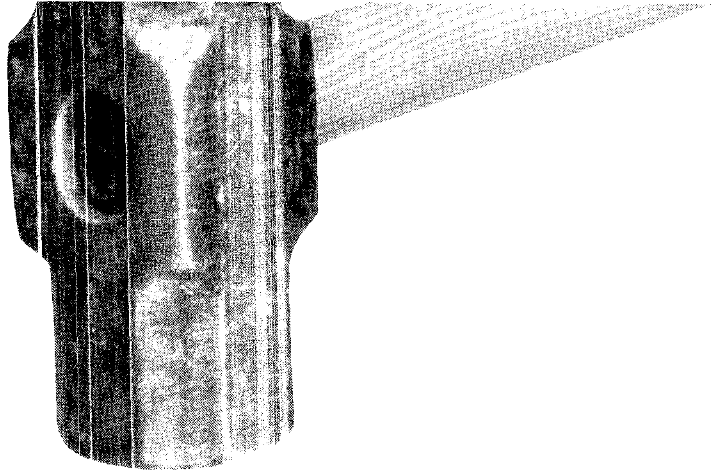


Until the nineteen-fifties, Cyprus was relatively quiescent. In 1955, however, the amiable relationship broke down. Archbishop Makarios, the religious leader of the island's Greek Cypriots, and the fanatical General George Grivas (a Greek citizen, though a native Cypriot) fostered a guerrilla force, known as EOKA (an acronym from the Greek), whose purpose was to free Cyprus from British rule. The goal of EOKA was not independence, however, but the realization of the age-old Hellenic dream of *enosis*, or union with Greece. The alarmed Turkish Cypriot minority, which had begun to abandon areas where Greek Cypriot majorities lived, and to establish its own enclaves, responded by setting up a militant guerrilla force of its own, which was known as the Turkish Resistance Organization, or T.M.T. It was the creation of a young lawyer named Rauf Denktaş. Its goal was *taksim*, or the partition of the island so as to unite the Turkish sectors with Turkey and the Greek sectors with Greece.

Two nationalist movements had collided violently—neither of them linked with Cyprus but, rather, with its own motherland—and the British realized that ruling the island had become an impossible task. Thus, on August 16, 1960, to the dissatisfaction of both ethnic communities, a reluctant independent Republic of Cyprus was born. The new nation's constitution was written by Britain, Greece, and Turkey—no Cypriots were involved—and all three of the former ruling powers, by then allies in NATO, retained rather extraordinary rights. The British retreated to their Sovereign Base Areas—two huge tracts on the southern coast, adding up to nearly a hundred square miles—and both Greece and Turkey were permitted to establish military contingents on the island, of nine hundred and fifty and six hundred and fifty men, respectively. According to the constitution, cabinet posts and seats in the legislature would be distributed in a ratio of seven to three. The Greek Cypriots would elect a President, and the Turkish Cypriots, in a separate poll, would elect a Vice-President. It was a rather unusual way to give birth to a nation, and the two communities went on growing farther apart. At the end of 1963, when Archbishop Makarios, who was now President, proposed removing nearly all the Turkish Cypriots' constitutional safeguards, the Turkish Cypriots left the government, and never returned to it.

Over the next four years, both sides intermittently committed atrocities, though Greek Cypriot extremists deserved most of the blame. By the summer of 1964, some twenty-five thousand Turkish Cypriots, or about one-fifth of their number, had moved into the defended enclaves. Their leaders began setting up their own institutions and looking after their own affairs. The Greek Cypriots responded by cutting off communications and imposing an economic blockade. In Nicosia, the militias of the two communities now manned checkpoints along the roads that connected the two sectors of the capital.

TURKEY'S 1974 invasion of the island—which Ankara prefers to call an "intervention" to protect its ethnic community—had been painstakingly planned for years, but during fierce intercommunal fighting in 1964 and 1967 had been put in abeyance as a result of stern warnings from the United States. It was not that Washington particularly cared about Cyprus (and it appears to care little now). What provoked the warnings was the prospect of war between Greece and Turkey (which would have been NATO's first in-house war), and the ensuing chaos



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ZIFF

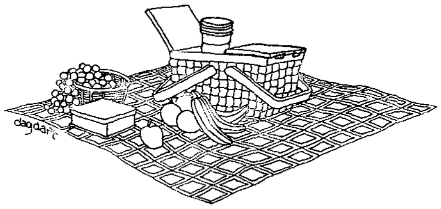
on the Alliance's southeastern flank. Perhaps the 1974 invasion could have been prevented as well, if Washington had communicated better with its close allies, the Greek military dictators who planned and executed the overthrow of the Makarios government. Some weeks later, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, responding to congressional complaints that the United States had done nothing to prevent the coup, reacted angrily. He said that it had taken the Administration by surprise—that "the information was not lying around on the streets." To reporters then in Athens this seemed an odd statement, for we had reported the impending coup ten days in advance, on the basis of a remarkable account in the Cypriot newspaper *Apogevmatini.* The coup's ultimate objective was not merely the overthrow of Makarios—who was referred to in some Washington circles as "the Castro of the Mediterranean"—but the unification of Cyprus with Greece.

On July 15th, President Makarios was overthrown (he managed to escape to London), and Nikos Sampson, a notorious EOKA gunman, was sworn in as President the same day. It took the United States government forty-eight hours to react. Then, on the evening of July 17th, Joseph Sisco, Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs, was dispatched to the eastern Mediterranean on what was called a "mission impossible"; namely, to prevent Turkey from invading Cyprus. But the die had been cast. "We have done it your way for ten years, and now we are going to do it our way," Bülent Ecevit, the Turkish Prime Minister, was reported to have said to the Under-Secretary when he arrived. Shortly after dawn on July 20th, as Sisco stood on the tarmac of Ankara's airport waiting to board a plane to Greece, Turkish warships were steaming toward Cyprus; C-130s and C-47s filled with paratroopers were leaving their base; Turkish destroyers hovered off Cyprus's north coast. At 6:07 A.M. Operation Attila was launched.

The dynamics of history and geography—and of prejudice and fear—had dangerously coalesced around religion, language, and race: in the space of five days, Cyprus had been attacked by one NATO member country and invaded by another. And although European governments issued bitter objections, they quickly returned to more pressing business. Washington imposed a counterproductive arms embargo on Turkey, which lasted over three years. Nine years later, in November of 1983, the island's northern, Turkish sector declared its independence from the Greek sector in the south.

NICOSIA, Cyprus's capital, has never been a particularly attractive town. Rising from a dry and spiritless plain, it is the only city on the island which is not on the sea, and, except for its towering Venetian walls, it has few reminders or relics of conquerors or empire. Once a sleepy capital where everyone knew everyone else and privacy did not exist, Nicosia now seemed bursting at the seams, as the city spread indiscriminately to the south and west. A huge number of refugees had arrived in recent years, and housing had been badly needed. First there had been the Greek Cypriot refugees from the north, followed by Maronites and Armenians, also from the north. Then came the Palestinians and Lebanese; Tamils, from Sri Lanka; and businessmen from Western multinational companies that had abandoned Beirut. Nicosia, and Cyprus's Greek Cypriot south, seemed to be a haven from everybody's wars.

More than two hundred thousand Cypriots were displaced when the Turkish Army arrived: a hundred and sixty thousand Greek Cypriots fled to the south, and some forty-five thousand Turkish Cypriots left their enclaves and southern neighborhoods and travelled north. Approximately one-third of the population of each community had fled or left their homes, and the main gates in the old Venetian walls had been securely closed. There was now only one crossing point between the Greek and the Turkish sectors of Nicosia, by way of the United Nations buffer zone. Over the millennia since Nicosia was founded, conquerors had come into the city and Cypriots had gone out. Now the Greek and Turkish communities were separated by impregnable sixteenth-century walls. A Greek Cypriot and a Turkish Cypriot couldn't have a glass of ouzo together at the Plaka Taverna anymore, and a new generation was coming of age which had never had any contact with the other community. "Today, Nicosia is united only underground, through the sewage system," Lellos Demetriades, the Mayor of the Greek Cypriot sector, said. "It's a rather splendid allegory of the mess we're in." The two communities also shared water and electricity, but the Turkish sector was currently building its own power plant. (For the moment, the south provided the electricity for the entire island, and the north refused to pay for it.)



One afternoon, I wandered down to the Nicosia sector of the United Nations buffer zone. A hundred and twelve miles long, the buffer zone stretches across the island from the Kokkina enclave and Kato Pyrgos, in the northwest, to Famagusta, in the east. Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot observation posts have been set up, in some cases only a few yards apart, along either side. The zone marks the ceasefire lines established in 1974, but its Nicosia segment had been in place since intercommunal fighting of a decade earlier. It is called the Green Line because it was drawn across the map by a British general with a green pen. It is a line of tension, where tempers sometimes flare. It is also a line of frequent boredom for the United Nations peacekeepers. The Blue Berets first arrived in Cyprus in 1964, under a three-month mandate; they have remained for over a quarter of a century. Some two thousand soldiers, from Britain, Canada, Austria, and Denmark, man the line. It is the United Nations' second-largest and—after the Middle East and Kashmir—its third-oldest peacekeeping force, and costs approximately a hundred million dollars a year. The total bill for peacekeeping on Cyprus went beyond two billion dollars last year.

Critics of the United Nations, I was told by Sir Brian Urquhart, a former Under Secretary-General, sometimes charged that its peacekeeping force on Cyprus had become a victim of its own success. "The argument is that its success in keeping the peace is a deterrent to solving the problem," he said. "But the fallacy of this argument is that the breakdown of peace on Cyprus cannot be an isolated event. Greece and Turkey would inevitably become involved. Cyprus is wired like a detonator to other, larger problems in the region, and to the very delicate balance of NATO's southeastern flank. But with the present thaw in East-West relations the most important question about Cyprus is: Will it continue to exist as an international problem that has demanded all this attention? I suspect not."

As I waited at the Greek Cypriot checkpoint to cross into Nicosia's Turkish zone, a police officer recited the rules: "You must be back by six o'clock in the evening; you may not stay overnight. And shopping is not permitted on the other side. Do not let the Turks stamp your passport. They may insist—they will do *anything* to get recognition. If they insist on stamping it, it is better that you come back, because if you have *their* stamp in your passport I am simply not permitted to allow you back in." Behind him, on the wall of the white barrackslike building, was a tourist poster of a bare-bottomed Aphrodite emerging from the sea. Its caption read "On Cyprus, there is a blend of art, history and mythology."

The walk across the buffer zone took four minutes at most, but on the other side I found a different world. Ahead of me, signs welcomed visitors to the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus (T.R.N.C.). Beyond them, on the wide Kyrenia mountain range, was a huge Turkish flag marked out in flagstones. Beneath it, spelled out with whitewashed stones, were the words of Atatürk: "How Happy to Say I Am a Turk."

Some twelve thousand Greek Cypriot, Turkish Cypriot, and Turkish soldiers man the buffer zone. The Greek Cypriot National Guardsmen (the National Guard is the equivalent of a Greek Cypriot army) are dressed in camouflage fatigues; the Turkish Cypriot Security Forces (a corresponding equivalent) wear green khaki fatigues. Other than that, the two armies look very much alike. They carry the same weapons, and, on a quiet day, both often sip small cups of sugary coffee, called Greek coffee or Turkish coffee, depending on which side of the line you are on. I remembered what my driver had said to me one morning when, as we drove through the south, I asked whether any of the laborers building a new Nicosia-Larnaca road were illegal Turkish Cypriot workers. "How can I tell?" he replied. "We all look alike. I can tell a Turkish Cypriot only when he begins to talk."

Now, as I walked across the Green Line, I wondered why I rarely saw a Cypriot flag. Behind me, bell towers and the spires of cathedrals and churches flew the Greek flag. Ahead of me, soaring minarets and mosques were accentuated by the Turkish crescent and star. Thirty years after independence, Cyprus still had no national anthem—it used the national anthem of Greece—and, largely because of an endless debate on the language of instruction, it had no university. As I passed villas reduced to rubble, broken water mains and pipes, and the once fashionable Ledra Palace Hotel, which now housed the Canadian contingent of the Blue Berets, I wondered how important flags and national anthems were, and what it was to be a Cypriot.

Cyprus's elusive sense of a national identity is the basic problem that has bedevilled the country for years. Was it a Greek island with a Turkish minority? There were many Greek Cypriots who favored this view, including the leadership of the powerful Greek Orthodox Church and the old-guard political leaders, who were still active, three decades after reluctantly accepting the independence accords. They would tell you that, after all, eighty per cent of the island's population was Greek; generations born on the island had been brought up to think of themselves as Greek; the schools used the same textbooks as were used on the Greek mainland; and that Turkish Cypriot charges of political domination and intimidation were simply unfair. And although it was now granted that mistakes had been made by Greek Cypriot leaders in the past, there was considerable reluctance to acknowledge that it might have been precisely those misjudgments and mistakes which had led to the island's division. For on Cyprus there are two concepts of time: for the Greek Cypriots, recent history began with the Turkish invasion, but the Turkish Cypriots have longer memories.

There had been subtle changes, however, since my last trip. Some members of the Cyprus government, which theoretically represents the entire island but is elected only in the south, now conceded that in the north of the island there was a functioning Turkish

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Cypriot administration over which they and their colleagues had no control. The self-proclaimed Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, although exceedingly disagreeable, was a fact. Its founder and President, Rauf Denktaş, who had led the Turkish Cypriot community for nearly thirty years, had become a force to reckon with. For even though his government was recognized by no one but Turkey, with the passage of time he was becoming a recognizable figure on the diplomatic stage.

The chemistry between Denktaş and Cyprus's President George Vassiliou was decidedly bad. Though bad chemistry was not unusual between Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot leaders, it was unusual for these two men. Vassiliou, a wealthy businessman, was not a politician but had nevertheless defeated the incumbent President, the intransigent Spyros Kyprianou, in February of 1988. Cypriots were hopeful, for Vassiliou, though something of a political enigma, was not part of the island's bitter past. According to the most optimistic view, Cyprus's two communities, battered and sobered by recent events, had acquired a certain capacity for compromise. There was hope that Vassiliou and Denktaş could finally reach an accord on reuniting the island in a bicommunal, bizonal federation—on which the two sides had agreed in 1977, although thirteen years later they continued to differ on precisely what this would mean. Vassiliou saw it as a demilitarized federal republic, with a strong central government, in which "the three freedoms"—of movement, settlement, and property ownership—would be ensured; for him, the issue of the Greek Cypriot refugees was a highly emotional one. Denktaş saw the federation as something more like a confederation, with the two communities living apart, under the umbrella of a weak central government. He rejected the idea that tens of thousands of settlers from the Turkish mainland leave the north, and insisted that a reduced Turkish Army presence must remain on the island as a guarantor.

Endless other issues divided the two sides—issues steeped in language, culture, religion, and history. The United Nations negotiations had been going on for twenty-six years, mired in Byzantine intrigue, where one side's agreeing to something almost guaranteed the other side's rejecting it out of hand. On occasion, even Turkey and Greece found it exceedingly difficult to fathom their respective Cypriot communities.

Glafkos Clerides, the veteran leader of the Greek Cypriots' largest political party, who, as a conservative, had challenged Vassiliou for the Presidency in 1988, had been the Greek Cypriot negotiator for many years, and he told me that "the root of the problem" was not only the sheer irascibility of everyone involved but the fact that "whichever side is in a strong position has wanted to gain everything." He went on, "We did it first. Now the Turks are doing it. There were times, before 1974, when we were actually very close to a settlement. Had we Greek Cypriots been more realistic, we would have concluded an agreement, sparing Cyprus what happened in 1974. But we refused to concede local government—municipal councils—to the Turkish Cypriots. How small it seems now."

I asked Clerides how much of the problem was psychological.

"Psychological factors play an enormous role," he said. "Perceptions about security and good will have become perhaps more important than realities."

Seeing the Greek flag flying all over Cyprus must be extremely irksome to the Turkish Cypriots, I said. What would happen if President Vassiliou simply took down all the Greek flags? After all, Cyprus did have its own flag.

"The reaction in the south would be that he violated the constitution," Clerides said. "According to the constitution, we can fly both flags."

ONE morning, I went to see Symeon Matsis, the Greek Cypriot director of planning, who also belonged to an embryonic group of Greek and Turkish Cypriot professionals who would meet as often as they could to discuss ways in which joint communal projects could ease the island's division. Theirs was a tentative step across the Green Line. I asked Matsis, a thoughtful man in his forties, about the economic impact that the loss of the northern part of the island had had on the south. He told me that it had been immense: nearly five billion dollars' worth of businesses and property had been lost, including seventy per cent of the island's tourist facilities, nearly fifty per cent of its arable land, and eighty per cent of its citrus cultivation. "An entire society was dislocated in 1974," he said. "By the end of that year, unemployment stood at thirty per cent. Refugees were living in tent cities—we had lost our entire agricultural base. We literally had to rebuild our economy overnight." He added that the government had concentrated on three sectors of the economy—tourism, manufacturing, and construction—and that the collapse of Beirut and the development of Cyprus as an offshore center for business and finance had been of "extreme importance" to the island's economic recovery.

I was curious about how Cyprus's economic boom had affected attitudes toward the seemingly intractable ethnic dispute. The per-capita income in the Greek south had grown to nearly eight thousand dollars a year, just under that of Israel and Spain; in the north, it was two thousand two hundred dollars, twice that of the Turkish mainland. New cities had developed from what had been small villages in the south, and the roots of the communal conflict should have been swept away, for the conflict had originated largely in the villages, fuelled by the Greek Orthodox Church—and there were comparatively few villages on Cyprus now. In the south, agriculture accounted for only seven per cent of the G.N.P. (it accounted for twelve per cent in the north), and both sectors of Cyprus had service economies.

A diplomat who had been attempting to unravel Cyprus's riddle for years told me before my visit that "the social and economic roots for communal hatred have just disappeared." As I travelled around the south, I wasn't certain he was correct. I did find that some fondly remembered villages, with their fish tavernas hugging the sea, had given way to soaring buildings, many of garish design. The drive from Nicosia to the countryside, which used to be an easy, pleasant journey, was now a battle with a speeding rush of traffic along a superhighway. Here and there I saw pro-*enosis* slogans scrawled across old stone walls, but they were faded, and rain had been wiping them away. Cyprus seemed, at least on the surface, devoid of any kind of stress, and it was certainly far more cosmopolitan than it had been in the past. Fashionably dressed women and plump, animated men filled its restaurants and tavernas every night. There were scores of new art galleries and designer boutiques. Still, despite the new face of Cyprus, I kept coming upon echoes of the past. The memory of old atrocities was not permitted to die; indeed, there were powerful political forces on both sides of the Green Line that seemed committed to keeping it alive. In nearly all my conversations with Greek Cypriots, I was reminded of the one thousand six hundred and nineteen "missing persons" who had disappeared in 1974. I was told again and again that a hundred and sixty thousand refugees had lost their homes in the north. The sense of outrage was so strong that it quite overshadowed the fact that many thousands of Turkish Cypriots had also lost property, homes, and lives.

"In their hearts, the Greek Cypriots want a return to the status quo that existed prior to 1974," a Western diplomat told me. "But in their heads they know that those days are gone forever, and they simply cannot agree on how to come to terms with this." Their uncertainty has led to anger that international pressure has not been brought to bear on the government in Ankara. Yet who could or would bring such pressure? The obvious choices are Britain and the United States, but neither country seems prepared to jeopardize its own close relations with Turkey by applying pressure for a Cyprus settlement. At the time of the United States arms embargo, Turkey had made it very clear that it was not prepared to negotiate under pressure: it imposed restrictions on United States military installations and put NATO installations under Turkish command.

There was thus a growing frustration among Greek Cypriots, and a desperation that I had not encountered on previous trips. It was being expressed by a rise in Hellenism, one of the most passionate nationalisms on earth; by women marchers who stormed across the Green Line, carrying Greek flags; by black-robed priests, who sprinted behind them, carrying crosses and flags; by young students, who crossed the Line surreptitiously at night, and scrawled graffiti on Atatürk's statue, and pulled down Turkish flags; and by a defense buildup, which alarmed both Eastern and Western military attachés.

SINCE my last visit, Cyprus has become a place where rivals clash; both Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization have large diplomatic missions, and in recent years each of them has accused the other of bombings and assassination attempts. Iranians, on occasion, have killed Iraqis and even other Iranians; Israelis have intercepted schooners on the open seas, which had left Limassol, on the south coast of Cyprus, for Lebanon, carrying Palestinians and arms. A Western diplomat told me that Cyprus was considered a relatively high-risk post, not because of the Cypriots but because of the spillover from the Middle East's wars. The development of Cyprus as

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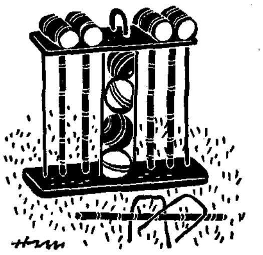
an offshore center, with tax incentives and strict financial confidentiality, has also brought the Middle East closer. I had learned that of the top thirty offshore companies nine were Arab-owned. However, the smaller companies—those called "brass plate" firms, which accounted for some five thousand of the fifty-eight hundred companies registered offshore—were the ones that most concerned Western intelligence specialists. They believed that some of them were being used as fronts, for there were growing indications that radical Middle Eastern groups were using Cyprus as a base. The government of Cyprus was clearly troubled by the country's emergence as a Middle East crossroads.



George Iacovou, the Foreign Minister of Cyprus, is a lively, cosmopolitan man in his early fifties, who spent much of his adult life in London, first doing graduate study, and later serving as a senior management consultant with Price Waterhouse. He had been Foreign Minister since 1983. I asked him how serious the incidents of Middle Eastern terrorism on Cyprus were.

"There have been a number of incidents, obviously, but don't take them out of context," he said. "They don't happen every day, but clearly they've happened too often, and we're trying our best to prevent them. About two hundred foreigners who had criminal records or were suspected terrorists were recently deported in a single month. Our prison population is on average two hundred and sixty prisoners on any given day, of which about sixty-five are foreigners." The majority were Arabs charged with transporting drugs, I later learned. "What this means is that we're not taking this lightly," Iacovou went on. "Though foreigners are not even one per cent of our population, they are twenty-five per cent of our prison inmates. But it's a problem—our economy is heavily dependent on tourism, and how is it possible to check absolutely every person who enters the country?"

The Foreign Minister was somewhat preoccupied the morning I called on him, because he was preparing for the newest round of the United Nations-sponsored negotiations between Vassiliou and Denktaş in New York. He was not sanguine about their chances of success, saying he was convinced that Denktaş did not want a settlement. "Last year alone, we spent over a hundred hours negotiating with Denktaş, but we simply went round and round the mulberry bush," he said. "He procrastinates; he filibusters; each time we meet, he has a new set of demands. He has produced thousands—perhaps *tens* of thousands—of pages of documents over the years. He uses nebulous terminology, and it's impossible to pin him down. He's a very large man, but he's an artist at slipping through every hole. We are going to New York because the United States State Department thinks it is necessary for the talks to go on. We are not hopeful—the climate is not right. But we are going in good faith." (On March 2nd, after Denktaş proved astonishingly obdurate, the fifty-first meeting between Vassiliou and the Turkish Cypriot leader broke down.)

I asked the Foreign Minister what the key issues dividing the two sides were.

"What is of critical importance to us is: How are we going to solve the problem of the refugees?" he said. "In a future federal state, what will the territorial arrangements be? What percentage of refugees will be able to return to their homes? What percentage of territory will be returned? What we are talking about, quite simply, is political control of the land, and property ownership of the land."

Archbishop Chrysostomos, a large, white-bearded man, was wearing an intricately jewelled cross the morning I called. Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies sparkled against his rather expansive chest. As the Bishop of Paphos, Chrysostomos had been one of Makarios's key aides, and had become Archbishop in 1977, when Makarios died. He met with me at the Archbishop's Palace, in one of his private rooms, which glittered with gilded furniture and had ancient icons on the walls. The Orthodox Church of Cyprus has enjoyed enormous influence for sixteen centuries as the touchstone of Greek religion, culture, and education. Its political power became even more pronounced during the seventeen years that Archbishop Makarios was both priest and President.

I asked Archbishop Chrysostomos why Cyprus was still divided after sixteen years.

"Ask your government," he thundered. "Turkey invaded us with NATO and American arms. *You* should apply pressure on Turkey, but you have not. The United States does not want the island reunited. It serves your geopolitical interests to retain the status quo. And we've spent far too much time in these interminable U.N. talks. I don't believe in these talks at all. The problem was caused by the Turkish invasion, not by any problems between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots. The Turkish Cypriots were not isolated—they lived in mixed villages and towns. Some of their villages were even named for Christian saints.

"And—as, of course, you know—the original Turkish Cypriots weren't even Turks. They were Greeks, Franks, Venetians, who were *forced* to become Turks. It happened all over—in Bulgaria, in the Middle East. To save themselves, these poor people had to become Muslims."

He seemed somewhat bewildered when I asked him why the Church flew the Greek flag, but then responded, simply, "Because we're Greek."

He went on to say, "It was perfectly fine with the Church if the Turkish Cypriots stayed in the northern areas, but *not* in Greek homes."

The Church was the wealthiest institution on Cyprus, with its assets totalling some four billion dollars, I had been told. It held shares in the Bank of Cyprus and in the island's largest hotel chain; it owned mining companies, and even a brewery; but most of its fortune lay in its vast holdings of real estate and land, including the sites on which the new American and Soviet Embassies were being built. Under the constitution, all its holdings were tax-exempt.

There was considerable speculation among foreign diplomats that the Church was contributing to a substantial upgrading of the Greek Cypriot National Guard, and I asked the Archbishop if this was true.

"Absolutely," he answered. "And I approve of the defense buildup heartily."

I asked how much money the Church had committed to the Ministry of Defense, and the Archbishop said

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that it was a "respectable sum," but added quickly, "We have so many other needs—helping our people live in spirituality."

Cyprus's Defense Ministry, which is an unobtrusive four-story building in a residential neighborhood, had seemed a fitting headquarters for what was once a small and often undisciplined force. But changes were being made now, under President Vassiliou and his Minister of Defense, a forty-four-year-old former investment banker named Andreas Aloneftis, who had received an M.B.A. from Southern Methodist University and had then trained for several months on the New York Stock Exchange. Aloneftis joined the government two years ago, when Vassiliou took office, to oversee the defense buildup, and to turn the ragtag National Guard into a professional fighting force. This new emphasis on defense alarmed foreign diplomats. The buildup was certainly insufficient to enable the National Guard to confront the Turkish Army—which was the second largest in NATO—but was more than sufficient to terrify the Turkish Cypriots. As worrisome as the buildup was the fact that Western military experts were not at all certain what weapons the Defense Minister was buying, how much was being spent, or who was financing the purchases. None of the answers were to be found in the budget, for what the government calls the "modernization" of the National Guard was covered by a secret protocol.

Judith Shahn

I met the Defense Minister in his office one afternoon, and his candor surprised me. He told me that three hundred and twenty-five million dollars was being spent this year on defense—three times more than in 1986—and that a similar amount would be spent annually for the next three to five years. He acknowledged that all this added up to an "enormous sum." Cyprus was now spending nearly a million dollars a day for the defense of half a million Greek Cypriots. "We simply cannot afford it," the Minister said, emphasizing that everything he was buying was "defensive, with no offensive intent." He went on, "We have no illusions. We cannot start a war with Turkey—we cannot go to the north and liberate our lands. I would love to be able to do it, but it's impossible with the realities that we have. Therefore, what we need is a reliable deterrent force, so that we will not lose the part of Cyprus that is not occupied."

I asked him if he really believed that Turkey wanted to take over the entire island, and he replied that he was absolutely convinced of it. "The Turks have thirty-five thousand troops and three hundred tanks in the north. They're biding their time. They're not in a hurry. What we are really interested in is delaying their advance until the U.N. Security Council can intervene. Then perhaps we'll finally have a settlement of this mess."

I asked him how long his embryonic army would be able to engage the Turks if such a scenario occurred.

"The idea is two to three weeks," he said, conceding that such an engagement would entail considerable casualties.

The Greek Cypriot National Guard now numbered some ten thousand men, and was still commanded by two hundred and thirty Greek Army officers, as provided by the independence accords. A total of some three thousand Greek troops were now on Cyprus backing up the Guard. In addition, Aloneftis had begun calling up reservists and retirees, he said. About three thousand of them, who lived in a string of villages nestled along the U.N. buffer zone, had already been mobilized, trained, and equipped, particularly to fight armor. He said that he planned to continue building up the force.

I asked him what he was buying to modernize the Guard.

He replied that his most prized weapon was the French AMX-30 B-2 main battle tank, and that he had already received twenty-eight of these tanks. Twenty-four more would be arriving this year and next, he said. He also had sixteen Leonidas armored personnel carriers, seven helicopters, including four Gazelles, mounting HOT missiles, and six Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns.

There was considerable speculation among Western diplomats that some of the defense buildup was being financed by the Middle East, especially Kuwait. I asked the Minister if that was true.

"Don't I wish," he said. "Unfortunately, it's not. Yes, Kuwait is giving us rather a lot of money, but it's all earmarked, mostly for roads." He told me that everything was being purchased through supplier credits and loans from France, Greece, Italy, Singapore, Yugoslavia, and Switzerland, and that he was now looking for other suppliers. He did not elaborate.

I asked him if the British bases on Cyprus weren't an anachronism now.

"An anachronism is somewhat of an understatement, I'd say," he replied. "These bases are *sovereign*—do you know what that means? Such a thing exists nowhere else on earth. Nearly three per cent of our territory is a sovereign base—not rented, not open to us. Nearly a hundred square miles of Cyprus *belongs* to the British Crown. But, for the moment, we don't even want to touch this issue. How can we ask the British to leave, and open a second front? They control three per cent of Cyprus; another three per cent is in the U.N. buffer zone; the Turkish Army controls thirty-seven per cent. We simply cannot deal with the British bases until we get the Turks out."

Before leaving, I asked the Minister what would happen if the United Nations withdrew its troops and there was no longer a buffer zone, and the Secretary-General suspended the talks.

"I hope that it will never happen," he said. "I believe that it is absolutely necessary, under the present conditions, for the U.N. force to remain. And if there is a settlement and the island is demilitarized we will need an even larger U.N. force. I cannot see any possibility of doing without it. If the U.N. force left, there would be a strong possibility that Turkey would come south; minor incidents along the buffer zone would turn into major ones. Then the possibility of having a really serious problem on Cyprus would exist."

"How serious?" I asked him.

"As serious as a Greek-Turkish war," he said.

SHORTLY after my meeting with the Defense Minister, I was invited to the Presidential Palace for lunch. I had never met President Vassiliou, but had been told by a number of Cypriots and foreign diplomats that he was an extremely impressive man. If anyone could solve the intractable Cyprus problem, many of them said, President Vassiliou was that man.

He was only the third President of Cyprus, and he was the first who was not a member of the old guard, which had fought to oust the British and had then reluctantly accepted the independence accords. He was cosmopolitan, and knew the world beyond his tiny island, having studied in Budapest and London, and made his fortune in market research in the Middle East; and, at the age of fifty-nine, he had the confidence and independence of a self-made millionaire. He was a political independent who had never been involved in politics before—a proselytizer for capitalism who had come to power with the backing of the doctrinaire Communist Party, AKEL.

I had last been to the Presidential Palace in 1976, and at that time it was surrounded by scaffolding and its interior was blackened and charred. It had been the central target of the Greek Army during the 1974 coup. Now it had been renovated, and as I was driven toward it, through spacious gardens and lawns, I noticed that it was one of the few official buildings in Nicosia that flew only the Cypriot flag. During the Presidency of Archbishop Makarios, it had flown both the Greek and the Cypriot flags.

The President welcomed me warmly, and on our way to the dining room for lunch he told me that "the Cyprus problem" was not as difficult as most people thought. "When I decided to run for office, friends told me, 'You can't. You're uninitiated, you don't understand the problem,' " he said. "I told them I didn't need to know the tactical errors of the past, what happened in 1956, 1965, 1978."

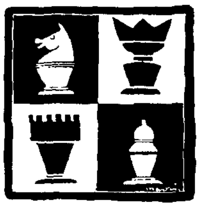
"What is the solution?" I asked.

"It's quite simple," he said. "A federation based on two areas. That would have been unthinkable before. First, the Greek Cypriots wanted union with Greece. Then they finally settled for independence in a unitary state. Now we have accepted federation, and that is our historic compromise."

Early in his Presidency, Vassiliou had gone further than any other Greek Cypriot leader in addressing some Turkish Cypriot concerns on bizonality, the "three freedoms," and political equality, but he had Greek Cypriot public opinion to take into account, and much of it was openly hostile to making any major concessions to the Turkish Cypriots. Besides, he, like his Foreign Minister, was convinced that Rauf Denktaş was not serious about negotiating a political settlement.

"The key lies in Turkey," President Vassiliou told me. "The Turks have taken over a third of my country by force of arms. Now they are bringing in tens of thousands of settlers from the mainland, and changing the entire demographic structure of the north. But what can I do? We have no direct channel to Ankara. The international community simply must make Turkey understand that it's in its interest to negotiate a settlement."

From the time he took office, President Vassiliou had attached high priority to internationalizing the Cyprus dispute. But it had been an often frustrating task. As long as the island was quiet, Cyprus was a problem that the international community had decided it needn't worry about.



When I spoke to President Vassiliou of this attitude, he did not conceal his anger. "Doesn't anyone realize what is at stake?" he said. "Now Denktaş tells me he wants the right to self-determination. What is self-determination? It's secession. If I were to agree to this, every community, every ethnic group in the world would demand it. The United Nations would be a body not of some one hundred and sixty countries but of sixteen thousand or more. Look at Europe—there would be no end to it. Look at the United Kingdom, Spain, and France. The tendency to regionalism is very strong. We cannot and will not accept self-determination. It would be a very dangerous precedent."

The President added that it was an anachronism for Cyprus to be divided when barriers were coming down all over the world. "Look at Eastern Europe, Germany, South Africa," he said. "All these developments are extremely favorable to us. South Africa shows that the future lies in coöperation, not in apartheid—a white minority cannot dictate to the majority."

"But what of Azerbaijan, Lithuania, Latvia?" I asked. "Are their nationalisms and separatist demands not analogous to the Turkish Cypriot demands?"

"Absolutely not," he responded. "In the Baltic states we're talking about people who have lived on their lands for thousands of years. The Turkish Cypriots have lived on theirs for only sixteen years, and they are living on *my* lands. Denktaş is occupying one-third of Cyprus; this is the first time in the world that an army has occupied something and dispossessed its owners. It is totally unacceptable."

After lunch, the President showed me a replica of the palace, in the entrance foyer; it was the gutted palace, which the Greek military dictators had ordered attacked.

"If Cyprus were only somewhere else, in the middle of the Pacific or the Azores, perhaps none of this would have happened," President Vassiliou said, adding, with a touch of sarcasm, "We're simply too close to our two motherlands."

"Is that why Cyprus still has no national anthem, after thirty years?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "They just never gave us one. And now it's impossible for me to do it myself. I have to wait for the Turks, if we ever have a reunified nation again." He paused a moment and then added, "Thank God we've got a flag." He suggested that we leave the palace and go for a walk in the palace grounds.

As we strolled through the gardens, I asked President Vassiliou what he was seeking in a settlement, and he said that his primary concerns were the security arrangements and, as important, the future of the Greek Cypriot refugees. I knew that the refugees were an extremely powerful political force, much stronger than their numbers would suggest. They had also lost substantial property and businesses in the north.

"Denktaş will not discuss the issue of refugees," President Vassiliou said. "He keeps saying that he needs political and security guarantees. But what is this political equality, which he constantly says he wants? He talks only of communal rights, but there are individual rights as well. One out of every three Greek Cypriots has been displaced, and I cannot accept an agreement that does not take their concerns into account. Fine, the Turkish Cypriots will be in the majority in their area—that's what bizonality means—and many of the refugees would prefer not to live in a Turkish-administered zone. But they must be allowed the *right* to return. I cannot have an agreement that prohibits my people from returning or says that they must decide within a specific time frame. If I accepted that, then what about the man from Kyrenia who doesn't want to go back now but later changes his mind? What do I do, shoot him?" he asked.

Wasn't a bold initiative necessary after all this time? I asked. Why didn't he lift the economic embargo against the north as a gesture of good will?

"Absolutely not," he said. "The embargo is there as long as they insist on an independent state. If they say they want a transitional arrangement to open their ports, to export things that are grown or manufactured on properties owned by Greeks, then I say absolutely not. That would be tantamount to recognizing partition, to legalizing their state. And that is what it comes down to. In every single little thing, Denktaş is trying to get recognition. It's always the same."

I asked him why he had given up a prosperous business to accept what was probably one of the most frustrating jobs on earth.

He answered cryptically, "I was always a good Boy Scout."

Did he have any regrets?

He laughed for the first time during our conversation. "Plenty," he said.

We returned to the palace for coffee, and I said that many Western officials were deeply concerned about the substantial buildup of the National Guard.

"Why is everything *I* do of such concern?" he asked. "I am the President of this country, and have every right to have a reliable deterrent force." He paused, and then continued, "You know, the irony of all this is that, with the continuing Turkish occupation and their refusal to reunify the state—coupled with Cyprus's economic revival, its association with the European Community, and the efforts I'm making to build up our defense capabilities—it is now reaching precisely that point which Turkey wanted to prevent: the emergence of Cyprus as a prosperous Greek island."

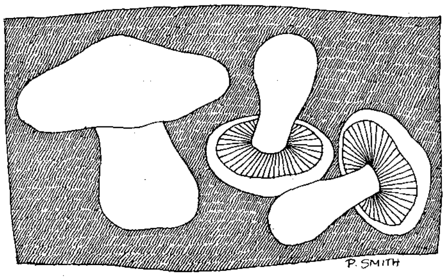
Then he said, "As long as there's no solution, I will have to rely more and more on Greece for military support. And it will be no help to Turkey that Greek forces are only in the south, because, with modern technology, the Troodos Mountains, which I can defend, are enough. I can send hundreds of missiles to southern Turkey from Troodos just as easily as from Kyrenia, in the north."

THE villages of Boghaz and Galatia are on a neck of land called the Karpas Peninsula, in the Turkish Cypriot north. I was driving around Karpas with Mustafa Akinci, the Mayor of Turkish Nicosia, and a colleague of his named Ismet Kotak. The countryside was lush and terraced and extremely well farmed. Fishing boats and tea stalls dotted Boghaz's expansive white sand beach, and fishermen cleaned their nets in the early-evening breeze. "Every season brings a new harvest in Karpas," the Mayor said. "Olives, barley, sultanas. Most of it is exported to London."

As we continued along the coastal road, he pointed out a new cement factory, and said it was being built by an Istanbul businessman. Earlier, we had stopped at a new, five-star hotel for tea, and took it amid the glitter of imported marble and brass, all part of the hotel's renovation by Asil Nadir, a Turkish Cypriot multimillionaire. This was a campaign trip for Mayor Akinci. He was considered by many Cypriots and foreign diplomats to be the front-runner in parliamentary elections to be held in the north in May. Becoming Prime Minister would enhance his chances of eventually succeeding Rauf Denktaş as the leader of the Turkish Cypriot community. Akinci, an architect by training, had been mayor for fourteen years, and now, at the age of forty-three, he was in the forefront of a new generation of politicians, who were challenging Denktaş and the rest of the old-guard Turkish Cypriot political establishment.

Everything that I'd heard in the south of Cyprus before coming north had led me to expect an impoverished area, cut off from the world. All the north's ports and airports were considered illegal points of entry by the Cyprus government, and the economic embargo was strict. One of President Vassiliou's aides had said of the north, "That is not a state—it's simply a fiefdom of Turkey. It cannot possibly survive."

On the surface, this was, of course, correct. It was the Turkish treasury and the Turkish Army that provided the bedrock for the north. Besides the cost of maintaining thirty-five thousand troops, Ankara was investing some two hundred million dollars a year—fifty million toward the T.R.N.C.'s regular budget, and a hundred and fifty million in development aid. As time passed, though, money and investment had begun to arrive from other countries: Saudi Arabia was funding housing projects and had recently completed a major highway; German and Austrian companies were part of a Turkish-backed consortium building a new power plant; Britain was the north's main trading partner; and other European nations were circumventing the economic blockade. All this was extremely vexing to the Cyprus government—Britain's role being the most vexing of all.



I had asked a number of Western diplomats how long they thought the T.R.N.C. could survive. One ambassador had said, "Forever, simply put," and had explained, "Economic and political pressure just will not force them into a settlement. Nothing except positive inducements will get Ankara or the Turkish Cypriots to compromise. They must be convinced that in a reunited island the Turkish Cypriots can have a better and, especially, a more secure life. We've told Vassiliou over and over that he's got to be positive. Offer them something *they* can live with. Because they can exist as the T.R.N.C. as long as they have Turkey's support, which, as we've seen from Ankara, could be forever as things stand now."

Turkey had gambled heavily when it invaded Cyprus sixteen years ago. Now, as I travelled around the north of the island, it was apparent that Ankara was absolutely committed to making that gamble work. Bridging the economic gap between the north and the south was of extreme importance to the Turkish government. In its view, the larger the economic disparity between the two communities was, the greater the risk that conflict would recur. Therefore, one of its primary objectives was to build up the north to such an extent that if and when a settlement came, there would be economic parity between the two sides. Enormous sums of money were being invested in building airports, harbors, and roads, and setting up reforestation projects, telecommunica-

GENTLEMEN WITHOUT CAPS WILL NOT BE SERVED
W. Miller

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tions systems, and waterworks. Some of Ankara's investments obviously had security in mind, one being a newly constructed harbor in Kyrenia, and another a five-hundred-million-dollar airport at Lefkoniko, built according to NATO specifications and able to accommodate combat aircraft. For a Turkish fighter-bomber Cyprus was only a ten-minute flight; a destroyer needed only a few hours to arrive. A viable infrastructure—both economic and military—would be in place before the Turkish Army left, because, having invaded the island once, Ankara knew that it could never do it again.

At the moment, there seemed little inducement for Turkey to soften its position on its three key demands: political equality for the Turkish Cypriots; a bizonal federation in which the two sides would live apart; and the establishment of Turkish guarantees and the right of intervention if intercommunal violence racked Cyprus again. Turkey had already withstood the bitter outcry of 1974, and although there were those in the Cyprus government who hoped that members of the European Community would make Turkey's pending application for admission depend on a settlement of the Cyprus dispute, the Community had always kept studiously aloof from political involvement in international disputes between member states. It had never taken a position on the conflicting claims of Britain and Spain on Gibraltar, or on the Basque question troubling Spain and France. And there were other issues, perhaps more subtle but far more troublesome than Cyprus, that could hinder Turkey's entrance into the Community.

One thing about the Cyprus dispute that is certain, however, is that it cannot be dissociated from the relationship between Turkey and Greece. For, despite fervent denials from both capitals that there was any linkage involved, Cyprus was entangled in an array of other disputes plaguing the NATO allies. Thus, although Ankara has consistently said that the Cyprus problem must be solved by the island's two communities, if it did agree to negotiate a settlement it would do so only within the context of its relationship with Greece. There was a time when hopes were high that a dialogue between the two nations, initiated in Davos, Switzerland, in January of 1988, could have led to a breakthrough on the Cyprus dispute. But any progress would necessarily have been tied to other, far more contentious issues dividing Athens and Ankara—oil-exploration and airspace rights in the Aegean Sea; the question of ethnic minorities; and Turkey's bid to join the European Community. All those were of far greater importance to both capitals than Cyprus was—even though it was Cyprus that had three times nearly provoked a Greek-Turkish war.

Shortly after Davos, Greece was plunged into a political crisis, which paralyzed much of the government's work. Three general elections in a ten-month span failed to produce a government of real consequence. This April, Constantine Mitsotakis, a veteran center-right politician, was sworn in as Prime Minister, and attached high priority to improving relations with Turkey and settling the Cyprus dispute. Less than three months into office, on July 6th, he had a first meeting with Yildirim Akbulut, his Turkish counterpart. But Akbulut's factious government and Mitsotakis' one-vote majority did not augur well for any bold initiatives.

THERE was an energy in the north of Cyprus which I had not expected to find. What struck me most, however, was the strength of memory here. As in the south of Cyprus, the present was always colliding with the past.

In the tiny farming village of Aloa, Mehmet Mukhtaroglu, the *mukhtar*, or head man, told me of a day in 1974 when the village was attacked by Greek Cypriot mobs. Thirty-seven of Aloa's sixty inhabitants were killed, and many of its mud-brick houses were torched, and burned to the ground. We walked across a field toward a granite monument marking the mass grave. Written on a slab of marble were the names of those who died. The youngest was Selden Ali Faik, whose age was given as sixteen days.

In August of 1974, the grave had been opened by Red Cross and United

Nations officials, to confirm the deaths. "Most of the bodies were so broken and decomposed that a count was impossible," the Chief Inspector of the United Nations peacekeeping force wrote then. "Using mechanical shovels attached to two tractors, the troops unearthed the bodies of two men, and of one woman, clutching two children in her arms."

The Turkish Cypriots I met spoke most bitterly of the period between 1963 and 1974, when they were regularly intimidated and harassed, were largely confined in enclaves (though such confinement was a matter of choice), and were subjected to a crippling economic blockade. During the worst periods of ethnic violence—in 1963, 1964, and 1967—a hundred and three Turkish Cypriot villages, or Turkish Cypriot areas of mixed villages, were attacked, and some of them destroyed. "Cyprus is a small island. Everyone knows by face and name those who committed atrocities," Süleyman Onan, a London-trained barrister who was one of Denktaş's key advisers, had told me in his law office one afternoon. "You can't just sign an agreement and say, 'It's open house again.' In 1963, my next-door neighbor in Nicosia took up arms against me. Do you think I *ever* want to have him as a neighbor again? No, Madam, absolutely not. The Greek Cypriots and the Turkish Cypriots simply must live separately. And that is that."

Onan, who was now sixty-two, was, after Denktaş, the top Turkish Cypriot negotiator in the United Nations-sponsored talks, and he said that security was his community's overriding concern. "We were forced to live in enclaved neighborhoods for twelve years," he said. "Now, for the first time, we have our own area, and we feel secure. In the past, anyone coming from the Turkish Cypriot part of a city or town had to be searched at Greek Cypriot barricades—this went on for years and years and years. They are *not* going to kill me, or make me penniless again. They have destroyed my life once, twice, thrice. I don't want any Turkish Cypriot to be put in that position ever again."

Now, as I drove through Karpas with Mustafa Akinci, I asked the Mayor what he thought about Onan's point of view. Was it inevitable that the Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots had to live apart?

"I'm a strong supporter of federation and the reunification of Cyprus, but we are not condemned to ask for a federation under any terms," he said. "We must have our own area, political equality, and a permanent Turkish security guarantee. This is indispensable to the Turkish Cypriot man in the street. Our politicians don't differ much on these minimum conditions. Therefore, it's just simplistic to say, as the Greek Cypriots do, 'Remove Denktaş and the problem is solved; remove the Turkish Army and it's over; remove the wall.' No Turkish Cypriot politician can sign any agreement saying that in a federation the majority governs and the minority is secured. It is simply too late for that."

For the past twelve years, Akinci had been working with Lellos Demetriades, his Greek Cypriot counterpart, on a joint sewage project and an ambitious plan to restore the old sector of Nicosia, which is divided by the U.N. buffer zone. They were the only projects that united the two communities. But Akinci wasn't happy about the distribution of funds, which came from international organizations, and now he said that they must be distributed on a fifty-fifty basis, not according to the population ratio of the two communities. "If we ever reach the point where we're a reunited island, and a reunited capital, we should not have one side of the city European and prospering and the other side something else," he said. "There is no doubt that we have come a long way since 1974. At that time, there was no revenue coming in except aid from Turkey. Last year, we exported industrial goods worth twenty million dollars, and our revenue from tourism had reached a hundred and thirty million dollars a year. But we have to go beyond this. We have to catch up with the south. Otherwise, the Turkish Cypriot business community will oppose any settlement. They will fear that they would be usurped by the Greek Cypriot businessmen."

As we sped along the highway, I watched men returning from the fields, walking toward villages of whitewashed houses nestled in groves of palms. (As part of a move to eradicate Greek Cypriot culture, the Turkish Cypriots have renamed towns and villages in the north.) I also listened to Akinci and Ismet Kotak as they discussed election plans. Kotak had been a minister in the Denktaş government, but had now joined Akinci's Communal Liberation Party, and was a key strategist. I knew that Akinci had recently moved his party toward the center from the left, and that many said he had done it to make himself more acceptable to the government in Ankara.

The issue of Turkish settlers in northern Cyprus was a highly explosive one, but no one knew precisely how many there actually were, since the Denktaş administration—or perhaps Ankara—had refused to release any official census figures since 1974. (At that time, there were some hundred and sixteen thousand Turkish Cypriots.)

I asked Kotak, who had been in charge of recruiting the settlers, how many there actually were. He said that there were some forty thousand, plus an additional ten thousand seasonal workers. It was the continuing influx that was most troubling, he said. He added, however, that the figure of a total of seventy thousand, which some Turkish Cypriot opposition politicians claimed, was impossibly high.

Kotak said the settlers had been brought in because in 1974 tens of thousands of Turkish Cypriots had still been in the south, and until the formal agreement on the exchange of populations was reached the following year it had been exceedingly difficult to get them out. "We needed labor, and that's when we brought the first settlers in," he said. "We never disclosed the figures. Denktaş said later that there were between fifteen and seventeen thousand. That's simply a lie. We brought in thirty thousand during the first two years."

Akinci added that most members of this group were now Turkish Cypriot citizens, and had married or had children here. "Therefore, it's not as simple as Vassiliou seems to think when he insists that they all be sent back to the Turkish mainland," he said. "What is mandatory is that no more settlers be permitted to come in."

Did the settlers play any role in internal politics? I asked.

Both men assured me that their role was substantial: they controlled some fifteen per cent of the vote.

The issue of the settlers was of particular concern to Özker Özgür, whose leftist Republican Turkish Party was the largest opposition party in the Turkish Cypriot Parliament. "I don't believe the Greek Cypriots realize the urgency of the problem," he told me one day, when I met him in his office. "It is high time a solution is reached, because time is running out, both for the Turkish Cypriots and for Cyprus as a whole. One day we will be in a minority in the north, and we shall then reach the point where the Greek Cypriots simply will have no Turkish Cypriots with whom to negotiate. The settlers consider the north of Cyprus to be part of Turkey now, and they have no interest whatsoever in the reunification of the island. So, if no solution is found it will mean in due course that the present division of Cyprus will become a permanent one."

I asked Özgür to explain, and he went on, "It will be precisely what everyone was fighting about thirty-five years ago. The nuances will be different but, in effect, the north will be absorbed by Turkey, and the south, though nominally independent, will have to rely more and more on Greece for its military needs. It will be a form of double *enosis*, with an antagonistic frontier."

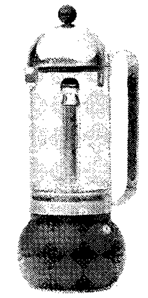
RAUF DENKTAŞ has been described as brilliant and charming, wily and irascible. A British-trained constitutional lawyer, he is now sixty-six, and has been a central figure in the turbulent history of Cyprus since the pre-independence years. He had created the T.M.T.—the guerrilla army that fought for partition, and against EOKA, which was committed to union with Greece. In 1960, with independence, Denktaş became the leader of the Turkish Communal Chamber, which was responsible for religious, educational, and cultural affairs, and he was the chief political adviser to Dr. Fazil Küçük, the first and last Turkish Cypriot Vice-President who actively participated in the Cyprus government. Both before and after independence, Denktaş was also Küçük's principal link with the government in Ankara, and was thus at the center of the political storm that erupted in 1963 when President Makarios attempted to change the constitution, diluting Turkish Cypriot rights. Frustrated and embittered, the Turkish Cypriots left the cabinet and the legislature at the end of that year.

A few months later, Denktaş was refused readmittance to Cyprus following a trip abroad, and he spent the next four years in exile in Ankara. With an eye to the future, he used the time to cultivate friendships, and proved extraordinarily adept at exploiting political divisions within Turkey; indeed, Denktaş became a master of a delicate balancing act. Following his return to Cyprus, in 1968, he headed various Turkish Cypriot administrations, and now he was the President of the T.R.N.C. For over two decades, he had also been the Turkish Cypriot negotiator in the United Nations-sponsored talks; he had dealt with three Greek Cypriot Presidents and had survived countless negotiators from the Greek Cypriot side.

Denktaş, a chubby, eloquent man, was in an ebullient mood the morning I called on him at his sprawling bungalow in Turkish Nicosia, until I brought up Varosha. "When people say Varosha, I want to blow my top," he said. Then he proceeded to do precisely that. "Why is Varosha so important to the West? There were a hundred and three Turkish Cypriot villages on this island, from which thirty thousand Turkish Cypriots were expelled. For eleven years, they could not return to their homes. Now *you* say Varosha is symbolic. Why were those hundred and three Turkish Cypriot villages not symbolic in Western eyes? The villages are safe now. That's what the Turkish intervention was all about. I thought 1974 would have put some sense into the Greek Cypriots. We offered them Varosha as a mini-package. I offered it to Kyprianou twice. In return, we asked that the old Nicosia airport—which has been closed for sixteen years—be reopened jointly, under U.N. control. And they could *have* Varosha. But they turned us down. They can still have Varosha, if a settlement ever comes."

What did he expect from President Vassiliou? I asked.

"The first thing is for him to stop calling himself President," he said. "The so-called Cyprus government has not represented the Turkish Cypriots for twenty-six years. But they use the title against us: Vassiliou, the President of Cyprus. Oh, no, it could not be as the head of the Greek Cypriot community that he would meet me. No,



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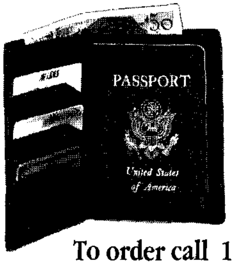

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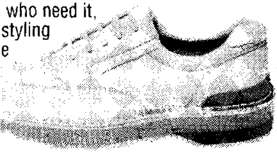

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he was our superior. And that says it all. There are two separate communities on this island. We are not four-hundred-year-old guests; this is our land as much as it is theirs. The Turkish Cypriots are not a minority in a Greek nation. And Mr. Vassiliou has simply got to acknowledge this. He is only one wing—one wing of a two-wing, binational republic established thirty years ago, which in 1963 the Greek Cypriots destroyed by force of arms. They cannot and will not speak for the whole island, because the Turkish Cypriots have not given them that mandate. For twenty-six years, the Turkish Cypriots have been ruling themselves. We have been legislating, collecting taxes, settling court disputes. We have been running our entire administration by ourselves. We were cut off from the budget, in 1963, and were being strangled by an economic embargo. By the early nineteen-seventies, we could not even buy shoelaces—shoelaces, can you imagine? They were considered 'strategic materials.' "

People came and went as we talked. Some were concerned with the coming United Nations negotiations in New York, others with Denktaş's political campaigns. Presidential elections would be held at the end of April, and although Denktaş had two opponents he was highly confident: it was his fourth Presidential contest, and he had won each of the previous three handsomely. (This time he was reëlected with sixty-seven per cent of the vote.) The May parliamentary elections, however, were a matter of great concern. Denktaş had never faced a situation in which the opposition controlled his parliament, and an electoral coalition led by Akinci and Özgür was favored to win the poll. (In a surprise upset, Denktaş's National Unity Party captured fifty-five per cent of the vote. Members of the opposition refused to be sworn into parliament and demanded that new elections be held, accusing the Turkish government of interference and electoral irregularities during the vote.)

I asked Denktaş what the primary problems in the United Nations negotiations were—what most sharply divided the Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots.

He replied that it was not simple, but that the issues that concerned him most were political equality and Turkey's continuing role as a guarantor power. These were indispensable to satisfy Turkish Cypriot security concerns. "Then, there is also the problem of the refugees," he went on. "All that the Greek Cypriots do is talk about *their* refugees. We, too, were forced to abandon our property, in the south. So let us arrive at compensation for both sides. Let us reach the point where we can talk about partnership again. And in that partnership we will have our area and they will have theirs. One thing that no one seems to understand—not your State Department, not Mrs. Thatcher, not the U.N.—is the depth of the fear in the Turkish Cypriot community that the Greek Cypriots will take us over again."

What could Vassiliou do to convince the Turkish Cypriots that he was serious about reaching an equitable settlement?

"Well, he could begin by stopping this massive defense buildup," Denktaş replied. "He's arming the Greek Cypriots to the teeth. He's boasting that he has armed them better in two years than Kyprianou did in ten. This is not the way to unity but the way to separateness." Then he continued, with a sardonic smile, "Tell him to lift the economic embargo against us. If he did, we could ask Turkey to remove some of its troops."

"How many?" I asked.

"Perhaps as many as fifty per cent," he said.

During a January meeting between President Özal, of Turkey, and President Bush, the Turkish leader had said that a Cyprus solution would not be easy, and would not be fast. Any attempt by American or European leaders to try to pressure Turkey and impose a settlement, he warned, would only worsen the Greek-Turkish conflict and could even lead to war.

I asked Denktaş what he thought.

"Of course, it's a danger," he said. "But the Americans obviously haven't listened to anything we've said. It is your State Department that is now pressuring everybody to dash off to New York for more U.N. talks. I've seen Ambassadors, I've seen the Secretary-General's representative, and I've asked them all, 'Why such a hurry?' Why is the United States insisting that we meet at a time when Vassiliou has brought the two communities even farther apart, at a time when tensions are escalating every day, at a time when Greek-Turkish relations are a mess? We have to travel halfway around the world just to keep the Greek lobby in Congress happy, and off the State Department's back. So we will go to New York, and the talks will break down, and everyone will say that I'm to blame, I'm the obstacle, I'm the intransigent one. I have *become* the Cyprus problem in some people's minds. Remove me, they say, and the problem is over. Well, I'm not going to be removed. We will not be pressured. Be very clear about that. We will not come to an agreement with Vassiliou under his terms. Any attempt to impose a settlement from the outside, to force a reunification of the island, would turn Cyprus into another Lebanon in two months' time. If the United States and the British don't want another Beirut, they must realize that they have got to make the Greek Cypriots understand that they don't represent the Turkish Cypriots, and never will."

Anne Burgess

In the pre-Gorbachev era, it had been extremely important to keep Cyprus quiet, in order to maintain the delicate balance between Greece and Turkey on NATO's southeastern flank. Now, I asked, with the easing of East-West tensions, had Cyprus been downgraded as an international problem?

Denktaş replied that he hoped that this was the case, and that "the world consequently would not get so alarmed each time the word 'Invasion!' was shouted by the Greek Cypriots."

Then he added, "But what is happening inside the Soviet Union, and in Eastern Europe to some extent, is even more important to us. It is an indication that the Turkish Cypriots are not defending an indefensible cause. Human rights and the sovereignty of peoples are more important than the power of artificially created states. We are now seeing eruptions all over the world, and this proves to us that if the two peoples of Cyprus cannot live together—if the larger partner throws the smaller one out—then we must be allowed to live separately."

I asked him what would happen if

the United Nations pulled out its troops and there was no buffer zone, and the Secretary-General suspended the twenty-six-year-old talks.

"The U.N. peacekeepers are not the ones who have kept the peace," he said. "The Turkish Army has. When Makarios decided to attack us, he told the U.N. peacekeepers and they withdrew. They couldn't stop the coup against Makarios, and if Turkey had not come in they couldn't have reversed that coup. So if the U.N. peacekeepers withdraw there will be no new developments—unless, of course, the Greek Cypriots are determined to attack."

Before leaving, I asked Denktaş, who perhaps more than anyone else holds the key to a settlement of the age-old Cyprus dispute, how he wanted to be remembered by history, and he said, "As a man who refused to live under the Greek flag, or to be colonized by the Greek Cypriots. As a man who has the love of Cyprus in his heart, but who does not believe in the Greekness of Cyprus." He paused, and then went on, "As a man who entered into an honest partnership with the Greek Cypriots and became greatly disillusioned when that partnership was destroyed and who since its destruction has tried to consolidate the rights of his people, with no feelings of enmity for the Greek Cypriots, but certainly not trusting them an inch. As a simple man who believed in the right of self-determination for his people, and stood up for it."

AT 12:00 noon on July 18th, twenty members of the Turkish Cypriot Security Forces fanned out through Varosha, replacing Turkish soldiers in positions along the wire; some eighty others were expected in the coming weeks. The transfer of guard duty by the Turkish Army was of little significance in itself; its significance lay in what it might portend—the possibility that Ankara could open the ghost city to Turkish Cypriot settlement. This was something that Turkey had committed itself never to do. According to one diplomatic official, "It was a small step backward, but a potentially dangerous step."

The move was in response to the Cyprus government's application, on July 4th, for full membership in the European Community. This had infuriated the Turkish government, since the Turkish Cypriots were not consulted, of course, but even more nettlesome was the fact that the application, though it could not be considered until 1993, if then, was seen as a calculated move to apply pressure on Turkey, by attempting to involve a reluctant European Community more directly in the Cyprus dispute.

"What it really comes down to," a European Ambassador said to me about the Cyprus problem, "is that it may have been Ankara who invaded and the Greek colonels who staged the coup, but it's now the two communities who have got to sweep up the mess. No one else is going to do it for them, and that is something the Cypriots simply must understand."

I asked him if the two sides were within negotiating range, and he replied, "As long as both of them are willing to compromise. The Greek Cypriots have got to accept that there's a Turkish Cypriot area, a semi-autonomous administration on the other side, where the Greek Cypriot writ is not going to run. The Greek Cypriots may get across for some picnics or parties, but that area is going to be Turkish Cypriot. The Turkish Cypriots will have to give back land—Varosha, for example. Land is their main card, and they will have to accept the fact that quite a large number of Greek Cypriots will go back and live there. A token Turkish military presence and guarantees will simply have to be worked out. And I can't understand the fuss. There *are* some three thousand Greek troops in the south of the island. Why do we never hear about them? As diplomats we often become prisoners of words. A *settlement* is really not correct; we are talking about an *arrangement*, which both sides can deal with. Things will remain essentially as they are, with the umbrella of a federation providing legitimacy at the top."

I asked him what percentage of territory would remain under Turkish Cypriot control.

He rolled his eyes, and said, "Somewhere in the region of twenty-nine per cent. But the two sides have spent six years arguing over whether it will be more than twenty-nine per cent or less than twenty-nine per cent." He thought for a moment, and then added, "It's sometimes difficult for an outsider to comprehend. I don't think logic is the sole guiding force in this part of the world. There is a certain mystical quality to being a Cypriot."

—MARY ANNE WEAVER

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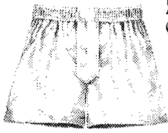

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Through the World, to Heaven

IT can easily be argued that in the Western world Goethe's "Faust" has been the most influential of all works of art; that some strands from it are likely to find their way into the thoughts of anyone who for a moment wonders what he or she is up to in this life. And since thoughts and feelings that elude verbalization often find expression in music, "Faust" has inspired many composers. Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Gounod, Boito, Mahler, and Busoni are among those who produced large-scale works. Beethoven considered a "Faust" opera (and set the Song of the Flea). Schubert set six passages from "Faust," and Benjamin Britten completed one of them—Gretchen's prayer before the Mater Dolorosa—which Schubert left unfinished. Wagner composed a "Faust" overture. Even Verdi set Gretchen's song at the spinning wheel and her prayer.

"Faust" occupied Goethe for more than sixty years. When the Helen act, with its numerous calls for music, went to the printer, in 1827, his friend Johann Peter Eckermann remarked, "It will produce a most unusual effect on the stage that a piece should begin as a tragedy and end as an opera. But something is required to present the grandeur of these persons and to express the elevated language and poetry. . . . The whole will furnish an occasion for great splendor of scenery and costume. . . . If only we could get a really great composer." To which the poet replied, "It should be one who, like Meyerbeer, has lived long in Italy, so that he combines his German nature with the Italian style and manner. However, we will find one somehow or other, I feel sure." He also declared that, while the first part of the act required leading tragic actors, for the operatic continuation leading singers would have to be engaged; and that the role of Helen would have to be "played not by one but by two great artists: for rarely does a singer have sufficient talent as a tragic actress." Two years later, the subject cropped up again, and this time Goethe said that no contemporary composer would be able to write suitable music for "Faust": "The repellent, rebarbative, terrifying qualities that it requires at times are contrary to the spirit of our age. The music should have the character of 'Don Giovanni'; Mozart should have composed it. Meyerbeer could perhaps manage it, but he would not take it on; he is too much occupied with the Italian theatre."

Mozart had died too soon. He could have given us an opera based on "Werther," which was published in 1774. "Faust, a Fragment," the first part of Goethe's drama to be made public, appeared only in 1790, a year before Mozart's death; it omits the pact with the devil and breaks off after the cathedral scene. ("Faust" Part I appeared in 1808, Part II in 1832.) There had, in fact, been talk of a Meyerbeer "Faust" in 1826. Julius Kapp, Meyerbeer's biographer, says that in the Paris Opera Library he found a scene for Faust and Mephistopheles that later furnished material for "Robert le Diable." And in 1860 Meyerbeer set some of "Faust" as part of his incidental music for Blaze de Bury's play "La Jeunesse de Goethe." Since both the operatic scene and the incidental music are lost, we can only guess whether either would have met Goethe's expectations. Meanwhile, other composers turned to "Faust" settings: not Spohr (whose once famous "Faust"—first conducted by Weber, in 1816—is not based on Goethe) but Berlioz, who in 1828-29 composed the Eight Scenes from "Faust" that were later expanded into the dramatic legend "Faust's Damnation"; Mendelssohn, whose cantata "The First Walpurgis Night" (which Berlioz admired) was composed in 1831-32; and Schumann, who began his Scenes from "Faust" in 1844. Each "Faust" composer tells us something different about the drama; most "Faust" composers find musical analogues for the theme of striving unappeased. Writing about Berlioz's "Damnation" some years ago, I suggested that listening to it is—to adapt Coleridge's phrase for Kean's acting of Shakespeare—like reading "Faust" by flashes of lightning, while listening to Schumann's version is like opening the volume to reread, savor, and ponder some well-loved passages. Gounod and his librettists give us a poignant love story. Boito's "Mefistofele" is a high-minded working, executed with intelli-

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The Walrus and the Spoilsport

gence and thoroughness but devoid of lyrical inspiration except in Faust's two short arias and Gretchen's "L'altra notte." Busoni's great opera is based on the composer's own new fashioning of the legend.

SCHUMANN began at the end, with the transcendental scene—mountain gorges, forest, crag, wilderness, angels, mystic presences—now most familiar from the second movement of Mahler's Eighth Symphony. His hypnotherapist, Dr. Carl Helbig, thought the work bad for him—"Composing the epilogue for Goethe's 'Faust' made such great demands on Robert Schumann that he fell into a diseased state while completing this piece of music," he later wrote—and tried to deter the composer from "clinging to the musical ideas coursing through him." "Faust" was set aside; three years passed before the scene was revised and completed. In 1849, on the centenary of Goethe's birth, it was performed simultaneously in Dresden, Leipzig, and Weimar. The Weimar performance was conducted by Liszt; years later, Liszt added his own setting of the chorus mysticus, "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis"—a finer setting than Schumann's—to close the three character sketches, Faust, Gretchen, and Mephistopheles, that make up his "Faust Symphony." (That symphony begins, famously, with a twelve-note theme, and its harmonies open the way to "Tristan." It is dedicated to Berlioz.) In 1849-50, Schumann composed three scenes from Part I of "Faust" (the garden scene, Gretchen's prayer, and the cathedral scene) and three from Part II (the opening scene, with Ariel, the visit by the Four Gray Women, and Faust's death). In 1853, he wrote an overture, calling it "the final stone to a large group of scenes from 'Faust.' "

Schumann had contemplated a "Faust" opera, and then a "Faust" oratorio, but his seven scenes do not form a coherent work. Of the 1849-50 pieces he said that he "thought mainly that they perhaps could serve for concert programs, since there are hardly any such compositions for soloists and chorus on a small scale." He opposed a sequential performance of all his "Faust" numbers except as "a curiosity." And Brahms, after accompanying such a performance at the piano, in 1859, wrote to Clara Schumann:

> The "Faust" went quite well, but . . . to perform the whole work on a single evening, even with orchestra, does not seem a good idea to me and you should try to prevent it. . . . The third part makes a greater impression by itself than when it follows the other two parts. Besides, the various numbers rarely have much connection with each other.

Short compositions calling for soloists, a boys' choir (for the lemurs—mythological shades, not fox-faced woolly monkeys—of the death scene), and a large chorus are not much in demand for modern concert programs. When these forces are gathered together, they might as well do all the Scenes from "Faust." Britten conducted such a performance at the 1972 Aldeburgh Festival, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the title role. (A recording followed, of which a CD edition is due soon.) The following year, Pierre Boulez conducted one with the Philharmonic; his Faust was Hermann Prey. And the big event of this year's Caramoor Festival was a full Scenes from "Faust," conducted by John Nelson. As ever, the music was good to hear. Though some passages are labored, uninspired, many pages of the score are stirring and beautiful.

The overture may not be best Schumann, but it starts in excellently ardent, "Manfred" vein, and the second subject introduces—since the overture was written last, perhaps one should say it takes up—a chromatic Baroque motif recurrent through the score. (This is not exactly a leitmotif; although usually associated with Mephistopheles, it also accompanies the Pater Ecstaticus of the finale.) The three Gretchen episodes are touching—carefully and pleasingly composed in fluent arioso—but are unmemorable until, in the cathedral, the thundering Dies Irae, the orchestra's evocation of the organ, and the Evil Spirit's cruel exclamations press upon the fainting girl. The next scene, for Ariel (a tenor) and the elves, is charmingly scored—there are several moments in the work when Berlioz seems not far away—and the music attains greatness with Faust's response, "Des Lebens Pulse schlagen frisch lebendig," whose vocal curves soar ever more freely. In the busy chattering of the lemurs Schumann

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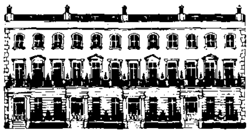

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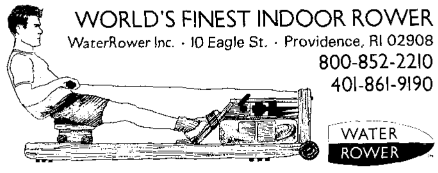

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recalls the lighter side of a drama that Goethe described as "very serious jests." (The lemurs come on saying, "Our pointed staves, we have them here, Our chain to measure sections, But why you called on us, we fear, Has slipped our recollections.") Faust's elevated final speech is simply but nobly set.

The last scene—the first to be composed—opens with a quiet, lovely evocation of swaying boughs, massy crags, friendly lions padding to and fro. (Strange, however, that Schumann ignored the musical cue of Goethe's "Chorus and Echo"; Mahler provided "mystical" echoes, an octave lower and with different inner harmonies.) As the scene continues, it starts to move into a Victorian oratorio manner—Mendelssohn the influence on Schumann as on British oratorio-makers. Clustered double-chorus imitative entries on square-cut themes that sound like, and perhaps were, subjects for fugal exercise make a long-winded affair of "Alles Vergängliche." But the closing pages are again beautiful: plagal ("Amen") cadences gently sound over a long, long pedal, the violin figures turn at last to an unchromatic transfiguration of the recurrent Baroque motif, and with two quiet, serene chords the vision is complete.

IN January, Mr. Nelson conducted Schumann's "Faust" with the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, in Leipzig. One rehearsal was delayed so that the players could participate in a freedom demonstration. The Faust, Egbert Junghanns, found new urgency in lines of the final speech:

Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss:
Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das
Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss. . . .
Solch ein Gewimmel möcht' ich sehn,
Auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke stehn.

("This is wisdom's final conclusion: he only earns his freedom, and his life, who daily masters it. . . . Such a multitude I long to see, standing on free ground with a free people.") Mr. Junghanns was the Faust at Caramoor, too, and the lines—for those who were attending to the sense of the sung words—rang out with more than merely musical significance. (The work was done in German, presumably for Mr. Junghanns's sake.) He was also the Pater Seraphicus and the Doctor Marianus of the finale. He is an excellent and eloquent baritone, clean and unforced of tone, vivid in his utterance. I look forward to hearing him again, in acoustics more favorable than those of Caramoor. Gretchen was Christine Brewer (the Ellen of St. Louis's "Peter Grimes"), who has an exact, well-focussed soprano. She sang the garden duet attractively, pushed at times during the following scenes, and recovered in the finale with shining, tender phrases. John Cheek was a confident, histrionic Mephistopheles. David Hamilton, the Ariel and the Pater Ecstaticus, was fervent, sure, sometimes more strenuous than lyrical. Ai-Lan Zhu, Glyndebourne's latest Pamina, sang Care and the Magna Peccatrix precisely but in disappointingly thin tones.

The performance was given in Caramoor's Venetian Theatre. Since I was last there, it has been roofed with canvas—in an exuberant, steep-pitched design suggesting large-scale sculpture—and floored with wood. The sound is now fuller. Less of it gets lost, although a good deal still does: the sides are open; the important lateral reflections are missing. Concert music is best heard in a concert hall. The orchestra was the able Orchestra of St. Luke's. Left-and-right ranging of first and second violins brought audible rewards in several passages. The choirs were placed between Mr. Nelson and the audience; he had to turn round to conduct them. The Greenwich Choral Society, in two cohorts, was stationed far left and far right; the American Boychoir Summer Choir and the Albemarle Children's Choir filled the center. This gave large perspective to the final scene, but the ensemble sometimes went awry, and for anyone seated (as I was for the first part) close to one of the big choirs the balance was lopsided.

All in all, this was a true festival event, not just another concert. Mr. Nelson had inspired the singers and the players with his belief in and love for the work. —ANDREW PORTER

•

But it was a rare patron who, in exchange for that support, did not impose any restrictions on the artist. If William Shakespeare had been writing "Richard III" for King Richard instead of Queen Victoria, it would have been a very different play.
—*Maura Whalen in the Daily Iowan.*

There'd be no drivel about India, for one thing.

DANCING

Making a Mystique

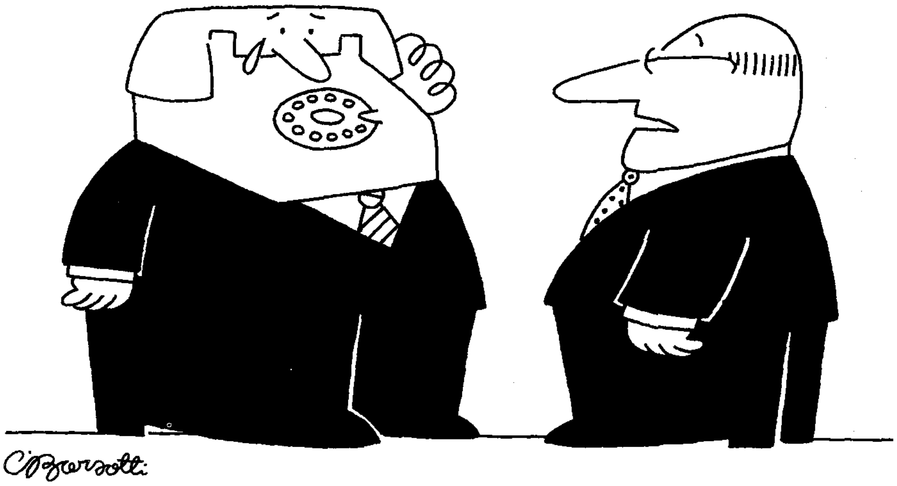
Moscow is deserted, in Leningrad the stones of Theatre Street are silent, and there is an awful stillness in the heart of Perm. This was the summer the Russian dance establishment invaded America. The stream of performing guests ranges from the Bolshoi, which is here on tour, to the two little Russian villages that no one had ever heard of and that picked up and left home for the very first time. There has been a mass exodus of teachers and coaches. Classrooms in Russia may be empty, but all over the United States, in peckerwood summer camps, in musty conservatories and airy overequipped gyms, bodies sweat and floors shake to the commands of dozens of Russian voices. "Eee raz, eee dva," they yell. "More slow! Shut the feet!" A partial list of names published in *Dance Magazine* includes some of the most famous and eminent in Russian ballet: Messerer and Kolpakova, Struchkova and Kondratieva. The head of the Bolshoi Ballet school, Sophia Golovkina, is teaching in Vail, Colorado. In June, the entire Kirov school toured Ohio under Konstantin Sergeyev and Natalia Dudinskaya, who had earlier staged the Kirov version of "Swan Lake" on the Boston Ballet, using mixed casts of Soviet and American dancers. Oleg Vinogradov, the director of the Kirov company (which has just finished a six-week engagement in England), will be teaching this month in Elmhurst, Illinois, and taking up his duties in September as the head of the Universal Ballet Academy, a new school with a predominantly Soviet faculty, founded by the Reverend Moon's Unification Church, in Washington, D.C.

The invasion is not part of an exchange program—it's a one-way deal, an all-out blitz on American susceptibilities and pocketbooks. For the two-week Bolshoi season in New York, at the State Theatre, ticket prices were increased to a top of a hundred and five dollars. Except for a corrupt version of "Petrushka," there were no ballets that New York had not seen the Bolshoi dance before, and there were no débuts of importance. Everything was much the same as the last time the Bolshoi was here, in 1987. The audience was searched upon entering the theatre and forbidden to return if it chose to wander out during intermissions. "Swan Lake" had its same old socialist-realist ending, with the villain dead and the lovers alive, greeting the sunrise. (In Boston, Sergeyev and Dudinskaya restored Tchaikovsky's ending.) The women's dancing, if it had changed at all, was cruder, and the men's dancing, long the pride of the company, suffered from the loss of Irek Mukhamedov, who, scheduled for this tour, chose to join England's Royal Ballet instead. Even so, the box-office average was ninety per cent of capacity, with "Swan Lake" and the two highlights programs complete sellouts. The booking, by a new British-American sponsor called the Entertainment Corporation, wasn't really part of the dance season; it was part of the tourist season, and it attracted people who'd probably never seen "Swan Lake" before.

Americans who have a passing acquaintance with ballet think of it as Russian. The more politically minded believe in applauding Soviet ballet dancers as emissaries: up to now, they've applauded to help the cause of world peace; this year, they're applauding (and paying through the nose) to help the Soviet economy. It's a curious fact that as Cold War tensions have declined the Bolshoi has got weaker. Not that there's any direct political-artistic correlation; but Americans don't seem to have noticed the drop in quality—they go on celebrating the mystique of the Bolshoi.

Mystique has become the greatest asset of Soviet ballet. What remains of its artistic reputation is invested almost entirely in its teachers. Many of them first impressed us as dancers back in the early days of the cultural-exchange tours, in the sixties, and in those days there appeared to be a connection between the way Soviet dancers danced and the way they were taught. Soviet teachers seem to operate more independently today. A classroom regimen and a company style can almost amount to two different things. On the stage, Bolshoi ballerinas don't seem to be using half the equipment they actually possess. Watching Ananiashvili and Semizorova and Arkhipova this season, I kept trying to guess what it was they might have done if the company style had allowed it. What they actually did do wasn't very interesting; Semizorova in particular seemed chiefly concerned with going from one pose to another. In "Swan Lake," Ananiashvili displayed her ravishing long-legged figure over and over in split-penchée poses and promenades; she was a monomaniacal Odette. As Odile, she threw off tantalizing hints of her gift for speed and musical dynamism. By the fourth act, weary of being teased, I could find nothing to look at.

The continuing strength of the Bolshoi is in the smoothness of the corps. It makes a promising impression in the first act of "Swan Lake." With only about six steps to do, it is well synchronized and finely drilled. Moving up the ranks, you see some density of interest at the middle level, and then, at the top, a confusing bunch of specialty



"Oh, come on, you know we should have switched to touch-tone years ago."

acts. Virtuosity in allegro is hit or miss: some dancers can balance, some can't; a few can do centered pirouettes. Some women, with their wide dégagés, huge leaps, and spread-out landings, seem to be trying to be men. As for adagio, you simply don't see it: the company avoids it on principle, as it avoids strict turnout.

Bolshoi dancers flaunt a technique full of holes, and they aren't charming about it—like American rock stars, they're out not to entertain but to impress. Partly as a result of the success of the American tours, the Bolshoi company has become a public-relations machine preoccupied with image. Between it and the company of thirty years ago there exists only the ghostliest of comparisons—where the Bolshoi of Ulanova and Plisetskaya and Vasiliev used to produce ballet entertainment, the current organization produces ballet product. The earlier Bolshoi was innocent kitsch, the current one is cynicism incarnate. The ballets of its artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich, look as though a computer had designed them, assembling the parts—good/bad guys, good/bad girls, male/female choruses—with idiot precision. To say, today, that one is going to see a Bolshoi ballet has about the same meaning as saying that one is going to an M-G-M movie.

In 1969, Grigorovich rechoreographed the roles of the prince and the sorcerer in "Swan Lake" so as to achieve a good-guy/bad-guy parallel with Odette and Odile. It makes such nonsense of the story one could only wonder what was going through the heads of those seeing the ballet for the first time. I stayed away from Grigorovich's two other offerings, "Romeo and Juliet" and "Ivan the Terrible"; they're my idea of the nightmare that commissars reduce ballet to after the computers have finished. "Romeo and Juliet" has the beautiful, crippled score that Prokofiev strove so hard to write according to socialist-realist prescriptions; "Ivan the Terrible" has an arrangement, made by other hands, of the music he wrote for Eisenstein's film, and it's not music that is well suited to dance. The case of Prokofiev and the commissars is typical of a country in which the creative imagination has been systematically expunged from the arts. And yet we expect to learn something from its ballet artists: how "Swan Lake" should be done, perhaps, or how to achieve perfect classical style.

For their American hosts, the Russian teachers are undoubtedly a great catch. It means something to be able to offer classes taught by Irina Kolpakova or Marina Kondratieva, two of Russia's greatest ballerinas of the sixties, or by Asaf Messerer, the author of two books on classical technique, or by Dudinskaya, who for years taught the women's Class of Perfection at the Kirov. (One of her pupils was Natalia Makarova.) In strict technical matters, Soviet teachers have a lot to convey in regard to the upper body and the use of the head and arms; they have much less from the waist down. But Soviet dance aesthetics has always been a mixed thing; pure classical style, as we understand it in the West, has few serious advocates, and they are not the ones in authority, or are not in authority for that reason. Forget "Swan Lake." Even the best of the Soviet teachers now with us view it as "romantic"—that is, the opposite of "classical"—and teach it expressionistically, with much distortion of line and tempo.

When Soviet dance training is bad, it tends to collapse inward, overscrutinizing and escalating known effects and isolating them from any musical support. Even when it is good it suffers from confinement. No matter whether it originates in Moscow, Leningrad, or Perm, it stands apart from the advances in choreography that have transformed ballet since Diaghilev's day, and so its response to modern classical expression remains essentially inadequate and even alien. Mastering one or two Balanchine ballets, as some Soviet dancers and companies have so disarmingly shown themselves capable of doing, isn't enough to move Russian ballet technique bodily into the twentieth century. I don't mean the technique for turning fouettés (though that could do with some overhauling); I mean the trained dance intelligence, the *école*, of a company at its highest and most characteristic. In that sense, Soviet ballet technique is moribund, and has been since the twenties.

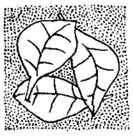
Choreography extends and revitalizes technique. Perhaps because Russian dancers have always been regarded as civil servants, the system has been especially hard on choreographers, going back to Petipa's day. When choreography is lacking, pedagogy assumes an abnormal importance; it is actually the sole repository of dance wisdom in the Soviet Union. But iron totalitarian discipline isn't necessary for teachers to be prized above choreographers. Ever since we became aware of its style and methods—roughly, since the institution of cultural exchange—Soviet ballet has infected sectors of American ballet with its cult of the teacher. The fact that ballerinas in retirement are employed as coaches to young dancers, and remain in attendance through the dancers' careers, seems somehow marvellous; the fact that such umbilical cords may strangle as well as nourish is somehow overlooked. Even a teacher who sees beyond her own example and a selfish need to perpetuate it cannot create the conditions that advance technique—only choreographers can do that, if they are talented. What teachers can do, if *they* are talented, is finish what a choreographer has begun: fill out the implications of the form, extrapolate, expand, explain. They can work with choreography the way a director works with a playwright's text or a conductor works with a score.

For Soviet teachers the basic texts of classical style remain the ballets of the nineteenth century—what is remembered of them—plus a few early-twentieth-century remnants: Gorsky, Lopukhov, the minor Fokine. To retain an analytical perspective on material so distant in time requires above all a musical sense. Steps have no staying power; memory erodes and convenience alters them. Even in such well-remembered passages as the Rose Adagio in "The Sleeping Beauty," steps are like rumors that survive amid the musical facts. It would probably be more useful to think of the dancer's text as being the musical score, since the score is what the choreographer sought to visualize. Confined, as they are, to a legacy of nineteenth-century classicism, the Russians have undoubtedly found that teaching through the music illuminates steps and story points. Yet once they have done with Tchaikovsky they have precious little to work on. Twentieth-century Russian ballet music is largely the story of Stravinsky in exile and of Prokofiev's and Shostakovich's humiliation by Stalin. Prokofiev composed his best ballets outside Russia. ("The Prodigal Son" with

Balanchine's choreography may be performed by the Bolshoi next winter, for the first time, more than sixty years after its première.)

Highlights programs, once upon a time, meant a parade of stars; now they mean a chance for headliners to douse themselves in glitter dust and whomp up applause (and then demand more when it dries up, another Bolshoi habit that hasn't changed). There were two exceptions to the rule: the Petipa excerpt, "Paquita," in which everyone tried to do serious classroom-classical dancing, and the "Petrushka," which was a misbegotten attempt to honor a Diaghilev masterpiece. Fokine, Diaghilev's choreographer, was given credit in the program. It turned out that the choreography—different in every crucial respect from Fokine's and inferior to it—was actually by Konstantin Boyarsky, who staged it for the Maly Theatre in Leningrad in 1961, with Valery Panov as Petrushka. This was, of course, during the period of Khrushchev's "thaw," when the staging of a Stravinsky ballet would not have been a political impossibility. The production was also seen in Moscow; hence (it is said) this revival by the Bolshoi.

Boyarsky's method of constructing the ballet seems to have been remarkably similar to that being used today, by Millicent Hodson and others, to stage "lost" ballets. In a book published in London in 1966, "Era of the Russian Ballet," Natalia Roslavleva wrote, "Since no record of 'Petrushka' was available in Leningrad (where it was produced for the first time only in 1920 with a version of the décor made personally by Alexandre Benois), he restored the choreography by resorting to the memory of many participants, still living, not only of the 1920 production, but of the first performance of 'Petrushka' in Paris in 1911 (notably Alexandre Orlov, the first Blackamoor)." Did the Russians of the sixties really think they were reviving Fokine? They don't seem to have had the faintest idea what the ballet was all about. Did they think they were serving Stravinsky with their lumbering, off-the-music staging of the coachmen's and nursemaids' dances? These are *peasant* dances, which one would have thought Russians knew by heart. (The villagers of Shotovo, who performed last month in Prospect Park, were rhythmically more incisive than the Bolshoi.) Boyarsky's research—he was the Maly's artistic director, famous, Roslavleva says, for his revivals—seems not to have included the many written descriptions that have been published of the original production. Even a quick glance through the literature would have helped him avoid fundamental mistakes, such as having the fairground crowd move in unison ranks, and having Petrushka behave not like a puppet but like a ballet dancer who gesticulates vaguely and barrels about in meaningless bravura routines. (Panov, who later became known as the focus of a human-rights campaign in the West, may very well have inspired these passages.) Of Stravinsky's three most famous ballets, "Petrushka" has the largest literary archive, with the most primary sources; Stravinsky, Fokine, Benois, and Nijinsky all wrote about it. These materials may not have been available to Russians, even during the Khrushchev years; Roslavleva, a ranking Russian scholar, seems unaware of the inaccuracy of the "revival." Then again, they may have been, and the sixties production may have contained fewer inaccuracies than the current one. What is the Bolshoi's excuse? If it didn't want to bother investigating the meaning and the material of "Petrushka" (that most Russian of all ballets!), there are three worthy Western productions it would have had the freedom to acquire—American Ballet Theatre's, the Joffrey's, and the Royal Ballet's. Cultural exchange used to work both ways.



But of course it doesn't anymore. The Russian presence in the West, gathering strength with *glasnost*, isn't balanced by a Western presence in Russian ballet centers. Ballet Theatre has been to the Soviet Union just once, the Joffrey and the Royal twice. The only major American ballet company to have visited the Soviet Union in recent years was Dance Theatre of Harlem, in 1988. New York City Ballet has not been there since 1972. None of these companies would exist if it had not been for Russian dancers and the flow westward of Russian art at the beginning of this century. A huge cultural debt remains to be paid Russia, but a starving nation cannot afford to import ballet; a proud nation is indifferent to Western offshoots; an isolated nation doesn't know what it's missing.

—ARLENE CROCE

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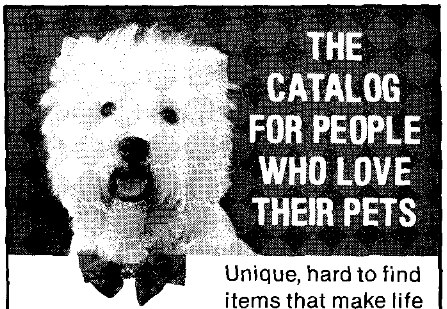

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 27

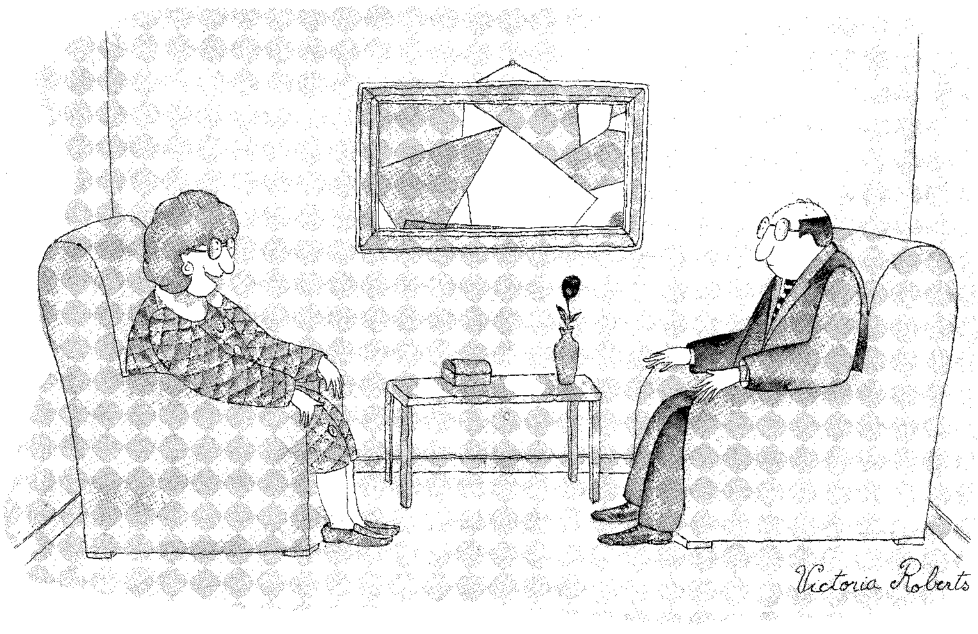
FOR some time, logic has dictated that there would be a bipartisan deal that would make a real, multi-year reduction in the size of the federal budget deficit, largely because the consequences of not doing so would be too awful. The guillotine put in place by the Gramm-Rudman law—across-the-board budget cuts, or "sequestration"—would make severe cuts in many essential programs (several others are protected), and, given the amount by which the next year's deficit overshoots the Gramm-Rudman target, the country could be plunged into a serious recession. The target is sixty-four billion dollars, and the latest estimate of the deficit is a hundred and sixty-nine billion dollars if the cost of bailing out the savings and loans isn't included, two hundred and thirty-one billion dollars if it is. But logic has had little to do with the bipartisan negotiations that have been going on since the President called for them in early May. They have been characterized by rancorous partisanship, deep divisions within the two parties, suspiciousness within each party's negotiating team, mistrust between certain negotiators and Administration officials, and political cowardice.

If a deal is reached, it will have been as a result of one of the most elaborate dances in American political history. The combined executive and legislative branches got this country into such a horrendous fiscal mess over the past decade that they finally have to confront the result of their flight from responsibility, and they haven't found this easy. They are no braver now than they have been in the past decade—they actually are less so. Even if the negotiators eventually strike a deal, as most people think they will, because they must, and even if a deal is approved by Congress, which will be dicier, despite the predictable hosannas over this bipartisan achievement, the negotiations that have taken place thus far are emblematic of the state of our politics today. The partisanship becomes more bitter with each passing month—viz. the mudslinging over the savings-and-loan disaster—and elected officials, starting with the President, become more reluctant to take any unpopular step. A frustrated Republican senator mused to me recently, "I don't understand representative government anymore. We're so afraid of our constituents. We can't just represent the part of this country that believes we can solve the deficit through elimination of waste, fraud, and mismanagement."

Though it was only a matter of time before the President broke his irresponsible, if effective, campaign pledge that there would be "no new taxes," his finally doing so, late last month, set off an explosion that the White House was decidedly unprepared for, and which by its own ineptitude it helped to fan. The President's aides had known for a long time that he would eventually have to break his pledge; they considered having him do it last year but decided to take more time while he built up a reservoir of popularity. The President's calling for a budget summit carried the implied assumption that he would have to agree to more taxes. His January budget had asked for about fourteen billion dollars in additional tax revenues, some of which the Administration knew that Congress wouldn't agree to, plus some new "user fees," bringing the new revenues to about twenty billion dollars.

The President's June 26th acknowledgment of the obvious—that new taxes would have to be part of a budget agreement—followed a series of backstage meetings by key participants in the budget negotiations. The summit talks had become stuck, because neither side wanted to propose additional taxes. The Democrats had been saying that the President had to lay out his own new program, perhaps on national television. But the President wasn't interested in leading with his chin, or leading at all, so nothing happened. The Democratic negotiators, or most of them, had resolved that they wouldn't put forward tax proposals only to have the Republicans beat them about the head as taxers; John Sununu, the President's chief of staff, had already not so subtly telegraphed that this was the White House strategy. The President's no-new-taxes pledge having become a Republican Party totem, not only was a certain segment of the Party in Congress ready to rebel if the President asked for more taxes but there were differences between Sununu and Richard Darman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, over how to proceed in the talks.

As it happens, the now famous "read my lips" concept of political emphasis didn't originate with Bush. In 1980, Charles Grassley, now the Republican senator from Iowa, in the course of a debate with his Democratic opponent, then Senator John Culver, said, in an argument over the Equal Rights Amendment, "Apparently I'm not getting through and I'd like to have you watch my lips while I repeat it." Grassley defeated Culver. As it happens, Roger Ailes, Bush's media adviser in his Presidential



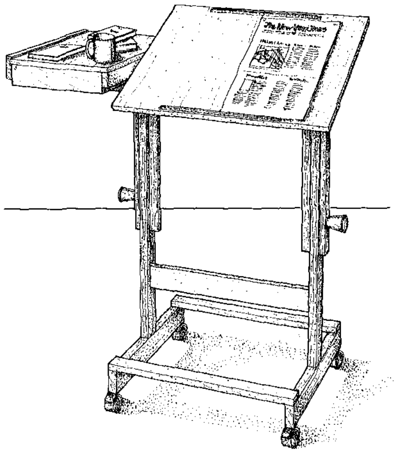
"I'm at my nastiest tonight."

campaign, had also been Grassley's adviser.

As the budget talks proceeded, Darman and Sununu developed a little routine that some Democrats found more convincing than others did. Darman, who without doubt wants to have been the architect of a significant bipartisan budget agreement, took to pulling certain Democratic negotiators aside (not all would go along with this) and complaining of the difficulty he was having with Sununu, that Sununu was objecting to the Administration's offering a new budget proposal to the negotiators; Darman at one point even leaked the idea that he might have to resign over the issue. This struck several people as a timeworn stratagem. A few weeks ago, a Democrat close to the negotiations told me, "Darman runs around to some of the Democrats and tells them he's the white knight, that he wants 'bold proposals'—his term for taxes—on the table and he's having all these battles with Sununu and Gramm and Gingrich." (Senator Phil Gramm, of Texas, and Representative Newt Gingrich, of Georgia, were the strongest anti-tax Republican negotiators.) The Democrat continued, "Then Sununu comes in every once in a while and gives a stern lecture that the President will either use the bully pulpit to sell the deal or use the bully pulpit to blame the Democrats if a deal breaks down. Darman sits there, and the next day he starts running around saying, 'You see what I'm up against?' It's so transparent." Some Democrats tended to believe Darman, and argued that the Democrats should get into serious negotiations, but the prevailing view—the one held to by Wyche Fowler, of Georgia, the leader of the Senate Democratic negotiators, and Jim Sasser, of Tennessee, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee—was that the Democrats should sit tight until the President moved.

In the Senate negotiators' view, the President had created his own political problem with his campaign pledge, and the Democrats shouldn't help him extricate himself. Further, it was the view of key Democratic negotiators that the Administration was desperate for a deal, that Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady was extremely concerned about the possible dire effects on the economy if across-the-board cuts of any great size occurred, and was deeply worried about the possibility of another stock-market crash. Brady, a former investment banker (he was chairman of Dillon, Read), was apparently hearing grave warnings from his friends on Wall Street. Sasser and Fowler, backed by Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell, decided to make the President go first on proposing taxes, or at least somehow force him to go back on his pledge. The Democratic senators believed that Sasser's counterpart, House Budget Committee Chairman Leon Panetta, of California, was too inclined to go ahead on negotiations with Darman, and they were concerned that Darman was working his old manipulative magic on Dick Gephardt, the House Majority Leader and the head of the entire Democratic negotiating team. Moreover, Gephardt was representing, among others, House Speaker Thomas Foley, whom a number of Democrats, in the House and elsewhere, see as too unpartisan, too willing to accommodate the President; the differences are over what will benefit the Party in the long run.

Democratic House negotiators were under constraints, too. Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, who earlier this year had put forward his own brave budget proposal, calling for increased taxes and freezes in cost-of-living adjustments in entitlement programs, including Social Security, and openly says that he wants to help his friend the President be a great President, had been gagged by his Democratic committee members, who made it clear that they didn't want him to take the lead on proposing taxes in the summit, and also warned him against coming back with tax proposals they couldn't support. Their rock-bottom position was that any new taxes had to be progressive, given the regressivity that has been built into the tax system over the past decade. So Rostenkowski, who had lost control of his committee over some big issues last year, was mum, despite his strong interest in getting a deal. Darman's efforts to peel him away from the other Democrats didn't work. As Rostenkowski tells it, Darman took him aside in early June and said, "We have to resolve this," and Rostenkowski re-



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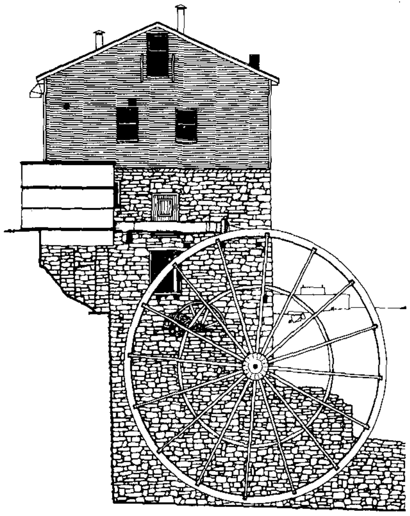

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plied, "What do you mean, 'we'?" Darman also suggested that Rostenkowski put his plan on the table, and Rostenkowski replied, "Not unless you say it's the President's plan."

But essentially the Senate Democrats were more willing to try to stare down the President than the House members were. Fowler, who is forty-nine, is a shrewd, tough, funny man who masks a sophisticated worldliness and a killer instinct behind a good-old-country-boy style. He can best Jesse Helms in a debate over pornography by taking recourse in the Bible, tell sidesplitting stories, and pounce on an opponent's weakness. Majority Leader Mitchell's selecting Fowler, who is in his first term, to head the Senate team was a sign of his confidence in him. Sasser and Fowler have been the Democratic hard-liners, Sasser the more publicly so, and some Senate Democrats say privately that Fowler is occasionally more adamant than Mitchell intended. Some on Capitol Hill believe that Fowler and Sasser don't actually want a deal—not for a while, anyway—but both insist they want one, and soon. In any event, the Democratic strategy of sitting tight and smoking out the President worked.

IN the days immediately leading up to the President's statement on taxes, there was a slew of private meetings among various people who sought to get the stalled talks going. As of now, Congress is scheduled to recess in early August, reconvene in September for about a month, and then adjourn in early October for the midterm elections. The Administration—as some Democrats suspected—wasn't yet ready to break off the talks and blame the Democrats. So Darman and Brady were dispatched to feel out key Democrats, see what compromises were possible. What came out of the discussions was that a compromise was possible but that the Democrats had to have some assurance from the President that he wouldn't snooker them on taxes. An Administration official says, "They didn't want it to be Charlie Brown and the football." The extraordinarily elaborate negotiations that went into getting the President to do what everyone knew he had to do are evidence of how difficult it had become to achieve even the beginning of political responsibility.

On the Thursday before the President made his statement, Rostenkowski and his counterpart, Lloyd Bentsen, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, had breakfast with Darman and Brady, and the two Democrats insisted that the summit talks would go nowhere until the President made a serious proposal. Since Bentsen and Rostenkowski head the committees that write tax legislation, their role is crucial, and both of them are dealmakers, conciliators who want to get something done. Then, that evening, Darman and Brady met with Bentsen again, in Bentsen's hideaway office in the Capitol. He told them that the summit talks would fall apart unless the President did something "high profile," and the three men discussed various possibilities; the Administration officials imparted the idea that if the President made a move on taxes the Democrats shouldn't dump on him for that, and Bentsen then took this message to Mitchell, who agreed to those terms. Bentsen relayed this to the Administration and suggested that Mitchell, Gephardt, and Foley meet with the President, a proposal Rostenkowski also backed. One of the important relationships in all this is that of Bentsen and Brady, both wealthy patricians who, as it happens, are social friends and both weekend near Annapolis. Brady is a gentleman, a secure man without ideological fetters or warping ambition; because he goes about his business quietly, he is sometimes described as one of the weaker members of Bush's circle, but in fact he is very close to the President, and talks to him quite frequently. On the next day, Friday, as Bentsen was driving to Annapolis, the President called him and asked whether, if he moved on taxes, the Democrats would be willing to put something painful to them on the table—and this later led to the Democrats' bringing up the subject of entitlement programs on the day after the President broke his tax vow.

Meanwhile, Gephardt and Darman met on Thursday, and then Mitchell met with Gephardt and Foley, and they discussed the possibility of the President's making a statement about his willingness to accept more taxes—rather than his having to present an entire program—as a way out of the impasse. On Friday, Foley met with Darman and Brady; Foley suggested that the President simply make a direct statement that a number of elements—

including taxes—had to be in the budget deal, and the bipartisan leaders would say they agreed. (Their agreement was in the statement.) Gephardt and Darman met again for a long breakfast on Monday, and Mitchell met with Darman that afternoon.

During this time, Darman tried to find some way around the President's making a statement on taxes: perhaps the summit group could proceed to consider a budget plan that had been drawn up by Senator Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico, a former chairman of the Budget Committee and another conciliator (the Democrats made it clear that they wouldn't proceed on Domenici's plan unless the President claimed it as his own); perhaps there could be a joint statement between the congressional leadership and the President. These typically cute proposals were taken by some of the Democrats as sincere efforts on Darman's part to get around his own internal problems—with Sununu and conservative Republicans. Just before the backstage talks began, Darman had put before the summit negotiators a new budget plan, but it was only a slight revision of the one he had submitted in January, and asked for no additional taxes. Even Darman didn't appear to take the proposal very seriously, and the Democrats dismissed it; whereupon the summit talks had become stuck. Though some Democrats and others chose to believe that Darman and Sununu were at war—a notion Darman encouraged—and that the President's issuing the statement that he would support new taxes was a great defeat for Sununu, it wasn't that simple. Sununu is a very powerful man, even though some Presidential friends believe that he doesn't always serve the President well politically, and Darman, who has cultivated Sununu, is considered, by most people who understand how this Administration works, unlikely to directly confront him, or even to try to play a duplicitous game behind his back. These people say that the Darman-Sununu good-cop-bad-cop routine in the budget summit was all very deliberate; that the real differences between them were over tactics—that Sununu accepted the fact that there had to be certain new taxes. Sununu takes a more aggressive and hostile attitude toward Congress, it's explained, and wanted to preserve the tax issue for use against the Democrats in 1992. Moreover, Sununu is said to be more suspicious of and skeptical about Congress than Darman is, less convinced that it will keep its end of any bargain.

IN any event, the President finally moved because the Democrats left him no choice. Bush's clumsy exit from his own self-made trap caused him a great deal of difficulty and embarrassment in the short term, but if there is a budget deal in the end, he will get most of the credit. Still, the way he and his aides handled this matter is instructive.

At the White House meeting between the President and the bipartisan congressional leaders on the Tuesday that the President would make his statement, Foley played a very important role. Because Foley is less partisan than the other Democratic leaders, his words carried great weight when, leading off, in his capacity as Speaker, he said that the talks would go nowhere until the President was more explicit about the fact that taxes had to be in the package. Darman then drafted a statement, ostensibly on the spot, in which the Democrats, after retiring to the Red Room, made two changes. One pinned the statement more closely to the President by inserting the words "to me" in the sentence that begins "It is clear to me that both the size of the deficit problem and the need for a package that can be enacted require"—the list including "tax revenue increases" as well as cuts in spending and reform of the budget process. The other change made it more definite that the budget talks would resume. The Democrats made a pass at trying to get the word "revenue" out of Darman's tricky phrase "tax revenue increases," but didn't succeed. Darman's somewhat ambiguous phrase, I'm told by an Administration official, was deliberately designed to enable the Administration to claim that the President hadn't said anything new—a strategy that, of course, backfired spectacularly. Some aides now privately admit that the President and his aides had seriously underestimated the reaction his statement would get, were unready to deal with the reaction when it came, and by their actions only underscored the President's reluctance to lead. Rather than face the decision squarely—portraying it as an act of leadership (even if one that shouldn't have been

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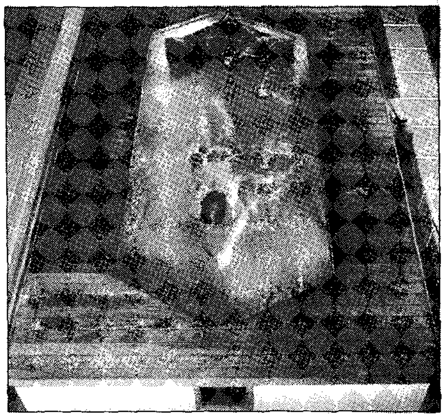

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necessary)—the President and his aides tried to be cute.

The Democratic leadership kept its end of the bargain: Foley and Mitchell went to the Senate radio-and-television gallery and made equable, bipartisan statements (though Mitchell made it clear that the President "has concluded that tax increases are necessary") and refrained from gloating publicly. Though some Democrats did gloat, Foley, whose caution comes in large part from an inclination to consider implications down the road, was presciently uncomfortable with Democrats' appearing to be celebrating a victory, for fear it would make them seem eager to raise taxes. Still, many Democrats were elated. Some had feared that the President would be able to get away with simply going along with more taxes in the new budget package, without any noticeable statement. The day after the President's statement, a Democratic leadership aide said to me, "Yesterday was the best day the Democrats have had since Bush picked Dan Quayle." The evidence is that the White House thought the President could get away with changing his position with little attention. This suggests very poor political antennas. What the White House hadn't reckoned on, and only exaggerated by its attempt to be clever, was the enormous attention the press would pay to the statement—even though it was simply tacked on the White House pressroom bulletin board. The town's attention was to have been on Nelson Mandela's speech to Congress that day, but the President's statement was seized upon by the press as major news.

To make matters worse, the President essentially hid for three days, declining to talk about his decision to reverse himself on taxes. By the time he came out from hiding, on Friday morning, and held a news conference, he had surrendered any claim to leadership by his act. Even at the news conference, he was reluctant to use the word "taxes," and spoke self-pityingly. ("You've seen the arrows coming my way, and that's fine.") And, preposterously, he compared himself to Abraham Lincoln before the Emancipation Proclamation. ("Like Abraham Lincoln said, I'll 'think anew.' ")

Meanwhile, a large number of Republicans threw a fit. In little time, a letter to the President opposing any increase in tax rates (this left an opening for other taxes) had been signed by a majority of the House Republicans. Republicans who had "taken the pledge"—made the same pledge for the 1990 elections to not support new taxes which Bush had in 1988—felt betrayed, as did other Republicans, which amounted to a great many of them, who were using the tax issue against their opponents. Republicans have been, after all, running out of election issues now that the Cold War is over and they can no longer swing at the Democrats as anti-defense. It came to be a truism among Republicans that the President should have warned his Republican allies that he was about to break his pledge, but even if he had done so it's unlikely that the Republicans would have reacted more calmly. Still, his lack of consultation left some high Republicans amazed and frustrated—some think they could have at least helped the White House handle the matter better. In an unconscious echo of the Democratic aide, a Republican official said to me a couple of days after the President's statement, "I think Bush pulled a Quayle."

The day of the President's statement, Sununu rushed to Capitol Hill to try to quell the storm among the Republicans by telling them that the statement was nothing new. This is said to have not gone over well with the President. Sununu wasn't having a good week. By most accounts, he had opposed the issuing of the statement but lost out. His frustration and his tendency toward boorishness were displayed on CBS the next day, when, asked—politely—by a young female producer (who happens to be Nicholas Brady's niece) as Sununu left the Capitol what the President's statement had meant, he snapped, "I thought you folks had all the answers. . . . You obviously don't have any of the answers, do you? And why don't you just tell that to the public, that the press doesn't have any of the answers?" As the young woman tried, politely, to pursue her question, Sununu, getting into his car, replied, smirking, "Don't get yourself run over."

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Gingrich, who has been playing a complex inside-outside game in the budget summit, also tried to tell his colleagues that the President hadn't changed his position—that the phrase "tax revenue increases" simply meant a cut in the capital gains tax, which is projected to gain revenue at least in the early years, as people make a lot of transactions in order to take advantage of the new rate. (There is sharp disagreement over whether a capital gains tax cut picks up or loses revenue over five years.) From the time Gingrich was selected to be a member of the summit group, some of his right-wing colleagues feared that he would be persuaded by Darman and Sununu that he, like them, is cleverer than most people, and that he would be lured into supporting an increase in taxes. Other Republicans, such as Domenici, rushed to assure fellow-Republicans—and the public—that the President remained opposed to any increase in income tax rates, a fallback position the White House had been preparing for some time.

A few Democrats think the President's switch on taxes leaves him permanently marked—that his opponent in 1992 can charge that he can't be trusted to keep his word on anything. But the episode may have a more serious consequence than any short- or long-term damage to Bush. Though polls indicate the public expected Bush to break the pledge, his doing so added to the already deep pool of cynicism into which our politics have fallen. And with that cynicism comes apathy, even hostility, to politics and government, more giving up, and that, in turn, leaves us, at best, more inattentive to our national needs—a price we're already paying—and, at worst, vulnerable to demagoguery.

NOT surprisingly, the President's statement solved nothing. Though some Democratic negotiators cheerfully said at first that now that the ice had been broken there would be no problem over who would first submit tax increases, this shortly, and inevitably, became the problem. The President once again was reluctant to take the lead, and the Democrats were afraid to take the first step. So the talks stalled again, for another month, until negotiations began at the White House this week, in tandem with those on Capitol Hill. Meanwhile, there had been a great deal of positioning, and posturing, on taxes. The subject had become even more sensitive because members of Congress found over the July 4th recess that their constituents had become, finally, enraged by the S. & L. scandal, the point having been brought home to them that the bailout would cost every American two thousand dollars (at latest count). Members found an undifferentiated anger, and, fearing where it would settle—perhaps on all incumbents—the White House and the Democrats engaged in a bitter and increasingly nasty battle of pin the blame. While certain key Democrats—the major ones being no longer in Congress—had played a role in the deregulation of the S. & L.s (which, coupled with an increase in the deposit amounts that would be insured, led to the debacle) and had harassed S. & L. regulators, and while the Democrats had defaulted on their oversight responsibilities, Congress is never in as strong a position to superintend federal activities as an Administration is, and doesn't actually have an equal responsibility to do so. In the public mind, the S. & L. scandal became associated with the growing impression that the nineteen-eighties were marked by excess and greed—a phenomenon, some members of Congress say, that is turning up increasingly in their polls. (It's turning up in the White House's polls as well.) A leading Democrat told me that the polls indicate that the stories about Donald Trump and Michael Milken have intensified public feelings about greed in the nineteen-eighties. One reason some Democrats wanted to try to make Neil Bush a focus for anger over the S. & L. scandal was that they felt he could be pictured as personifying the greed and excess of the eighties, which they feel is of increasing political advantage to them. Foley, among others, felt that it was unwise for the Democrats to go after a President's son, and discouraged members of his flock from doing so. A recent book by the Republican theorist Kevin Phillips, "The Politics of Rich and Poor," which argues that the eighties were characterized by greed and that reaction against it could be the next political wave, is all the rage among Democrats. A House leadership aide says, "It's become the 'little red book' of the Democratic caucus."

THE distortions of the nineteen-eighties have affected the debate over taxes in other ways. It has now become a fixed principle—and a welcome political issue as well—among Democrats that the middle class (as well as the poor) took the brunt of the rearrangement of wealth and of the tax burden in the last decade, and that equity, as well as political advantage, lies in either mitigating this effect or at least not exacerbating it, and certainly in pinning it on the Republicans. Therefore, Democrats were drawn to the issue of tax rates. In the House, a hundred and thirty-four Democrats signed a letter to Foley saying they would oppose any tax proposal that placed a further burden on middle-class families "rather than the very wealthy." A large number of House Democrats have said that they want the top income tax rate raised, perhaps to thirty-five per cent. And the "bubble" has become a target for many Democrats in both chambers. The bubble is the phenomenon whereby the marginal rate goes from twenty-eight per cent to thirty-three per cent for certain taxable income (from $47,050 to $109,100 for single taxpayers and from $78,400 to $185,730 for married couples filing jointly), and then, after that, reverts to twenty-eight per cent. There was a sound policy reason for this, and the intended result is that no one pays a higher average rate than twenty-eight per cent; but the bubble has come to symbolize an inequity and to be an inviting target. If it were eliminated, people would continue to pay thirty-three per cent once they started paying at that rate. At first, elimination of the bubble was the Democrats' stated price for the cut in the capital gains rate that the President proposed, but now many Democrats, including key negotiators, will insist on it no matter what happens to capital gains. But elimination of the bubble would be an increase in tax rates, and Sununu and the President are adamantly opposed to that. A Republican congressional aide calls tax rates "the third rail for Republicans." Some Democrats want to at the least force a vote on the bubble, making the President publicly oppose raising taxes on

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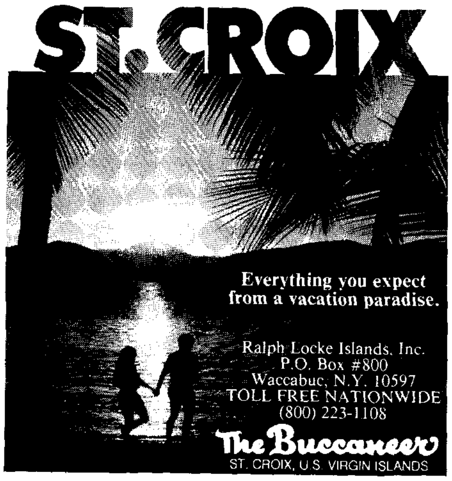

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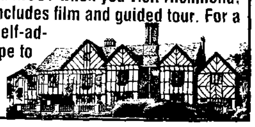

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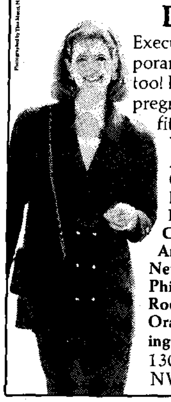

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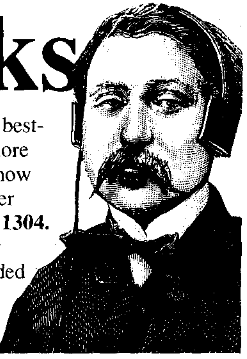

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the wealthiest Americans; the Democrats feel that even if they lose the vote they'll have won. The President apparently still hopes to say, if tax rates aren't raised, that he didn't raise taxes, and polling for the Republican National Committee indicates that people now believe that the President won't raise income taxes. Brady and Domenici also broached the idea of having the President drop the capital gains cut and the Democrats drop any rate increase, but neither side would buy.

Since the negotiations were stuck once again, Darman tried to find a way to work out a deal on taxes through Bentsen and Rostenkowski, but Sasser, suspicious of both Bentsen and Rostenkowski as well as of Darman, objected strenuously and insisted that the two chairmen of the tax committees could only listen to Darman's proposals and then report them to the rest of the Democratic negotiators. Sasser and Darman are said to detest each other, having had a falling out over last year's budget dealings, and institutional rivalry between the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee and the chairman of the Finance Committee goes back some time, neither wanting the other to make tax policy. Sasser (like some others) is particularly suspicious of Rostenkowski, who makes no bones about his affection for Bush; everyone knows that Rostenkowski's budget plan offered earlier this year was encouraged by the White House in the hope that this would make Rostenkowski a major figure in the budget dealings.

Meanwhile, House Republicans staged another rebellion against tax increases. Last week, a majority of House Republicans voted in their Party Conference for a resolution opposing any new taxes. At the instigation of Sununu, the resolution singled out Mitchell for attack—saying that he had "emerged as a consistent roadblock to real spending cuts or growth incentives, and championed tax increases at every turn." The idea was to make the resolution appear to be aimed less at the President than at Mitchell and other Democrats (anyway, Sununu doesn't like Mitchell), and to attack Mitchell for having recently stated that he would insist upon elimination of the bubble in exchange for a cut in the capital gains tax. Mitchell was being consistent: he had argued that the Tax Reform Act of 1986 produced a tax code that wasn't progressive enough, but in flatly stating his position he had broken the code of the negotiations, which is that there are "no preconditions." The House Republican Conference resolution created a new problem, because as part of the deal that got the President to reverse his position on taxes Mitchell also got the President's pledge that he would deliver the votes of a majority of the Republicans in both the House and the Senate. The Democrats had no interest in supporting an unpopular deficit-reduction plan only to have the Republicans reject it. The vote of the House Republicans was the latest in a series of things that suggested that Republicans would try to pin any tax increases on them—as Foley had foreseen—by arguing that it was the Democrats who had insisted on tax increases and the President had only reluctantly gone along.

Over the previous weekend, some Democratic staff members had worked up a set of tax-increase options, in parallel with options being polished at the Office of Management and Budget, and Darman had recently met with Bentsen and Rostenkowski, and also with Gephardt and Fowler. Proposals were floated back and forth, but no one wanted to make them officially. A consensus had developed that the deficit-reduction package should cover a five-year period (as compared with the usual one-year "slide-by" deals), starting with fifty billion dollars in real cuts (as opposed to the usual "smoke and mirrors"), amounting to five hundred billion dollars over the five years, and that the fifty billion dollars should be composed half of spending cuts and half of revenue increases—taxes and "user fees." To do this, of course, the Gramm-Rudman targets, which had envisioned a balanced budget by fiscal 1993, will have to be moved again; anything over fifty billion dollars in cuts for the next fiscal year was considered too difficult, and a convenient theory was developed that anything more would take too much money out of the economy at this point. A consensus had also developed that a big part of any new tax package would be an across-the-board increase in energy taxes, which could raise a fairly large, and growing, amount, and could also be sold as an environmental tax. There was also an apparent consensus that there should be increases in excise taxes on beer and wine, which hadn't been increased since 1951, and on cigarettes, which hadn't been increased since 1983. (But Republican negotiators learned from Darman this week that the President had written a letter to Helms, who represents North Carolina and is up for reëlection this year, promising not to raise taxes on cigarettes.) The beer industry has been running television ads and bombarding congressional offices with messages opposing such a tax increase. In-depth polling for the White House—even the White House negotiating position on the budget is being determined by polls—indicated that the public felt that taxes on liquor and tobacco were the least objectionable new taxes, less so than on energy, which people have no choice but to consume. Therefore, when Darman discussed proposals with Republican negotiators this week he was more receptive to an alcohol tax than to an energy tax. Democratic negotiators argue that if excise taxes are to be raised on middle-class items they should be imposed on luxury items as well. The Administration had floated the idea of a tax on stock transactions, a proposal Wall Street and the Chicago futures and commodities markets have strongly registered their opposition to.

Democratic anger over the House Republican Conference vote cast a pall on the private discussions. There followed a frosty meeting between the congressional leaders and the President at the White House a week ago Wednesday. The meeting had been scheduled in the hope of moving the talks along, but it ended inconclusively. Foley delivered another stern speech to Bush, saying that if the President couldn't control the Republicans there wouldn't be a deal. The next day, Gingrich said that he could support tax increases, but other House Republicans said he wasn't speaking for them. Meanwhile, Darman had, as required by law, issued the midyear report on the size of the deficit and, as expected, used the opportunity to predict the dire consequences of a sequester—cutbacks in air-traffic control which would increase delays by up to six hundred per cent, possible elimination of a college-scholarship program, a halt in the cleaning up of toxic-waste sites. This was Darman's fourth deficit estimate—in January he had said the deficit would be a hundred billion dollars—and because he had so often manipulated the numbers his latest ones were met with some disbelief, but they were essentially, at least in terms of order of magnitude, true.

THIS week, as negotiations between the President and the bipartisan congressional leaders resumed at the White House, there were varying degrees of optimism or pessimism within Congress as to when, or even whether, a deal could be struck which could win approval. A certain amount of posturing was going on, of course, but there remained real difficulties. Also, the legislative procedure for getting a deal approved is highly complex. There were conflicting theories as to when would be the most propitious time to even try to get Congress to vote on a deal. It may be possible that the only way to get Congress to vote for an unpopular deal—any deal would be unpopular—is to wait until the sequester is more imminent: it goes into effect October 15th. Some Democrats, especially in the Senate, don't want a vote until after the midterm elections, because they are most concerned with maintaining themselves in the majority this year and in 1992 (when they are more vulnerable). Others—for reasons of both principle and convenience—dislike very much the idea of a lame-duck session, and numerous members say that there is now no vacation time from the voters' ire or a potential opponent's attack on an unpopular vote.

The President, whose convictions on any subject are usually hard to read, has seemed unable to decide whether he wants a budget deal or a political issue against the Democrats. This may stem in part from the fact that his approval ratings have slipped, which analysts in both parties attribute in part to his switch on taxes. At the same time, a Republican leader says that Republican candidates for the Senate have lost ground in recent weeks, a development he attributes to the cross fire that Republicans are now under on the tax issue.

Given the fact that Republicans have been increasingly on the defensive—on S. & L.s as well as on taxes—and running low on political issues, the President and his advisers seem to have decided that they must attack the Democrats both as spenders and as the more enthusiastic about taxes. Last Friday, campaigning for Republican Senate candidates, Bush attacked the Democratic Congress for producing "gridlock" and "spending money it doesn't have," while at the same time he praised the Democratic leadership for joining in budget negotiations, and, on Tuesday, after a White House meeting between the President and the bipartisan leadership in which both sides took a Boy Scout oath to cool the partisan rhetoric, Bush went out and gave another speech both attacking the Democrats and praising the Democratic leadership. This schizzy behavior obviously irritated the Democrats; one Democratic aide said to me, "It's the 1988 campaign all over again. Bush has gotten away with this kind of thing for years." Nonetheless, some Republican strategists thought he should go further—taking on the Democrats in a televised address rather than in briefly covered speeches.

The problem remained that neither the President nor the Democrats wanted to take the lead, and both the Democrats and Republicans remained internally divided, and the two sides were apart on every major issue. Still, there was a plan for each side to show the other its proposals yesterday. On Wednesday, Fowler said to me, "The idea is for both to go behind the barn and show them at the same time." But the Democrats, divided on a number of questions, still don't have a proposal ready. Bentsen was most reluctant to have a specific tax proposal hanging out there for the interest groups to shoot at over the August recess, so he didn't want one proposed unless the entire package could be voted on before the recess, which was becoming most unlikely. The two chairmen of the Appropriations Committees, Senator Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, and Representative Jamie Whitten, of Mississippi, objected to cuts in discretionary domestic programs, saying that these programs had borne the brunt of the budget cuts over the last nine years, and that this year's appropriations process is already well under way. The two chairmen also resisted enforcement mechanisms to make the deal stick over five years (which the Administration is demanding), because such mechanisms

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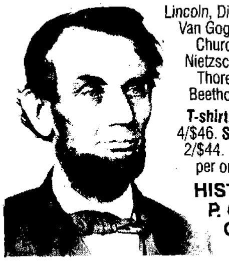

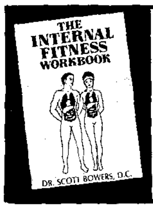

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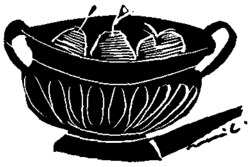
would reduce their authority. Sasser, Fowler, and Mitchell were loath to put forward any Democratic plan yet, both because it could become riddled over the recess and because they wanted Republicans, who were accusing them of being too enthusiastic about taxes, to put out their tax proposals first. At the same time, some think the Republicans blundered by putting out their proposals this week—but they did it deliberately, to test the winds.



The Republicans had difficulty agreeing on their own proposal, mainly because there were strong differences between Darman and the elected politicians—especially Domenici and Gingrich, who objected to the Administration's proposal for freezes in most cost-of-living adjustments. (No one was proposing a freeze in Social Security.) As of now, the Republican proposal (which may keep changing as long as the Democrats are undecided) contains a tax on beer and wine, but not on energy. However, this is just a negotiating position, and an energy tax remains a fallback if, as is likely, more taxes are needed. The Republican plan has only twenty billion in taxes (plus some "user fees"), and some of them aren't likely to be agreed to. The Republican plan dropped the controversial tax on stock transactions, and, in the interest of "equity," placed limits on deductions for state and local taxes—which have already stirred up a storm—in exchange for lowered capital gains taxes. It held luxury taxes in reserve, to use if necessary. The Administration stood ready to blast the Democrats if they sought to eliminate the bubble, charging them with seeking to increase income taxes. Some Democrats remained suspicious that the President would rather take them on—accuse them of being unwilling to make a deal, and theatrically threatening to call them back into session in August or asking them to postpone their vacations—and some of the President's advisers urged such a course. It runs the risk of further embittering both sides, making the ultimate approval of a deal by Congress all the more difficult. Members are planning to use the time to campaign for reëlection, vacation with their families, and go on junkets. House Minority Leader Robert Michel says he told the President that "the August thing is sacrosanct." The President's strategists have been meeting frequently, with, as one says, the strategy changing "every half day." They are divided between those who think the best way to get a deal is to coöperate with the Democrats (this includes Darman) and those who think the best way to get one is to take on the Democrats in a frontal attack. Until this most recent phase, Sununu is said to be the only Presidential adviser who was keen to blow up the talks and blame Congress. A key Republican strategist says that the President's taking the issue to the public and blaming the Democrats for the talks' failure thus far "is the best political option from our perspective." Brady has urged the President to keep Congress in session until a deal is completed, to keep the pressure on and the markets calm.

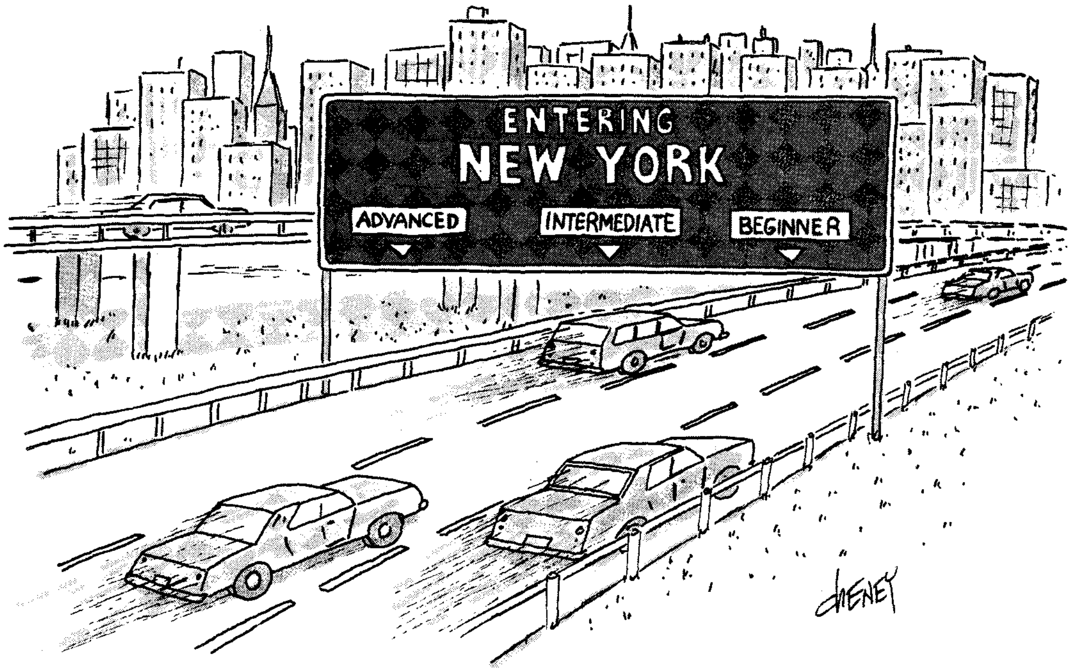
At this morning's White House meeting between the President and the congressional leaders, the Democrats proposed a schedule that was a modified version of one Darman had suggested to them yesterday. The Democrats said that rather than keep Congress in session in August, with all the angry feelings this would arouse, the President should accept a plan whereby the negotiators would come back in late August or early September, before Congress reconvenes, to seriously—really seriously, this time—negotiate a deal, and to try for completed action on deficit reductions by October 1st. Foley made an impassioned speech saying that it isn't in the President's long-term interest to keep Congress here until there is a deal, but the President seemed torn between the counsel of his war party and his peace party. The White House meeting was inconclusive, and the President postponed a decision on what to do. This afternoon, the Republican negotiators, meeting with Darman, Sununu, and Brady, decided to make a counterproposal: the negotiations could resume when the Democrats suggested only if the Democrats put their own deficit-reduction proposals on the table before the recess. So, after two months of so-called negotiations, ostensibly grown men—the highest elected representatives of the people, dealing with the nation's gravest problem—were still arguing over who would make what proposal when, and when they might actually make some decisions. —ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

More Than a Soldier

THE magnitude of George Catlett Marshall's achievements has made them almost invisible. With the passage of time, it has become difficult to distinguish the man from the Army he led and the country he served between 1902, the year he received his commission as a second lieutenant, and 1951, when he at last retired from the post of Secretary of Defense. While Ed Cray's readable and authoritative "General of the Army George C. Marshall: Soldier and Statesman" (Norton; $35) doesn't attempt to replace Forrest C. Pogue's scholarly four-volume biography (1963-87), its comparative brevity (seven hundred and thirty-five pages) helps bring Marshall and his career into sharper focus. Marshall was sworn in as chief of staff of the United States Army on September 1, 1939—the day Germany attacked Poland and began the Second World War—taking command of a force that numbered a hundred and seventy-four thousand. With a speed that now seems incredible, he raised, trained, and supplied, within just six years, an Army of nearly nine million, the largest in our history. He contributed to the Allies' fundamental strategic decision, which the author explains with a clarity resembling Marshall's: "Germany could win the war without Japan. Japan could not win without Germany. Thus they [the Allies] must fight in Europe first." To assure Allied unity in action, Marshall persuaded Churchill and Roosevelt to adopt his proposal for a single Allied commander in each theatre of war. Marshall retired in November, 1945, but, before he could finish unpacking, President Truman sent him to China to try to avert civil war. That mission was one of Marshall's very few failures. Still no rest: next, Truman asked Marshall to become Secretary of State. The General served two years, from January, 1947, to January, 1949, during which he invented the European Recovery Program—the Marshall Plan—one of modern history's very few unqualified successes, for which he received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953. In September, 1950, Truman recalled him once more (during his second retirement, Marshall had been president of the Red Cross), this time to become Secretary of Defense. The United States had just entered the Korean War; our armed forces, down to one and a half million, were scattered around the world. They were organized for occupation rather than combat, and our military leadership was suffering from interservice hostilities that had accompanied unification. Marshall mobilized our services even faster than he had a decade earlier. In June of 1951, the Russians called for a ceasefire. Marshall's health began to fail, and he retired again, this time for good. He died in 1959.

Most of what we know about Marshall's boyhood (he was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in 1880) comes from reminiscences he taped for Pogue in his old age. It isn't much. Marshall remembered himself as a mischievous boy and a poor student. He recalled that he made up his mind to attend Virginia Military Institute after he overheard his older brother, Stuart (V.M.I. 1894), tell their mother that if George went to V.M.I. he would disgrace the family. George didn't; instead he discovered his gift for leadership. As a junior officer, he invariably outperformed expectations, and what Cray calls "the Marshall legend" took shape early: other lieutenants, awed by his extraordinary competence, predicted that he would be chief of staff someday. Marshall was thoughtful; his mind was critical and analytical, and on every assignment the young man stored lessons for the future. From 1927 to 1932, he was assistant commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, and was able to put some of his concepts into practice. He revised American infantry tactics and tactical instruction. Throughout his career, he was an innovator and a patron of innovation, but he was never a rebel, like Billy Mitchell. He was no yes-man, either. In France, in 1917, he confronted the commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, who had berated Marshall's division commander—unfairly, Marshall said. The furious exchange between General Pershing and Major Marshall did Marshall's career no harm; Pershing later chose him as his aide. Two decades later, Marshall talked back to the Commander-in-Chief. In November, 1938, Marshall attended a meeting at the White House at which President Roosevelt proposed putting all the nation's military eggs in one basket by asking Congress for twenty thousand



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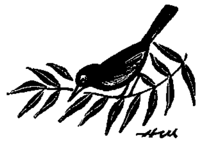
airplanes. Marshall, then deputy chief of staff, was the lowest-ranking man in the room, but when the President, almost as an afterthought, asked his opinion he was the only one with nerve enough to disagree. A month after that meeting, Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's gray eminence, sought Marshall out to learn why he thought we needed a balanced military force, and the men hit it off personally. Cray believes that each perceived the other's selflessness, and notes, "Both men were, at heart, reformers." He thinks that Hopkins later persuaded the President to forgive Marshall's chutzpah and appoint him chief of staff.



Cray doesn't nudge the reader. He tucks in all the relevant detail so that, as the story goes along, the reader discovers the way that each of Marshall's experiences prepared him for his destiny. Discussing the months in which Roosevelt was considering several candidates for chief of staff, Cray mentions that Marshall's assets included superb work with the National Guard and the Civilian Conservation Corps. By now, the reader will have already been impressed by Marshall's repeated demonstrations that he could lead and motivate Americans who were not regular soldiers—by his grasp of how the Army of his time fitted into the American society of his time. Cray describes "the first major clash" between Marshall and his immediate superior, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson—a grand old man of American public service, who expected to meet the need for junior officers in the Second World War as the nation had in the First, by giving direct commissions to college graduates. Marshall, however, insisted—to the point of threatening to resign—on opening Officers Candidate Schools to all talented enlisted men, and on requiring college graduates to take basic training, like all other draftees. In the autumn of 1940, he made time to explore a small Southern town near an Army base and discovered that it was jammed with off-duty soldiers, new draftees who had nothing to do and no place to go. He returned to Washington and set up a committee on soldiers' recreation, which grew into the U.S.O. And Cray describes Marshall's noble, even visionary, aspirations for military discipline based on "respect rather than fear . . . on the intelligent comprehension by all ranks of why an order has to be and why it must be carried out." But Cray also mentions that in examining the Army's acute manpower needs before the draft neither Marshall nor Stimson thought of increasing the enlistment quota for blacks, and adds that Marshall didn't perceive segregation as discrimination. Such blindness in one of the most farsighted white generals of his time gives us pause. Cray doesn't tell us how Marshall, as Secretary of Defense, felt about carrying out President Truman's Executive Order of July 26, 1948, which promised to end segregation in the armed services. Neither does Pogue. However, Leonard Mosley's 1982 biography reports that Anna Rosenberg, Marshall's Assistant Secretary for Manpower, persuaded him that integration was morally just and militarily efficient.

A biographical narrative can only suggest the multiplicity of Marshall's concerns during the Second World War. We can appreciate his tirelessness by the frequency with which he appears in the biographies and memoirs of other Allied leaders, who find him informed, dependable, helpful—as if he had no problems but theirs—and are nearly unanimous in reporting that his character was beyond praise. Cray uses this literature intelligently and notes occasional dissenters. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Alan Brooke, who disagreed with Marshall on the timing of the Anglo-American invasion of the Continent, confided to his diary that Marshall lacked strategic insight (but Brooke rated Marshall's strategic abilities more highly when the two men agreed). Marshall refused to write his memoirs of the Second World War. He thought the historical record would only be envenomed by revelations of disagreements. We may infer that he put up with MacArthur, who was always fighting the Navy, and Stilwell, who was always quarrelling with Chiang Kai-shek, and Patton, who could never keep his mouth shut, because they were gifted soldiers, and with Montgomery, who started making mischief even before he wrote his memoirs, because he understood Montgomery's moral importance as a British war hero. If Marshall held grudges or nourished grievances, he didn't publish them.

Marshall's reticence leaves us wonering about the sources of his skills and strengths. For example, he is remembered as a marvellous teacher by, among others, Omar Bradley, who was an instructor at Fort Benning during Marshall's term as assistant commandant, but we don't know how Marshall learned to teach. Cray records Marshall's success before congressional committees: he was plainspoken, patient, and deferential, and understood what members needed to know. The biographer believes that Marshall gained "a sense of political realities and a knowledge of the legislative process" while working closely with Pershing from 1921 to 1924, when Pershing was chief of staff. Cray names some of the political leaders Marshall met, but he cannot state what, exactly, Marshall learned from their interchanges. Marshall's goddaughter, Rose Page Wilson, and his second wife (his first wife died in 1927, and he married Katherine Tupper Brown, a widow, in 1930) wrote memoirs stuffed with harmless anecdotes, which historians and biographers plunder. Still, we are always condemned to see Marshall from the outside. Cray does the best he can, and that is very good. He is adroit and sensitive. He isn't a brilliant prose stylist, and his copy editor has let him down—you can't help noticing errors like "precipitous" for "fast," and "sewing confusion"—but he commands his facts and explains ever-changing backgrounds and circumstances without slowing the narrative.

Marshall's reserve wasn't a disservice only to his biographers. It was also a disservice to his countrymen. For Marshall mastered or obviated difficulties so effectively and so quietly that he persuaded several generations of Americans that they were better than they were. We accepted the paeans to our generosity which the Marshall Plan evoked, just as we accepted the speed and efficiency of mobilization and victory, as if those virtues were inherent in our national character. Marshall's peculiar combination of genius, wisdom, firmness, and modesty helped accustom Americans to having everything their own way. If only he'd let us know how hard it all really was!

—Naomi Bliven

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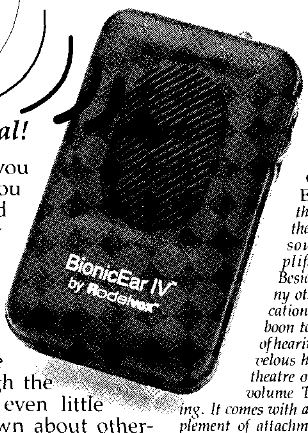

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The instructions to the *BionicEar IV* caution you to have the control on "very low" when you first try the instrument. If you do not, it could scare the daylights out of you. The thing is truly astonishing and in a way almost unbelievable, until you try it and convince yourself. Put *BionicEar IV* in your shirt pocket and realize to your amazement that you can hear whispered conversations up to 50 feet away, a pin drop 10 feet away, and even hear what people are talking about in the next room. A walk through the woods will reveal birds, deer, squirrels and even little crawly things that you never would have known about otherwise. It really increases your range of hearing by at least 10×!

Rodelvox BionicEar IV comes with a full complement of attachments: Belt/Pocket Clip, Bud-Style Earphones, and 20' Headphone Cord (for TV). Batteries are not included.

We are the exclusive importers of Rodelvox electronic instruments and can therefore bring you this startling product for just $29.95. National catalog houses sell almost identical devices for $59.95 or more. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Enhance your range of perception, hear things you never heard before, and find out things you couldn't know otherwise. Get your *Rodelvox BionicEar IV* today!

•Bionic Ear IV *is the state of the art in sound amplification. Besides its many other applications, it is a boon to the hard of hearing, a marvelous help in the theatre or for low-volume TV listening. It comes with a full complement of attachments. The 9V battery is not included.*

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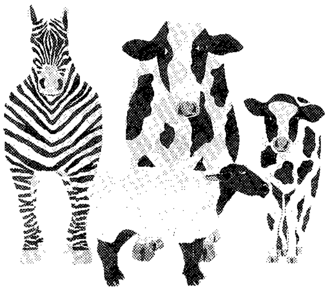

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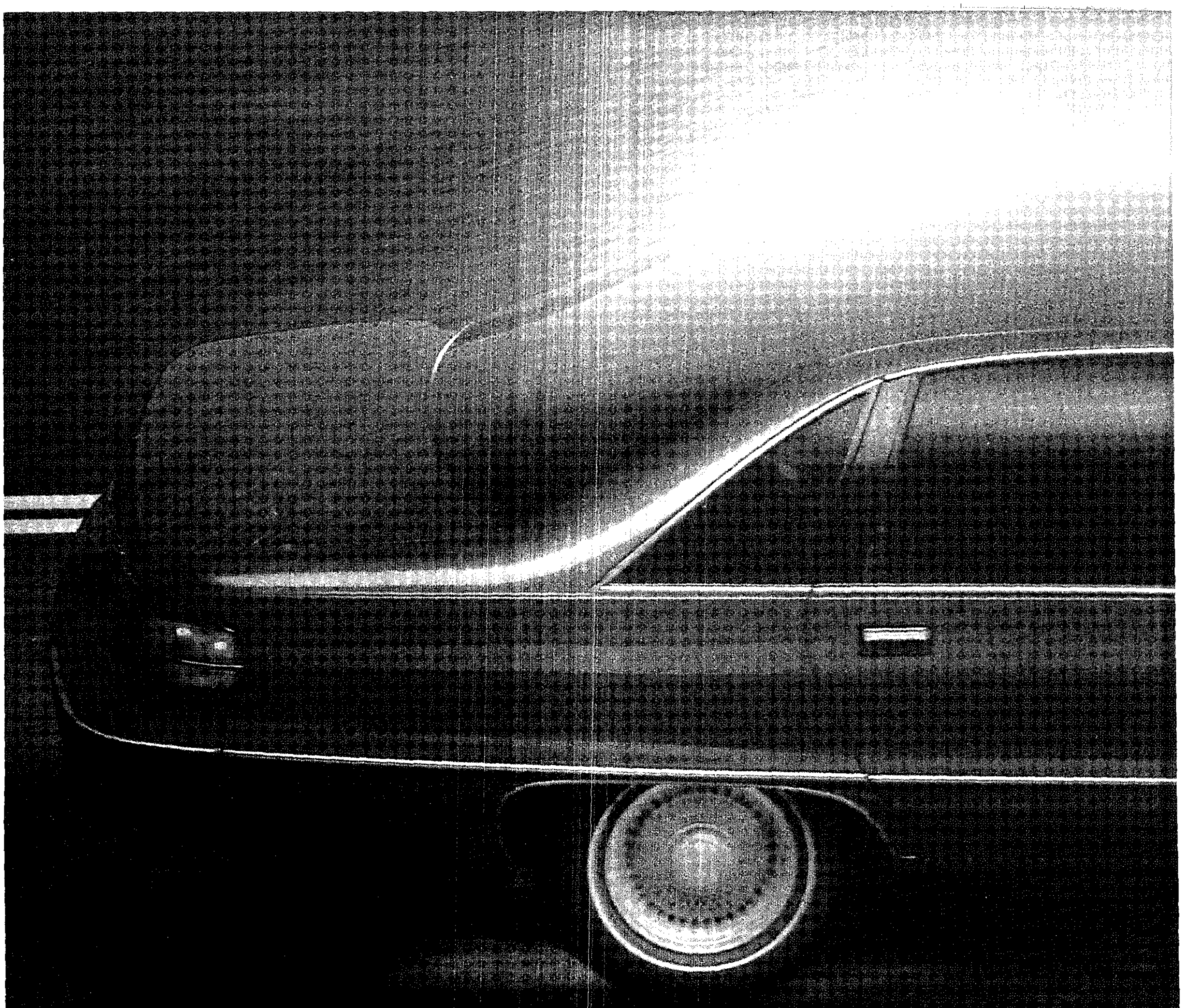
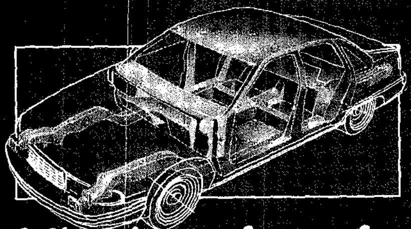


The 1991 Chevrolet Caprice.

Prepare to be impressed.

The new Caprice is designed to ride as great as it looks. From the drawing board on, it was planned with your comfort and security in mind. It contains **more standard features** than many cars costing much more.

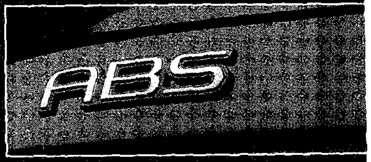
The new Caprice has a



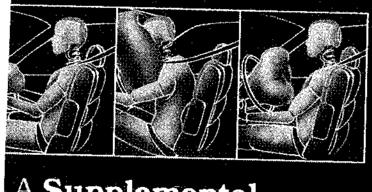
full perimeter frame of carbon steel. The passenger compartment has a rigid cage structure and the doors are reinforced with side-guard door beams.

Stopping is surer on wet pavement with Caprice's **advanced fou wheel anti-lock brakin system (ABS).**

It's engineered to help you stay in control and steer on slick pavement by automatically adjusting your brake pressure up to 15 times a second.



tops as beautifully as it looks.



A **Supplemental nflatable Restraint ystem** on the driver's ide is also standard on very Caprice. This "air ag" is designed to nflate in higher-speed rontal crashes and can rovide restraint in addition to the lap and shoulder safety belt.

The new 1991 Caprice has many other features designed to help you feel secure and comfortable. And, like all designs, you appreciate them most when you view them firsthand. So we invite you to see and drive the new Caprice. And come to your own beautiful conclusions.

For more information regarding the 1991 Caprice, please call **1-800-879-1991** or see your nearest dealer.

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Let's get it together...buckle up.

THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA IS WINNING.
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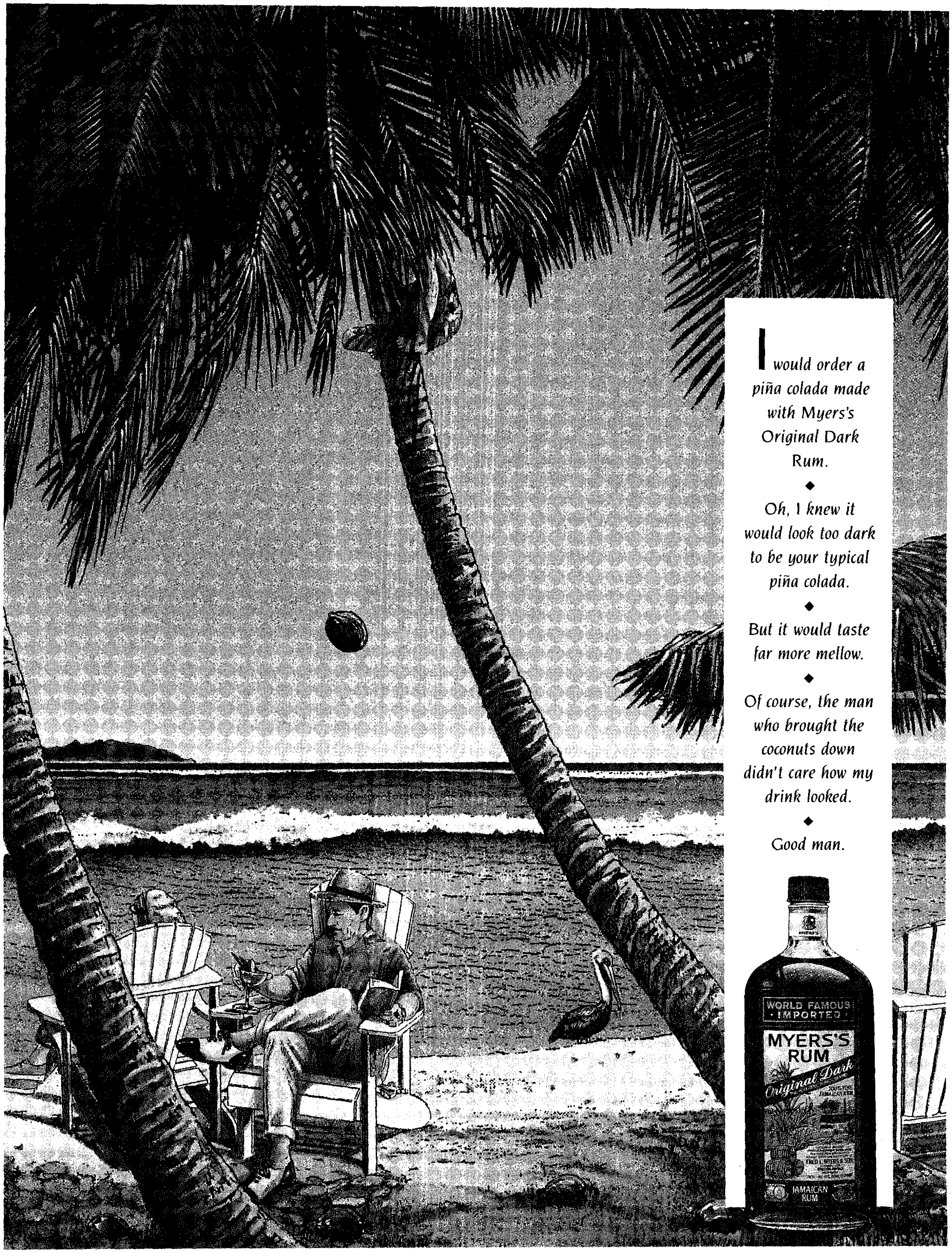
THE IDEA HIT ME RIGHT UPON THE HEAD.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would look too dark
to be your typical
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◆

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far more mellow.

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Of course, the man
who brought the
coconuts down
didn't care how my
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◆

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